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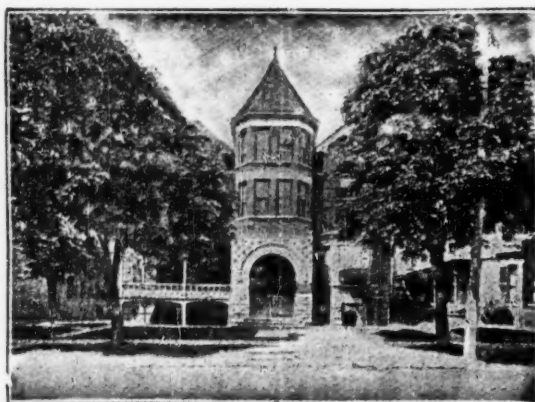
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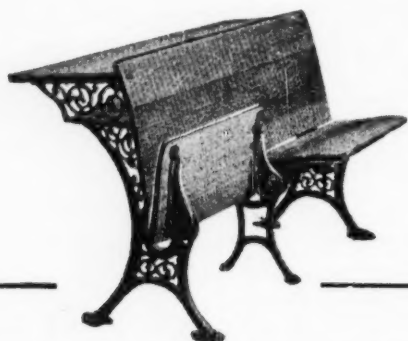
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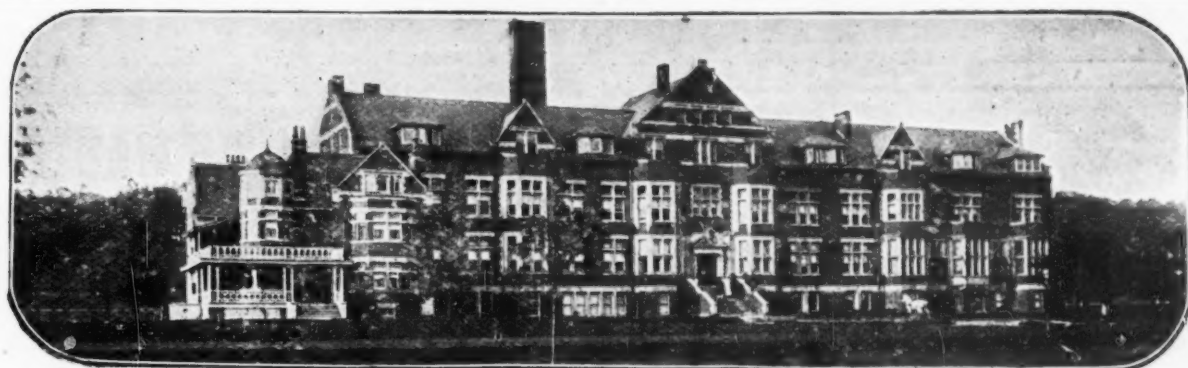
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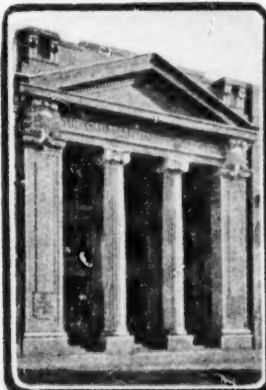
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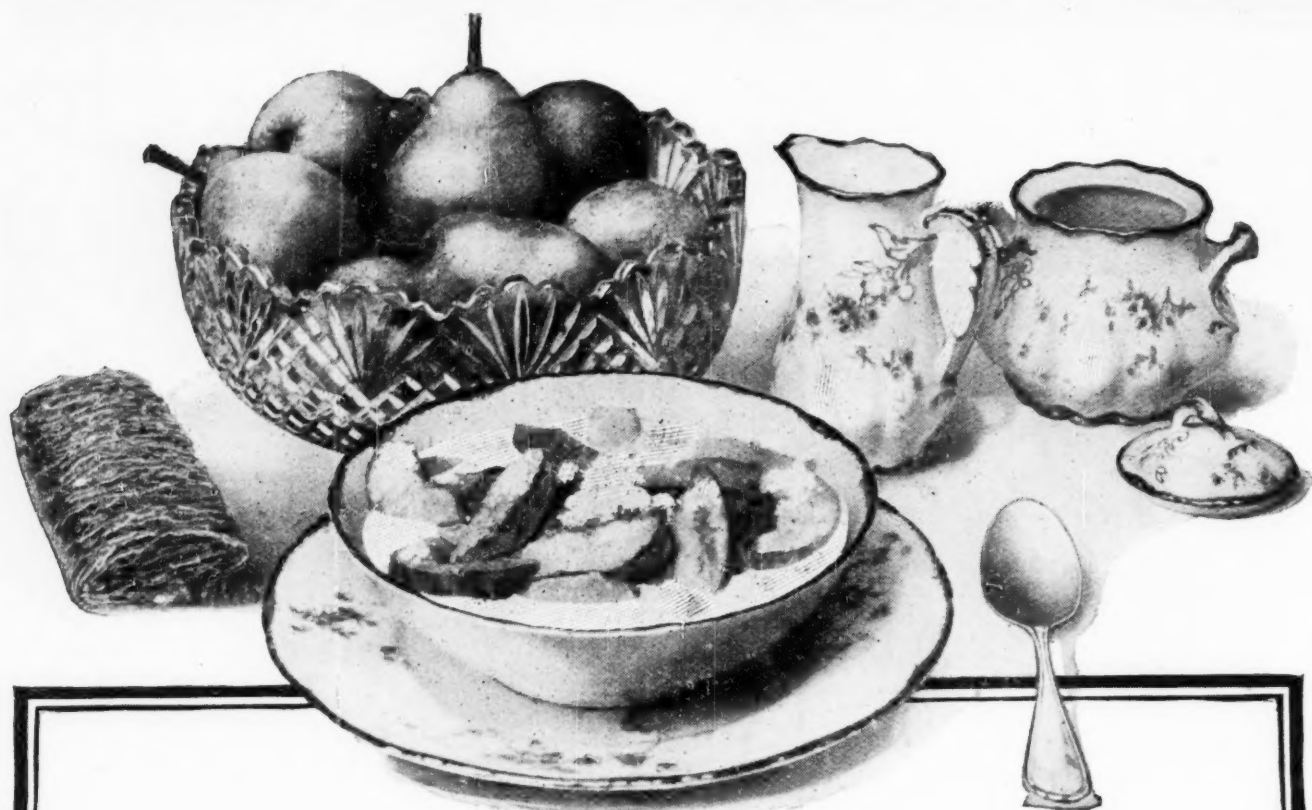
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII

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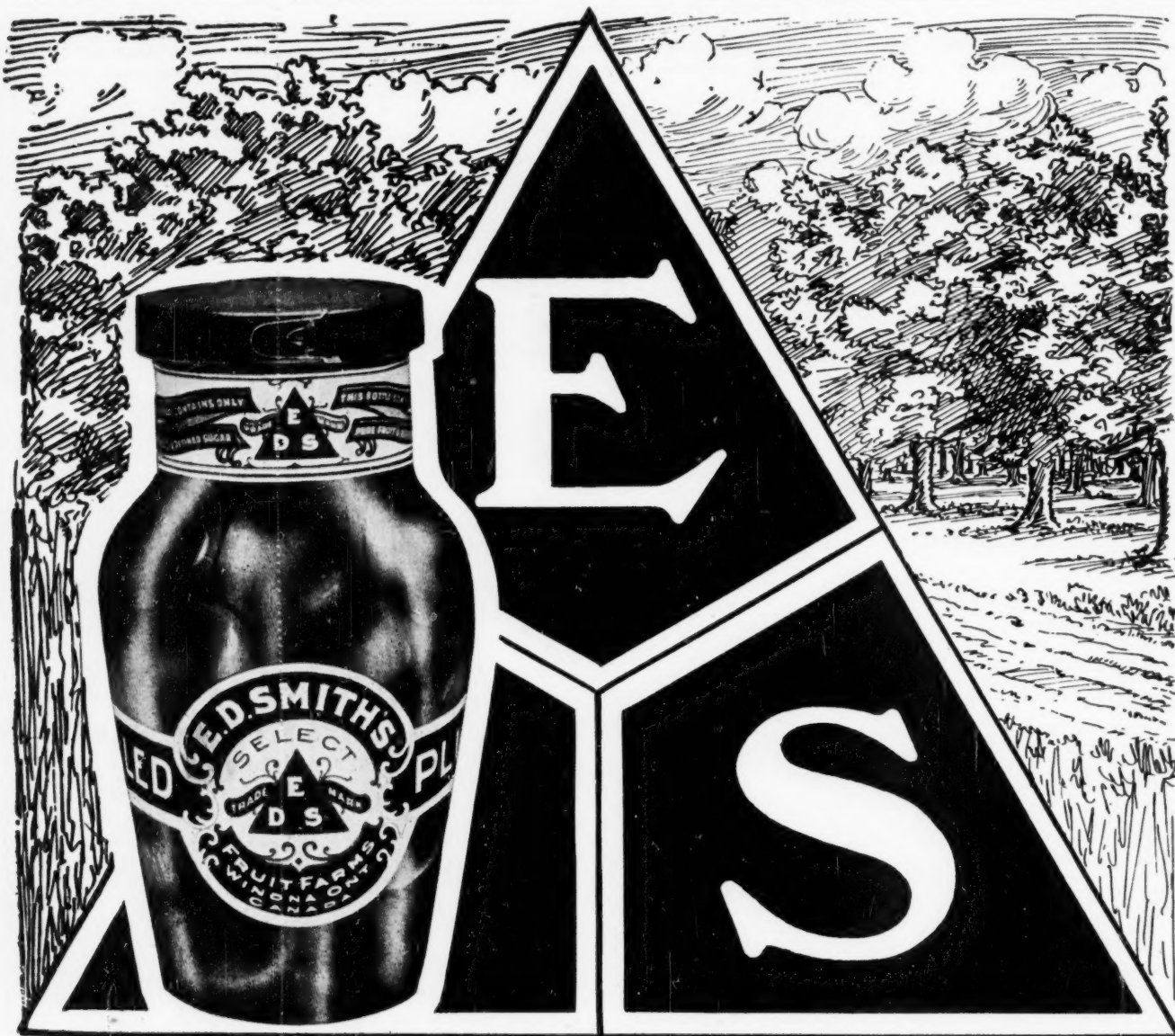
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Editorial Bulletin

This magazine has received recently a number of letters from officials of the Churches in Canada, and a formal resolution from a Methodist District meeting, in regard to an article which the September issue contained. The points raised are grave ones and ones in which the reading public of Canada cannot fail to be interested. In fairness to our critics and to ourselves we are setting forth the facts more fully on special pages in this number. We are there publishing our reply and an announcement in connection with that reply. We thank our critics for setting us right when we have been in the wrong. At the same time we must ask them to do us justice by reading our reply and announcement. We have not sufficient space in this part of the magazine to make room for it here.

* * * * *

"The Black Canadian" is the title of the leading article in the November issue of the magazine. The Canadian people have many times been troubled with problem of selecting the people who are to be the fathers and mothers of future Canadians and with whom present day Canadians must live side by side. We have decided that we do not approve of the yellow man. We are not in a mood to accept more "objectionables" from the South of Europe. And recently we have been slightly alarmed by reports that the negroes of the United States were immigrating to the Canadian West.

* * * * *

The article in the next issue of MacLean's Magazine will be a study of this problem "The Black Canadian." It will not be an alarmist article but will inform Canadians as to just what record the negro has already made in Canada. It will tell the story of the Essex negroes, will show what sort of citizens they made, and what the "Black Canadian" is doing to-day. Canadians everywhere are bound to face this problem. MacLean's Magazine has no desire to alarm anyone. It will try to present the *facts* about the Canadian Negro and leave it for the readers of the magazine to draw their own conclusions.

There will be in the next issue some unusually good stories. *Good* Canadian fiction is not always easy to obtain, but MacLean's Magazine is looking for it, and in fact looking for everything that can be made of interest to the citizen of this country who wishes to be well informed upon the affairs of his own nation. There will be at least six excellent articles, including a character sketch of Reverend Dr. Carman, "The Pope of the Methodist Church," and a number of other subjects well illustrated with the best photographs we can obtain.

THE EDITORS.



"WE AND THE CLOUDS AND THE WIND WERE ONE BROTHERHOOD."

"Up in the Air."

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXII

Toronto October 1911

No 6

The History of the Forgets

By

James Grant

OVER forty years ago a rosy-cheeked, chubby and very gentlemanly French-Canadian lad, dressed in Lower Canada homespun, climbed one morning onto a stool, at a desk in the book-keeping department of a wholesale dry goods house in Montreal, and began the career of Louis Joseph Forget.

He was a good book-keeper. He was quick and by his quickness secured leisure for his own pursuits. His pastime was Arithmetic. He loved the multiplication table. He adored the processes of addition and subtraction. He kept little scraps of blank paper and a pencil always at hand, wherewith, when his duties were over, he *figured*. He peopled his young life with figures. He dreamed of figures and learned a thousand things about the multiplication table which no one else would have seen at his age.

The senior partner of the dry goods house had not much liking for boys but he could not help watching this latest addition to his book-keeping staff—figuring. He, himself, had a habit of making additions, subtractions and multiplications on the narrow margins of mysterious papers labelled "Annual Report." When the junior clerk could get his hands on one of

these discarded annual reports he, in turn, turned his analyzing pencil to work upon it, poring over the things which this annual report meant, until one day the senior partner caught him and demanded, in a rough tone, what he was doing.

The junior was so frightened that it took him a long time to explain the case; but the story came out, word by word, and the senior partner, being after all a kindly man at heart, was interested.

"You see," said the little French-Canadian, "I have—I have saved—a—a little, m'sieu', and my family out in the Province—they have saved some money m'sieu', so that I was looking to see if there might be something——"

"That would pay good interest and be a good investment for the future," concluded the employer, tersely. "Hmph! I see," and then, abruptly, "What's your name?"

"Louis Joseph Forget, m'sieu'."

The senior partner took an interest in Forget and gave him advice on investments. The boy was apt—remarkably so. One day the chief said:

"Louis, this is no place for you. You should be a stock-broker."



THE LATE SENATOR L. J. FORGET

"Oui, m'sieu'," said Louis Joseph, "you must be right," and ten days later, or thereabouts, the dry goods house knew the junior book-keeper no more. Forget was in a stock-broker's office, on another high stool.

This was the beginning of that Forget's real career. He studied stocks more closely. Having mastered the art of figures he studied men; he read in the book which is older than any sacred script, the book of Human Nature as written on the tablets of faces. He was a devout churchman. He made many friends. When he was barely twenty he opened an office of his own. The friends he had made came to the new office and brought their money, their friends and their friends' money. Louis Joseph Forget, wise in arithmetic, wise in the history of stocks and securities, wise in human nature, became successful.

Thus began the first of the Forgets, the founders of "Forget et Cie." A little while ago the ex-junior book-keeper of the dry goods house, died, and was lamented as one of the greater men of Canada.

* * *

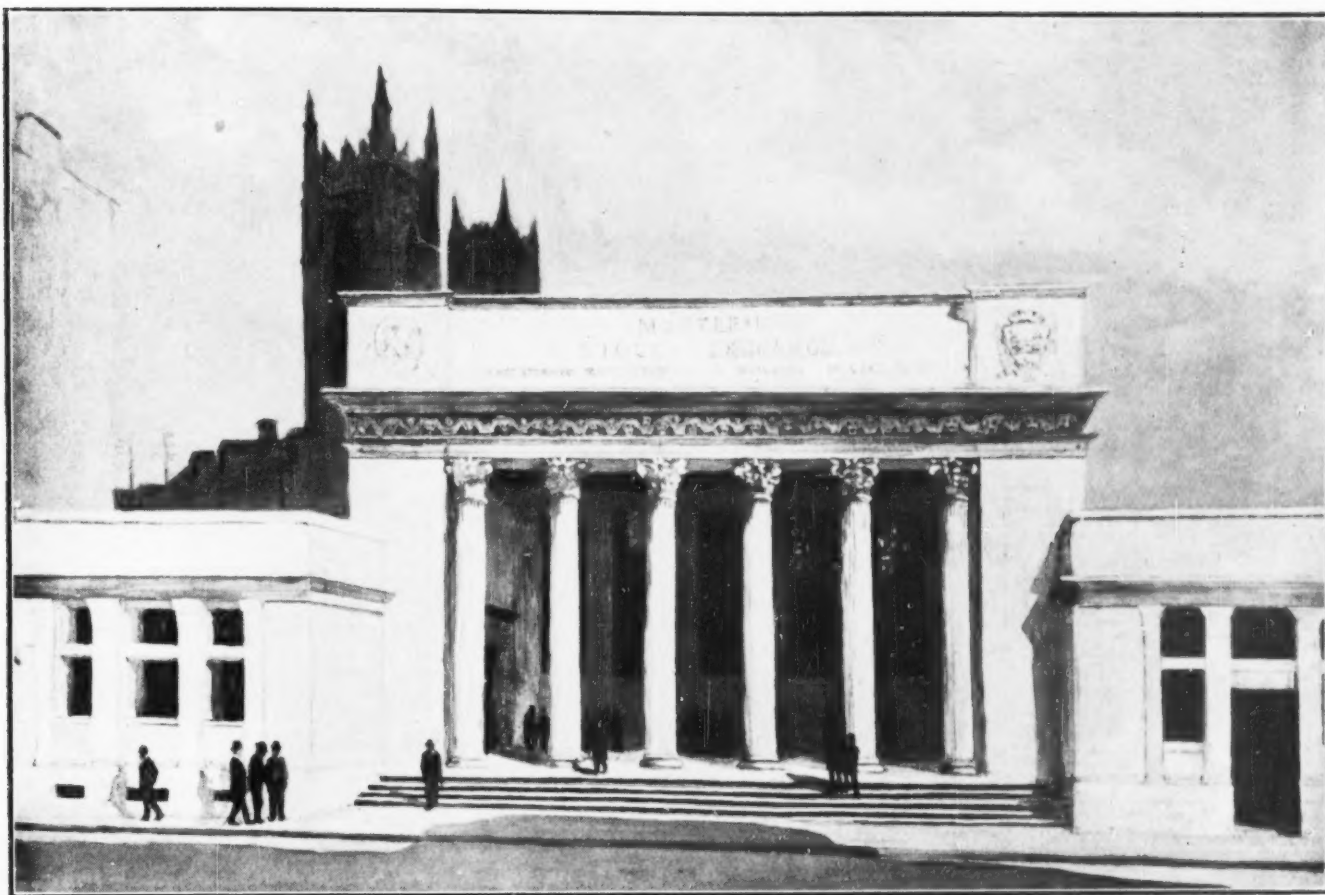
There remains now, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, nephew of Louis Joseph. He now is

the leader of French-Canadian Financial interests. In the last few years he has been becoming a more and more important figure and especially in the last few weeks with the organization of a ten-million dollar Paris-Montreal bank.

Now Rodolphe Forget is even less of a fool than his Uncle the Senator—which is a negative way of saying how great a man he is. But the real proof of Rodolphe Forget lies in the history of his recent encounters with Sir William MacKenzie. At least, this is the way the story goes.

The Toronto Street Railway Company has for years been, as it were, saturated with Montreal money. For years, Mr. Forget has been advising his French-Canadian clients in Montreal to make the people of Toronto contribute to their wealth by using the Toronto Street Railway in getting to and from the office, and home for lunch.

For years, however, Mr. Forget has been trying to make the Toronto Street Railway increase its dividends. The stock of that estimable corporation has been hanging around one hundred and ten for so long that it worried Mr. Forget, and whereas the Roman Catholic investors of Montreal



THE MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE — SCENE OF MANY OF THE FORGETS' ACTIVITIES

are said to eat out of his hand, he has nevertheless a certain duty to them in seeing that Toronto Street Railway paid a better dividend. Just the other day the announcement was made that the Toronto Railway Company would "cut a melon" for its shareholders, but there are few people who were aware that the announcement was also the announcement that Rodolphe Forget had, as it were, "put one over" on Sir William Mackenzie, the wily.

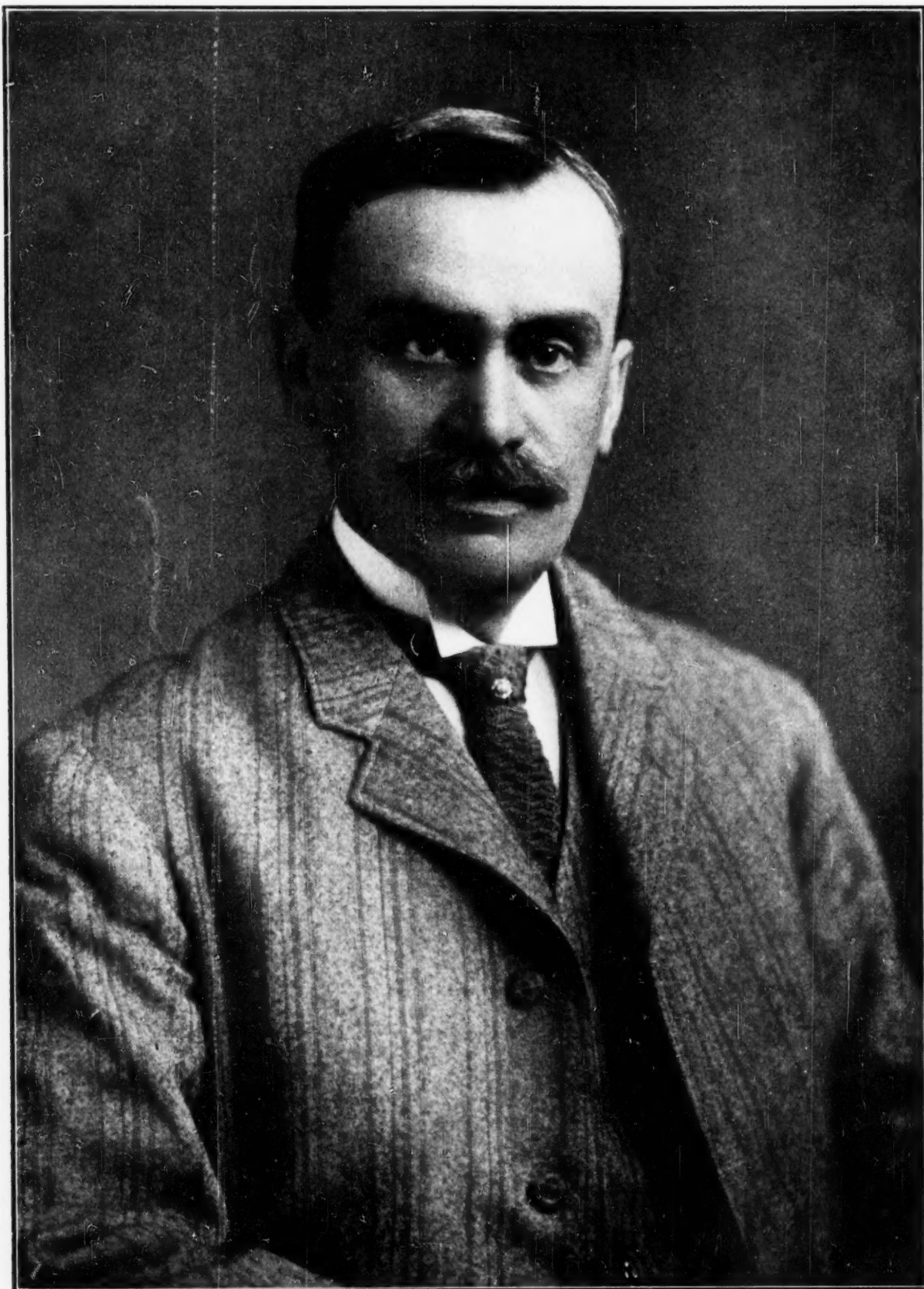
Rumor has it, that when the next to the last directors' meeting was called to pass the dividend for the Toronto Railway Company, Mr. Forget came up from Montreal, prepared to demand that the dividends be increased. The meeting was due a little before noon. Sir William Mackenzie knew of Mr. Forget's presence in town and of his intentions toward that directors' meeting, and he therefore took the precaution—so it is said—of running over to the Street Railway offices and directing the secretary to issue the regular dividend notices, and postponing the directors' meeting. This done, Sir William hopped on his special car and trotted

merrily away to Winnipeg, leaving Mr. Rodolphe Forget stewing.

But Forget's day came.

Mackenzie wanted to increase the capital of the Toronto Power Company the other day by two million dollars. He wished also to issue eight million dollars in bonds, wherewith to buy the Toronto Electric Light Company. These bonds were to be guaranteed by the Toronto Railway Company, just as the new stock of the Toronto Power Company was to be bought by the Street Railway Company. Sir William had it all planned. It was as simple as the proverbial manner of vacating a log—as simple as out-witting Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

But Forget, having been once fooled was five times wise. He came rolling down King Street from the King Edward Hotel with a fist full of proxies from his clients in Montreal. He sought out Sir William Mackenzie before the directors' meeting was due and he said to him something like this: "Now Sir William, you want those bonds guaranteed and the ex-



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. RODOLPHE FORGET, M.P.

tra stock bought by the Toronto Street Railway?"

Sir William said yes.

"Well," replied Forget, "These things shall happen *provided*—that you arrange for a dividend of eight per cent. on the stock of the Toronto Railway Company and—ah—dispense a bonus."

There was no answer, but Mackenzie did it.

Born on 10th December, 1861, in the French-Canadian town of Terrebonne, near Montreal, he has not yet celebrated his half century birthday. He is the son of Mr. David Forget and Angele Limoges, both of old French families. The Forgets, of this family, came from Normandy. The late Senator's father and his family lived near David, the father of Rodolphe. They were known all over Charlevoix County for their thinking habits, their sound religious spirit, their good citizenship and thrift. Rodolphe's wits were sharpened by mixing with clever people. His schoolmates at Masson College of Terrebonne, were all members of representative families, like the Tourvilles, the Macdonalds and Tailons, many of whom have risen to distinction. Rodolphe was always a strapping. He was tall for his age and precocious. He was keen as a briar and especially quick in his decisions, although he was not impulsive.

A quarter of a century ago, Rodolphe Forget was known in Montreal as a junior member of a stock-brokerage house—"L. J. Forget & Co.," "Courtiers"—as they are called in French, who handled the entire financial dealings of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. This alone would have occupied a large firm. However, the new Montreal Street Railway and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power were children of the brains of the Forgets. They believed in the future and concentrated their energies and their money on developing these companies. They had become among the strongest in the country. The Forget interests bought, at a critical time, most of the stock of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. Rodolphe was very active on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Whenever there was a sharp advance in certain power or railway stocks, or when there was any big deal being carried out anywhere in the Province of Quebec,

Montrealers naturally looked to find young Forget's hand in it. He was called "a wonder" for several reasons. One was that he could always put a stock up when all others thought it was already too high. It is said that Rodolphe Forget "gets the crowd short" and then puts on "the squeeze" and makes them put the price up on themselves. Some people are afraid of him.

A few years ago he separated from his uncle and opened brokerage offices at the corner of St. Francois Xavier and Notre Dame Streets, near the Stock Exchange on the Wall Street of Canada. He was many times President of the Exchange and was instrumental in the building of the new Exchange building.

There was another adventure of his in the town of Quebec. There had existed there for years and years a rather pitiful group of corporations which limped along in a hand-to-mouth sort of fashion and which were a continual source of anxiety to the shareholders. There was the city railway service, a suburban service and a gas company, and three others. They were equally far gone in decay.

When Forget became interested, the people who held the stock tried to keep straight faces so as not to show how anxious they were to be rid of their stock-holdings. When these gentlemen found themselves bought out they could scarcely repress a shout, and all through the City of Quebec there was great rejoicing. Meanwhile the financial people of Canada laughed to hear how Rodolphe Forget was selling stock in his merger in France. What a wise fox was he, said they, to go to France! Poor French investors!

Forget foresaw the completion of the Quebec bridge, during the construction of which employment must be given to thousands of men, which would necessarily mean increased traffic on the trams included in the merger. He saw that the dry docks to be constructed there would be a large and permanent industry. Further, he knew of a group of capitalists who were going to build new, enormous pulp and paper mills very near the ancient capital, and that the Provincial Government had planned extensive general development schemes for the whole north-

ern section of the province, which would mean much for Quebec.

He was one of the largest holders of stock in the Quebec Railway & Light Co., that is, the old company. He merged five companies into one. When it was learned that he had pledged himself to sell the stock at fifty, there was laughter among the brokers. But he did it. Quebec stock went on climbing. He announced that he had intended offering to the public \$4,200,000, but it was taken up by the underwriters and he had to announce that all the securities had been disposed of by private sale.

He sailed to Paris one day last October. Wise ones said he had gone to make a market for Quebec. Suddenly the Quebec stock began to rise in Montreal. His influence seemed to have reached across the ocean, for during his absence the stock rose ten points and even touched sixty-two.

He had a set-back last fall when he tried to get control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., of New Glasgow, N.S. While he was using his heaviest financial forces to capture "Scotia," Harris, the president of that company, measured swords with him, and perhaps through over-confidence, for it was certainly no lack of ability, Forget failed. On the whole, however, he has been extraordinarily successful. Latterly he has devoted himself to the organizing of companies—

mainly public utility concerns—sometimes reorganizing them or binding them into a merger. His most notable constructive venture recently was the formation of the Canada Cement Co., in which he was one of the prime movers. He was a prominent factor in the recent Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal Co. battle.

In 1904 he was elected to the Federal House for his native county. He has represented the county ever since.

He is better as a financier than as a politician. He exerts considerable influence in the party on account of his financial potentialities, but his standing is said to have been somewhat impaired by the rumor that he is allied with the few rather weak "insurgents" against Mr. Borden. This may have been misinformation on the part of persons in Ottawa.

He is very active in charitable matters. He takes an active interest in civic affairs, university problems and military work. He is honorary colonel of the 65th Voltigeurs, of Montreal.

He was married twice, first in 1885 to the late Miss Tourville, and in 1894 to Miss Blanch MacDonald. His family consists of three sons and two daughters. His love of home is one of his best French-Canadian characteristics, and when asked what he most desires he invariably replies, "More time to spend with my wife and family."

TIMELY THIS TIME

I've striven hard for timeliness,
But just as sure as fate
Some other fellow writes the stuff
And mine's a trifle late.

I think I'll beat him out this time,
I fancy *he'll* be vexed
When he reads these timely verses on
The summer after next.

—James P. Haverson.

The Four Lauriers

Being an impressionistic, but not unfriendly,
view of Canada's great men

By H. Franklin Gadsby

THE Autocrat of the breakfast table calculates that there are three John Smiths—the real John, known only to his Maker, John as he thinks he is himself, and John as he appears to the world at large. The Autocrat was under rather than over the estimate, for the last John, the one that other people see, is capable of infinite subdivision. For example, there are four Sir Wilfrid Lauriers that I have met and observed, and goodness knows how many others that I only dimly suspect.

The first Laurier that holds the eye is the Laurier in a hostile Ontario. Many of us have seen him in Toronto, that two-faced city which tears the roof off Massey Hall cheering for him and then stabs him under the fifth rib when polling day comes. What sort of a figure does he cut in a province, which, if it doesn't absolutely hate him, is cold to him, because being Ontario, it is convinced that no good thing can come out of Quebec? This is the way he does it. Listen:

Imagine a bright, sunny afternoon at Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls. The campaign of 1911, or is it 1912, is on. Or perhaps I've mixed it up with the campaign of 1908. Never mind! Sir Wilfrid is situated as he might be almost anywhere else in Ontario. He is in a Liberal riding, but he is entirely surrounded by his enemies, Welland County supports the Government, but Lincoln, Wentworth and Haldimand, which touch it on the west and south, send Conservative members to Parliament. This proportion fairly represents how the Premier of Canada stands in the good graces of the largest

and most populous province in the Dominion. Anywhere Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes in Ontario he is Daniel in the lion's den. Or, since Ontario is so largely Scotch and Presbyterian, it may be better to change the metaphor and say that everywhere he beards the Douglas in his hall.

But Sir Wilfrid is not dismayed. He knows his Ontario better than his Ontario knows him. The address has been read, the bouquet has been presented by a little girl mostly white stockings, and the band has played "Hail to the Chief." The Premier steps forward, bowing and smiling with French politeness. The very way he is dressed is a sign that he has read his book and learned all his lessons. There is, if you must know, a sort of likeness between Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The old Tory chief was clean-shaven, had a big nose, a long upper lip and a dome-shaped head, bald in front, and hair thick and clustering behind. That is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's picture, too, but the points of difference are quite as noticeable. In detail the likeness falls apart and disappears, but in the large it is strong enough for an astute politician to make use of and score a point. The main thing is that it exists, and that Sir Wilfrid is not above adding to it the red necktie and white vest which Sir John Macdonald so often favored.

In his day they used to say that Sir John Macdonald was like Disraeli and, as Disraeli was a great man and colorful in his clothes, Sir John copied him. Now Sir John is copied in his turn by Sir Wilfrid, who seeks whatever success there may be in a judicious selection of waistcoats

and cravats. Some people step into dead men's shoes; others utilize their vests and neckties. It is an interesting reflection that Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, is remotely responsible for all the red neckties in Canadian politics. And that the red necktie is a working force among Ontario Conservatives to-day let no one deny who remembers the campaign Sir Charles Tupper made in 1896. It was then he dug up Hugh John Macdonald, the surviving image, though somewhat weaker in the drawing, of his illustrious father. Hugh John did not have his father's brains, but he did have his father's easy manners and his father's nose and he wore red neckties like his father's, which is as near as a wise son can come to knowing his own father, and good enough for campaign purposes anyway. Hugh John made a great hit everywhere in Ontario. He always spoke with a bust of his father on the table beside him. He wore a red necktie; so did the bust. Sometimes he would blow his nose to call attention to the patent facts; the bust quivered sympathetically. At evening meetings the committee usually had it arranged to throw red light on Hugh John, the bust, and the red neckties. The effect was extremely moving. It went down to history as the Nose and Necktie Campaign.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has never forgotten what a red necktie can do in Ontario. There are doubtless weak-kneed Conservatives in that crowd at Niagara Falls, sentimental old fellows, who find the road to yesterday through Sir Wilfrid's Laurier's white vest and are twenty-one again and cracking heads for Sir John on election day. And the red necktie lights them on their way back. And Sir Wilfrid, with that art which conceals art, says nothing on that particular point, but just lets the necktie do the speaking for him. It is art, of course, but it is a touch of nature too. It will be seen that Sir Wilfrid does not overlook any bets. He is, perhaps, more practical than his friends give him credit for.

And while Sir Wilfrid's red necktie is making its quiet appeal to wavering Tory hearts, what is his voice doing? Oh the necromancer! He is invoking for the Grits the shades of their great Ontario dead. He is reminding them that Alex-

ander Mackenzie, the honestest man that ever breathed, was in his time reviled also. He is proclaiming himself a Baldwin Liberal. What won't Saul do when he needs influential names to conjure with? "And Samuel said to Saul, 'Why hast thou disquieted be to bring me up?' And Saul answered, 'I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me.'"

Outside Baldwin and Alexander Mackenzie and the red necktie, Sir Wilfrid Laurier doesn't employ much sentiment in addressing Ontario. He is too wise to scatter 'ears, or raise lumps in the throats of a hard-headed people. With Niagara Falls as his drop-scene he might say many things, which he shows his good sense by not doing. He might burn up a lot of rhetoric telling how his distant forbears discovered the Falls and held the fort then, just as he is trying to do, and he might blind the people and draw cataracts over their eyes that way. But he doesn't. He might compare himself with the Falls and show how each stands about as good a chance of ever occurring again, because there will never be another French-Canadian premier in Canada. That trick can be pulled off only once. It's not many years now when the sceptre will depart from Quebec and the West will be making premiers. He might do that. But he doesn't. Seeing it is an open air meeting, he might ventilate the questions of the day. But he doesn't. He leaves the tabulated statements and tedious explanations to Rodolph Lemieux and George Graham. He does what Macaulay accused Horace Walpole of doing—he chooses only the most interesting parts of his subject. Which is hard on Rodolph Lemieux, who is a word painter himself and can strew flowers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier might argue. But he doesn't. To tell the truth, the Premier doesn't care for argument, in which respect he also resembles Sir John Macdonald, who was an adept at speaking beside the question. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid uses soaring thoughts and poetic fancies. In Ontario he uses something else, but it is not argument. If a speech addressed to pure reason is what voters want they will get it far better from R. L. Borden than from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In short, Mr. Borden's speeches are as far ahead of Sir Wilfrid's in fact and solid substance

as Edward Blake's used to be ahead of Sir John Macdonald's. And the analogy goes even further. Mr. Borden's speeches are received just as coldly as Mr. Blake's used to be, and one word from Sir Wilfrid Laurier will do as much to make a crowd forget what Leader Borden has been saying as one jest from Sir John would do to upset Mr. Blake's most eloquent periods. Some people call it magnetism. It is, perhaps, a better knowledge of human nature, a gift of putting oneself in the other man's place and telling him what he thinks himself. Mr. Borden, as Mr. Blake did, talks above people's heads; Sir John Macdonald never did; Sir Wilfrid Laurier never does. The crowd does not warm to Robert Borden any more than it did to Edward Blake, but it takes Sir Wilfrid Laurier to its heart much as it did Sir John Macdonald.

But I am getting away from my subject. It is still afternoon in Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, and Sir Wilfrid is still speaking. He has caught his second wind and is putting reciprocity forward. Reciprocity, carried or not, is his trump card. Carried, it is a putative blessing; not carried, it is at least a good intention, which leaves a "benediction spread" like the sunset. Carried or not, it is a good election play, for the question is big enough to blot out the sins of a time-worn government and to eclipse Henri Bourassa and the Nationalists. Naturally Sir Wilfrid is making the most of it. He makes the most of it by hammering away at the salient points, stripped mostly of figures, for what he wants the audience to get is the idea, not the confusing details. He is giving the people just as much common sense as they can carry away without feeling tired. For a sample of how he does it, look at almost any speech of his on the subject in Hansard, for the unemotional House is very much like unemotional Ontario when it comes to a matter of business.

But the Premier has come to the last lap of his speech. There are charges and accusations made by the Opposition. Again the shade of John A. prompts him. He laughs a thing out of court when there is no other answer. He meets it as Sir John would—with a light word. He tells an old joke or an old story. The average Ontario voter doesn't care for new jokes

and new stories. It stretches his mind to grasp the strange face of them, but when he sees the old ones coming he begins to smile, as it were, at friends tried and true.

The Conservatives have said "Turn the rascals out; put us in." Sir Wilfrid comes back at them with Charles II's quip to his brother James, when that unpopular prince informed him of a plot to assassinate him, "They will never kill me to make you king." The Conservatives have said "Scandals." Sir Wilfrid counters, "There never was a man half so virtuous as Mr. Borden talks." The jest is a variant of Fox's gibe that "Nobody could ever be quite as wise as Lord Thurlow looked." The Conservatives have said "Extravagance." Sir Wilfrid parries out of Dickens, making use of Micawber to prove that thrift consists in living just within one's means. Here is Micawber's philosophy, as applied to the spendings of the Dominion of Canada. "Annual income, £20; expenditure, £20; result, happiness. Income, £20; expenditure, £20.6.0; result, misery. This is fooling and it goes. Yes, Sir Wilfrid talks good, racy, idiomatic English to Ontario, but his attitude is French. It is to banter. In a hostile Ontario he shrugs his shoulders.

The second Laurier that claims attention is the Laurier in Quebec. He has all the other heroes of that hero-worshipping province—Lafontaine, Cartier, Mercier, Chapleau—beaten a mile. Leaving the navy and individual politics out of the question, he unites all the qualities the French demand of their public men—grace, distinction, eloquence and stage presence. He is a man to turn and look at on any promenade in any company in the world. He might be taken for a great poet, a great actor, a great statesman. And any guess would be a good one, for he needs to be all three in his business. At all events, it is Quebec's boast that you couldn't mistake him for a little man anywhere. He is greater than the clergy; greater than that mauvais sujet, Henri Bourassa; greater even than Quebec, for he thinks in half continents and Quebec thinks only for herself.

His name is music in the Quebec believer's ear, for after all is said and done it is a French name and honor to Laurier is honor to the race. Envious people say that what Laurier gets in Quebec is divine

homage such as the ancient Romans paid their emperors, and that what the Quebec audiences should use at their political meetings is not benches and chairs, but prayer-mats. There are stories—manufactured, of course—to illustrate what the simple habitant is supposed to feel about his great compatriot. When it was announced that King Edward VII had ascended the throne of England, Jean Baptiste is figured as exclaiming: "What a pull he must have had with Laurier!" Another one is that Laurier's exact size was being discussed in a little Quebec village on the St. Lawrence. The great men of all times and climes had been mentioned. It was Jean Baptiste's verdict that Laurier's greatness exceeded them all, as the sun outshines a candle. "But," said the quizzer, "is he greater than the Almighty?" "Perhaps not," was the reluctant reply, "but you mus' remember Sir Wilfrid, he is only a young man yet."

Sir Wilfrid himself is not without a sense of his own value with his own people. Being twitted once by a platform opponet, he quoted the words of the French philosopher, who, when asked what he thought of himself, replied "Very little when I judge; very much when I compare." All of which goes to prove that he is sure of his place in the hearts of his countrymen. He comes to his own and his own receive him like a god. And no other gods of the market place can put out his light. At the Quebec Tercentenary he shared the cheers with "Bobs." Indeed Quebec took its cue from him as to how the applause should be divided. After the addresses had been read at the King's Wharf, where the Prince landed, there was a pause which was gracefully, heartily and diplomatically filled by the Premier of Canada, who stepped forward with his gold-laced, cocked hat in his hand, and led off with three cheers and a tiger for His Royal Highness. If Edward VII's son was "in right" at the Quebec Tercentenary, it was Sir Wilfrid Laurier who put him there. But how would visitors, innocent of Canadian politics, puzzle it out. The Crown Prince would dash by, with his escort of scarlet and gold, and the crowd would dutifully cheer. The glittering calvacade would be followed, perhaps, by a plain, open carriage, in which would be seated a tall, slender man

in the simple attire of a gentleman of the twentieth century—but having the grand air withal—and the sky would split with Vive Laurier! So far as Quebec was concerned, there were two royalties at these fetes—George, Prince of Wales, heir apparent of Edward VII, and Wilfrid Laurier, the reigning King of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier loves his Quebec and his Quebec loves him. And of all places in it he loves most its quaint old capital city, which was the beginning of Canada, and he has often said that when he leaves politics or politics leave him, here he would like to pass his remaining days and here die and be buried. The reason Sir Wilfrid loves Quebec is because it is soaked with history. Every foot of it is sacred ground; every inch of it teems with sentiment. It is the experience of the ages that, when kings and statesmen have had their say, there is something beyond wisdom and right reason which determines the course of events. And that something is the feeling of the people—in short, sentiment. The world is ruled by sentiment, and there is no place in the world where sentiment is better conserved and oftener used than Quebec. Just as poets are in love with love, so is Quebec in love with sentiment, and always she asks of her orators that they speak with a full bosom. Politicians have to grasp this point at the start or they don't go far—in Quebec. In Ontario they call it rhetoric and sniff at it; in Quebec they speak of it as the fire of genius and warm themselves at it. Sir Wilfrid is a great orator of the kind Quebec likes. Critics say that his English is better than his French. That may be. All one can tell is that the French people of Quebec hang upon Sir Wilfrid's French and keep asking for more. At one meeting at Three Rivers, in the campaign of 1908, an old gentleman on the platform was so busy drinking in Sir Wilfrid's words that he swallowed his false teeth, and a patriot of 1837—they call 'em patriots there—in the audience, fainted through sheer emotion.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier gives his Quebec what his Quebec wants, just as he gives Ontario what Ontario wants. He is a skillful Autolycus, and suits his wares to his customers. He never for a moment lets go his grip of some of the largest feel-

ings in the human breast. He speaks of his old age. Sir Wilfrid is not old. His eye is bright, his mind clear, his voice strong, his form erect and buoyant. His picturesque hair is turning white, it is true, but it is not a badge of senility, it is a touch of color. Sir Wilfrid was only recently sixty-nine, and Palmerston was carrying the British Empire at eighty. However, it pleases Sir Wilfrid, just as it used to please Sir John Macdonald, to be old for campaign purposes. There is a stage in the game of politics when it's time for a statesman to be old and to claim the privileges and affections due to age. Sir Wilfrid has judged that for him this time has come. Therefore let him be old, and let Quebec and all the other provinces be tender to his white hairs.

Sir Wilfrid asks again to be let finish his work, the National Transcontinental Railway, which will place him on the same pinnacle of fame with his greatest predecessor, Sir John Macdonald, one of whose monuments is the C. P. R. Here is a statesman who seeks a memorial more lasting than brass, a fame equal to the greatest—after which let thy servant depart in peace. Quebec understands—and feels. Sir Wilfrid speaks of the new provinces he has helped to make and the principalities he has added to Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba. These are big words and big thoughts, brother men. It is, in short—to touch chords. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid lays his hand on his heart.

The third Laurier is the one we see in the House of Commons. Without being in the least a demagogue, the Prime Minister of Canada aims to be thought the tribune of the people. He goes to some pains to preserve the tradition that he is a democrat up to the hilt, in spite of titles before and letters after his name. Sometimes in the course of duty he has to put on his privy councillor's uniform and appear at state functions with his collars, ribbons and orders. But he does not choose to remain long in the public eye in such attire, and, as soon as decency will permit, slips away to his room and changes back to his everyday clothes. And what's more, he has always refused to have his photograph taken in "that gilded harness." Sir Wilfrid has a reputation for sunny ways. These sunny ways of his are only skin deep. Three-quarters of Sir Wilfrid's sunniness is just Gallic

politeness, the other quarter is tact and gracefulness. It is a sun that shines, but does not warm. At bottom the Premier is cold, calculating, absolute, adamant—firm, as successful premiers have to be.

He has no great gift of comradeship like Sir John Macdonald, whose sunshine was from the heart outward. He does not mingle freely with the members of his party. His little private retiring room, in the corridor off the press room, knows him oftener than Number Sixteen, where Liberals most do congregate. He rules, one would say, more by the admiration than by the affection he inspires. His temperamental inability to be a "good mixer" is all the more remarkable because Sir John Macdonald was such a fine hand at it. All poets have learned from Homer, and it is no derogation from Sir Wilfrid's greatness to say that he has models. On the great British orators—Pitt, Burke, Fox, Bright—Sir Wilfrid has formed his parliamentary style, and from Sir John Macdonald he has taken his tactics in the House. If he had it in him to be a "mixer" Sir Wilfrid would have been one, because Sir John was one, and everything Sir John did in the way of political manoeuvring was right.

In the Green Chamber Sir Wilfrid shows himself a captain adroit, aggressive, alert. He misses no little points of debate and sometimes, in the finesse of procedure, to get ahead of the Opposition, insists on what appear to be trifles. Mr. Borden's mind moves too slowly to circumvent the nimble casuist, who knows the rules and sub-rules of Todd and Bournonville better than Mr. Speaker himself.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's customary attitude in the House is bold and confident. The only time anyone ever saw Sir Wilfrid "rat" in the House was one afternoon when he got too far ahead for Quebec to follow him. It was only a small matter, but it proved that Sir Wilfrid would turn and go back if he had to do it to suit his pace to Quebec's. Dr. Roddick of Montreal had introduced a bill to create a central board of examiners for medical doctors, and to issue degrees which would be good all over the Dominion. The idea had many advantages. All the doctors in the House spoke up for it, and Sir Wilfrid himself made a little speech patting it on the back. Up rose Demers, of St. Jean and Iberville, known to be the

mouthpiece of Laval University. He said little, but that little was enough. It was little, but that little was enough. It was plain that Laval did not favor the bill. And if Laval didn't favor it, the clergy didn't favor it. And, though Sir Wilfrid may have won in 1896 by flouting the clergy on the Manitoba School question, he doesn't make a habit of it. The long and short of it was that Sir Wilfrid 'bout faced, the bill got the six months' hoist and was never heard of again. Only once again was Sir Wilfrid nervous about his Quebec majority, and that was when clause sixteen of the Autonomy Bill was amended to read differently but meant the same thing. However, Quebec saw through it and stood true. And so, in the House of Commons, Laurier looks over his shoulder to see if Quebec is there.

The fourth Laurier is one that not many people see outside of deputations and axe-grinders—Laurier in his private

office in the Eastern Block. He is not at home to interviewers, but the man who succeeds in piercing the cordon of private secretaries and getting past the Premier's next friend, Mr. William Mackenzie, finds an entirely new personality from any he has been studying before. This is not the wary politician up to every move in a game full of sharp corners; this is not the spellbinder nor the sunny smiler; this is not even the practical statesman. This is a reserved and god-like being—Jove in a morning coat — seated high above our judgments. What his air conveys more than anything else is a profound detachment from sordid details. He does not fit into the devious game of politics as lesser men play it. He will not stain his mind by looking at their tricks and subterfuges. This is Laurier sitting for his picture in the gallery of fame. He must bear himself as if he already belonged to history.

AUTUMN

All day the clouds have hung in sombre stillness,
 And falling rain has wept among the trees,
 And lonely, haunting winds in bitter shrillness,
 Have bade the world list to their memories.
 While Autumn's veiling haze has draped the wood-
 lands,
 In tender pity for their mourning song,
 Sung to the curled brown leaves upon the hill-lands,
 That mock their sadness as they dance along!

All day, my heart has sung of fond old memories,
 In muffled minor chords that seem to break,
 That could not form one glorious lilting measure,
 Those tremulous ways such sacred windings
 take.
 The day so dreary cleared for evening's star;
 So may my heart rejoice for your dear sake!

—Amy E. Campbell.

Les Chateaux—and French Cookery

By

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

THIS being a beautiful day, and the sunshine more brilliant than is usual on a September morning in this part of the world, we unanimously agreed to dedicate its hours to one of the most interesting of the neighboring chateaux. The most important question upon which we were not unanimous was whether Chenonceaux or Chinon should be the goal of our pilgrimage. Miss Cassandra voted unhesitatingly for Chenonceaux, which she emphatically announced to be the chateau of all others that she had crossed the ocean to see. "It is not a ruin like Chinon," she urged. "The buildings are in perfect condition, and the park and gardens of surpassing loveliness."

"Of course we expect to go to Chinon, dear Miss Cassandra," said I. "It is only a question of which we are to see to-day."

"Yes, my dear, but I have great faith in the bird in the hand, or, as the Portuguese gentleman expressed it, 'One I-have is worth two I-shall-haves.' The finger of fate seems to point to Chenonceaux to-day, for I dreamed about it last night, and Diana" (Miss Cassandra always gives the name of the fair enchantress its most uncompromising English pronunciation) "was standing on the bridge looking just like a portrait that we saw the other day, and in a gorgeous dress of black and silver. Now don't think, my dears, that I approve of Diana; she was decidedly light, and Lydia knows very well that the overseers of the meeting would have had to deal with her more than once; but when it comes to a choice between Diana and Catherine, I would always choose

Diana, whatever her faults may have been."

"Diane!" corrected a shrill voice above our heads.

We happened to be standing on the little portico by the garden, and looked around to see who was listening to our conversation, when again "Diane!" sang forth, followed by "*Bon jour, Madame,*" all in the exquisite accent of Touraine.

"It is Polly who is correcting my pronunciation," exclaimed Miss Cassandra, "and I really don't blame her." Then looking up at the cage, with a nod and a smile, she cried, "*Bon jour, jolie Marie!*"

Polly has learned some English phrases from the numerous guests of the house, and cordially greets us with "Good-by" when we enter, and "How do you do?" when we are leaving, which you may remember was just what Mr. Monard, who had the little French church in Philadelphia, used to do, until some person without any sense of humor undertook to set him straight. We trust that no misguided individual may ever undertake to correct Polly's English or Miss Cassandra's French, for, as Walter says, "To hear those two exchanging linguistic courtesies is one of the experiences that make life and travel worth while;" and the most amusing part of it is that the Quaker lady is as unconscious of the humor of the situation as the parrot.

After this little interlude, and while Polly was still puzzling over Miss Cassandra's salutation, "*Bon jour, jolie Marie,*" with her head cocked on one side, we continued our discussion, Miss Cas-

sandra pressing the claims of Chenonceaux by what she considered an unanswerable argument, "And you must remember, Zephine, that your favorite Henry James said that he would rather have missed Chinon than Chenonceaux, and that he counted as fortunate exceedingly the few hours that he passed at this exquisite residence." After this Parthian shaft, Miss Cassandra left us to put on her hat for Chenonceaux, for to Chenonceaux we decided to go, of course, taking a train at eleven o'clock from what the local guide is pleased to call the monumental railway station of Tours, and reaching the Chenonceaux station in less than an hour.

At the station we found an omnibus which conveyed us to the Hotel du Bon Laboureur, the Mecca of all hungry pilgrims, where a good luncheon was soon spread before us, enlivened, as Walter expresses it, by a generous supply of the light wine of the country. Looking over my shoulder as I write, he declares that I am gilding that luncheon at the Bon Laboureur with all the romance and glamour of Chenonceaux. Perhaps I am; but I was hungry after our early and exceedingly light *dejeuner*, and the delicate little French dishes appealed to me. Being a mere man, as Lydia expresses it, Walter feels the discomforts of travel more than we women-folk. He says that he is heartily tired of luncheons made of flimflams, omelettes, entrees and the like, and when the inevitable salad and fowl appeared he quite shocked us by saying that he would like to see some real chicken, the sort that we have at home, broiled by Mandy, who knows how to cook chicken far and away better than these Johnny Crapauds, with all their boasted culinary skill.

Lydia and I were congratulating ourselves that no one could understand this rude diatribe, when we noticed a handsome young man at the next table, evidently a Frenchman, laughing behind his napkin. I motioned to Walter to keep quiet, and gave him a look that was intended to be very severe, and then Miss Cassandra, with her usual amiable desire to pour oil upon the troubled waters, stirred them up more effectively by adding: "Yes, Walter, but in travelling one must take the bad with the good. We have

no buildings like these chateaux at home, and I for one am quite willing to give up American social pleasures and luxuries for the sake of all that we see here and all that we learn."

Can you imagine anything more bewildering to a Frenchman than Miss Cassandra's philosophy, especially her allusion to American social pleasures and luxuries, which, to the average and untravelled French mind, would be represented, I fancy, by a native Indian picnic, with a menu of wild turkey and quail. It was a very good luncheon, I insisted, even if not quite according to American ideas, and variety is one of the pleasures of foreign travel—this last in my most instructive manner, and to Lydia's great amusement. She alone grasped the situation, as Walter and Miss Cassandra were seated with their backs to the stranger. In order to prevent further criticisms upon French living, I changed the subject by asking Walter for our Ioanne Guide Book, and succeeded in silencing the party, after Artemus Ward's plan with his daughter's suitors, by reading aloud to them, during which the stranger finished his luncheon, and, after the manner of the suitors, quietly took his departure.

"We shall never see him again," I exclaimed, "and he will always remember us as those rude and unappreciative Americans!"

"And what have we done to deserve such an opinion?" asked Walter.

"Attacked them in their most sensitive spot. A Frenchman prides himself above everything else upon the cuisine of his country."

"And is *that* all, Zephine? And who is the *he* in question?"

When I explained about the Frenchman who was seated behind him and understood every invidious word, Walter, instead of being contrite, said airily that he regretted that he had not spoken French, as that would probably have been beyond Mr. Crapaud's comprehension.

A number of coaches were standing in front of the little inn, one of which Miss Cassandra and Lydia engaged in order to save their strength for the many steps to be taken in and around the chateau; but they did not save much, after all, as the coaches all stop at the end of the first avenue of plane trees at a railroad cross-

ing, and after this another long avenue leads to the grounds. Walter and I thought that we decidedly had the best of it, as we strolled through the picturesque little village, and, having our kodak with us, we were able to get some pretty bits by the way, among other things a photograph of a sixteenth-century house in which the pages of Francis I. were once lodged.

The approach to the chateau is in keeping with its stately beauty. After traversing the second avenue of plane trees, we passed between two great sphinxes which guard the entrance to the court, with the ancient dungeon-keep on the right, and on the left the Domes buildings, as they are called, which seem to include the servants' quarters and stables. Beyond this is the drawbridge which spans the wide moat and gives access to the spacious rectangular court. This moat of clear running water, its solid stone walls draped with vines and topped with blooming plants, defines the ancient limits of the domain of the Marques family, who owned this estate as far back in history as the thirteenth century. Where the beautiful chateau now stands, there was once a fortified mill. The property passed into the hands of Thomas Bohier in the fifteenth century, who conceived the bold idea of turning the old mill into a chateau, or, as Balzac says, "Messire de Bohier, the Minister of Finances, as a novelty placed his house astride the river Cher." A chateau built over a river—can you imagine anything more picturesque, or, as Miss Cassandra says, anything more unhealthy? The sun shone gaily to-day and the rooms felt fairly dry, but during the long weeks of rain that come to France in the spring and late autumn these spacious *salles* must be as damp as a cellar. Miss Cassandra says that the bare thought of sleeping in them gives her rheumatic twinges. There are handsome, richly decorated mantels and chimney-places in all of the great rooms, but they look as if they had not often known the delights of a cheerful fire of blazing logs.

The old building is in the form of a vast square pavilion, flanked on each corner by a bracketed turret, upon which there is a wealth of Renaissance ornamentation. On the east facade are the chapel and a small out-building, which

form a double projection and enclose a little terrace on the ground floor. Over the great entrance door are carvings and heraldic devices, and over the whole facade of the chateau there is rich luxuriance of ornamentation, which with the wide moat surrounding it, and the blooming parterres spread before it, give the entire castle the air of being *en fete*; not relegated to the past like Loches, Amboise, and some of the other chateaux that we have seen.

Unique in situation and design is the great gallery, sixty metres in height, which Philibert de Lorme, at Queen Catherine's command, caused to rise like a fairy palace from the waters of the Cher. This gallery of two stories decorated in the interior with elaborate designs in stucco, and busts of royal and distinguished persons, is classic in style and sufficiently substantial in structure as it rests upon five arches separated by abutments on each of which is a semi-circular turret rising to the level of the first floor. Designed for a *salles des fetes*, this part of the castle was never quite finished, in consequence of the death of Catherine de Medicis, who intended that an elaborate pavilion to match Bohier's chateau on the opposite bank of the river should mark the terminus of the gallery. The new building was far enough advanced, however, to be used for the elaborate festivities that had been planned for Francis II. and Queen Mary when they fled from the horrors of Amboise to the lovely groves and forests of Chenonceaux.

Standing in the long gallery which literally bridges the Cher, we wondered whether the masques and revels held here in honor of the Scotch bride were able to dispel sad thoughts of that day at Amboise when she and her husband were called upon to witness the beheading of some of the noblest men of France and the hanging of over a thousand Huguenot soldiers. Mary Stuart, more than half French, was gay, light-hearted, and perhaps, in those early days, with a short memory for the sorrows of life; but it seems as if the recollection of that day of slaughter and misery could never have been quite effaced from her mind. To Catherine, who revelled in blood and murder, the day was one of triumph, but its horrors evidently left their impress un-

on the delicate physique as well as upon the sensitive mind of the frail, gentle Francis.

Since we have heard so much of the evil deeds of Catherine, it has become almost unsafe to take Miss Cassandra into any of the palaces where the Medicean Queen is honored by statue or portrait. When we passed from the spacious *salles des gardes*, later used as the dining-hall of the Briconnet family, where Catherine's initial letters appear in the ceiling decoration, into the room of Diane de Poitiers, it seemed the very irony of fate that a large portrait of the arch enemy of the beautiful Diane should adorn the richly carved chimney-place.

Although she had already announced that she had no great affection for Diane, Catherine's portrait in this particular room excited Miss Cassandra's wrath to such a degree that her words and gestures attracted the attention of the guide. At first he looked perplexed, and then indignantly turned to us for an explanation: What ailed the lady, and why was she displeased? He was doing his best to show us the chateau. We reassured him, smoothed down his ruffled feathers, and finally explained to him that Miss Cassandra had a deep-rooted aversion to Queen Catherine and especially resented having her honored by portrait or bust in these beautiful French castles, particularly in this room of her hated rival. "Diane was none too good herself," he replied with a grim smile; "but she was beautiful and had wit enough to hold the hearts of two kings." Then, entering into the spirit of the occasion, he turned to Miss Cassandra and by dint of shrugs and no end of indescribable and most expressive French gestures, he made her understand that he had no love for Catherine himself, and that if it lay within his *pouvoir* he would throw the unlovely portrait out of the window: no one cared for her—her own husband least of all. This last remark was accompanied with what was intended for a wicked wink, exclusively for Walter's benefit, but its wickedness was quite overcome by the irresistible and contagious good humor and *bonhomie* of the man. Finding that his audience was *en rapport* with him, he drew our attention to the wall decoration, which consists of a series of monograms, and asked us how we read the design.

"D and H intertwined!" we answered in chorus.

At this the guide laughed merrily, and explained that there were different opinions about the monogram. Some persons said that King Henry had boldly undertaken to interlace the initial letters of Catherine and Diane with his own, but he for his part believed that the letters were two C's with an H between them and, whether by accident or design, the letter on the left, which looked more like a D than a C, gave the key to the monogram, "and this," he added with the air of a philosopher, "made it true to history; the beautiful favorite on the left hand was always more powerful than the Queen on the right. Not," he explained, "that the ways of the King Henry II. were to be commended; but"—with a frank smile—"one is always pleased to think of that wicked woman getting what was owing her."

"Rousseau thought that both the initials were those of Diane. He says in his 'Confessions': 'In 1747, we went to pass the autumn in Touraine, at the castle of Chenonceaux, a royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diane de Poitiers, of whom the ciphers are still seen.'"

We turned, at the sound of a strange voice, to find the Frenchman of the *Bon Laboureur* standing quite near us.

"These guides have a large supply of more or less correct history at hand, and this one, being a philosopher, adds his own theories to further obscure the truth." This in the most perfect English, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders entirely French. "Chenonceaux being Diane's chateau and this her own room, what more natural than that her cipher should be here, as Rousseau says? And yet, as Honore de Balzac points out, this same cipher is to be found in the palace of the Louvre, upon the column of *la Halle au Ble*, built by Catherine herself: and above her own tomb at *Saint Denis*, which she had built during her lifetime. All the same, it must have pleased Henry immensely to have the royal cipher look much more like D.H. than like C.H., and there is still room for conjecture, which, after all, is one of the charms of history. So, *Monsieur et Mesdames*, it is quite a

votre choix"—with a graceful bow in our direction.

Evidently M. Crapaud does not consider us savages, despite Walter's unsavory remarks about the *cuisine* of his country, and, noticing our interest, he added, with French exactness: "Of course, the chateau was not built for Diane, although much enlarged and beautified by her, and when Catherine came into possession she had the good sense to carry out some of Diane's plans. Francis I. came here to hunt sometimes, and it was upon one of these parties of pleasure, when his son Henry and Diane de Poitiers were with him, that she fell in love with this castle on the Cher, and longed to make it her own. Having a lively sense of the instability of all things mortal, kings in particular, she took good care to make friends with the rising star, and when Francis was gathered to his fathers and his uncles and his cousins—you may remember that his predecessor was an uncle or a cousin—Henry promptly turned over Chenonceaux to Diane."

The more we saw of this lovely palace, the better we understood Catherine's wrath when she saw the coveted possession thrown into the lap of her rival. She had come here with her father-in-law, Francis, and naturally looked upon the chateau as her own.

"But Diane held onto it," said Walter. "We have just been reading that remarkable scene when, after Henry had been mortally wounded in the tournament with Montgomery, Catherine sent messages to her, demanding possession of the castle. You remember that her only reply was, 'Is the King yet dead?' and, hearing that he still lived, Diane stoutly refused to surrender her chateau while breath was in his body. We have our Dumas with us, you see."

"Yes, and here, I believe, he was true to history. That was a battle royal of dames, and I, for my part, have always regretted that Diane had to give up her palace. Have you seen Chaumont, which she so unwillingly received in exchange? No? Then you will see something fine in its way, but far less beautiful than Chenonceaux, which for charm of situation stands alone."

And in a way, Diane still possesses her chateau; for it is of her that we think as

we wander from room to room. In the apartment of Francis I. her portrait by Primaticcio looks down from the wall. As in life, Diane's beauty and wit triumphed over her rivals; over the withering hand of age and the snares of the unscrupulous and astute daughter of the Medici, so in death she still dominates the castle that she loved. Pray do not think that I am in love with Diane; she was doubtless wicked and vindictive, even if not as black as Dumas paints her; but bad as she may have been, it is a satisfaction to think of her having for years outwitted Catherine, or, as Miss Cassandra expresses it, in language more expressive, if less elegant, than that of Monsieur Crapaud, "It is worth much to know that that terrible woman *did* get her *come-uppings*."

If it was of Diane de Poitiers we thought within the walls of the chateau, it was to Mary Stuart that our thoughts turned as we wandered through the lovely forest glades of the park, under the overarching trees through whose branches the sun flashed upon the green turf and varied growth of shrubbery. We could readily fancy the young Queen and her brilliant train riding gaily through these shaded paths, their hawks upon their wrists, these, according to all writers of the time, being the conventional accompaniments of royalty at play.

Do you remember our impressions of Holywood on a rainy August morning, and the chill gloom of poor Mary's bedroom, and the adjoining dismal little boudoir where she supped with Rizzio—the room in which he was murdered as he clung to her garments for protection? I thought of it to-day as we stood in the warm sunshine of the court, with the blooming parterres spread before us, realizing, as never before, the sharp contrast between such palaces of pleasure as this, and Mary's rude northern castles. An appropriate setting was this chateau for the gay, spirited young creature, who seems to have been a queen every inch, from her childhood, with a full appreciation of her own importance. It seems that she mortally offended Catherine when a mere child, by saying that the Queen belonged to a family of merchants, while she herself was the daughter of a long line of kings. In some way, Mary's words were repeated to Catherine, who

never forgave the bitter speech, all the more bitter for its truth.

Finding that we had not yet seen the *Galerie Louis XIV.*, which for some reason, is not generally shown to visitors, our friendly cicerone, who, as he expresses it, knows Chenonceaux as he knows the palm of his hand, conducted us again to the chateau. For him all doors were opened as by magic, and we afterwards learned that he had some acquaintance with Monsieur Terry, the present owner of this fair domain.

Although the *Galerie Louis XIV.*, on the upper floor of the long gallery, is not particularly beautiful or well decorated, it is interesting because here were first presented some of the plays of Jean Jacques Rousseau: *L'Engagement Temeraire* and *Le Devin du Village*. Such later associations as this under the regime of the *Fermier General* and Madame Dupin, are those of an altogether peaceful and homelike abode. In his *Confessions* Rousseau says: "We amused ourselves greatly in this fine spot. We made a great deal of music, and acted comedies. I wrote a comedy in fifteen days, entitled *L'Engagement Temeraire*, which will be found amongst my papers. It has not other merit than that of being lively." One may easily fancy Jean Jacques "growing fat as a monk in this fine place," as the surrounding country seems to be rich and fertile, and the kitchens of the chateau, which are shown to visitors, are spacious and fitted out with

an abundant supply of the shining, well polished coffee-pots, pans, and casseroles that always make French cookery appear so dainty and appetizing.

Monsieur Crapaud accompanied us, with charming amiability, through this most important department of the chateau, and never once, amid the evidences of luxurious living, did he ever look supercilious or, as Lydia expressed it afterwards, "as if he were saying to himself, 'I wonder what these benighted Americans think of French cookery now!'" Not even when Miss Cassandra asked her favorite question in royal palaces, "How many in family?" was there a ghost of a smile upon his face, and yet he must have understood as he turned to a guide and asked how many persons constituted the family of Monsieur Terry. This Cuban gentleman who now owns the chateau is certainly to be congratulated upon his excellent taste; the restoration of the building and the laying out of the grounds—all so well done, so harmonious; instinct with the spirit of the past, and yet so homelike and livable that the impression left upon us was that of a happy home. In the past, Chenonceaux witnessed no such horrors as are associated with Amboise and so many of the beautiful castles of Touraine. Small wonder that Henry wrote of this fair palace, as we read in a little book lying on one of the tables: "*Le Chateau de Chenonceau est assis en un des meillures, et plus beaulx pays de nostre royaume.*"

TO AN OLD MINIATURE

Olden and exquisite, verily fair,
Untouched of time, unmarred by mad desire,
Pure as a tear—yet radiant as a smile
In open meadows 'neath the sun's own fire!
'Twas Love's own hand laid Love's own colors there;
Love smiles within thy pictured eyes
And smoothes thy lovely hair.

—James P. Haverson.

The Evasion of Florida Lusk

By

Alice MacGowan

I.

LIGHT flashed out from the cabin: Aunt Zarepta had set all in order there, and lit the fire. Hearne Lusk lifted his seventeen-year-old, stolen bride down over the wagon-wheel and drove on to the small log shed, to put up his team. Florida hesitated shyly at the gate where she had been left, childishly timid lest the old woman linger still in the house. But, the horses fed, Hearne came running to her, eagerly, swiftly, on a bridegroom's light feet, and caught her up in an impetuous clasp. His struggle for this girl had been desperate and embittering. The Sterretts, with all their kith and kin, cherished an age-long feud against the tribe of Lusk and its dependencies and hangers-on. There were numerous killings to the credit—or discredit—of both sides. To-day, the vendetta was a sleeping one, that might at a touch break forth, and Hearne Lusk had risked his life for the girl in his arms, risked it for the mere sight of her often during that secret courtship. He had walked to the settlement once to have a bullet cut out of his shoulder; he had cheerfully taken a shot at Florida's elder brother when that zealous guardian waylaid him on another occasion; and, with all the tremulous triumph of this moment he knew that his risks were not over.

Florida liked Carter Broyles well enough till Hearne broke up that affair—why, they had the girl almost wedded to the fellow; they came as near putting compulsion on her to bring about the match as a mountain family ever does; yet the charm of Hearne Lusk's dark, passionate eyes, and bold though clandes-

tine wooing, took her away from them all. He had married her and brought her to the little cabin which he had builded and furnished for her, mostly with his own hands, a habitation far removed from the Sterrett settlement, and with but one neighbor near it, an old kinswoman of his own, Zarepta Fulgham. Now, as he kissed her and walked with his arm about her toward their own door, the dangers still to be thought of presented themselves, despite his love and ardor, and the triumphant joy of the moment.

The history of the Croffuts came darkly to his mind. Twenty years ago, Lusk Croffut, Hearne's cousin, had run away with and married Lissy Mably, a connection of these same sterretts. The pair lived together less than five years, and the Sterretts never let Croffut speak to his children after the wife stole them and returned to her tribe. Grimmer still was the story of Buck Tamplin. Buck would have the Willett girl, with whose people his own were at feud. The Willets made up with Susy afterward, and used to come about the place when her husband was away. Presently the young couple quarreled. And then one morning a neighbor found Buck's cabin with its door swinging wide, the hounds howling in the front yard, his wife fled home to her people, and Buck himself lying across the threshold with a knife sticking in his back. Oh, yes—that was feud work. All through the long drive over in the jolting wagon, the rapture of possession had surged strong in Hearne Lusk's veins. It throbbed no less exultantly still.

"We're home, Floridy — we're home, darlin'. Yo' mine now," he whispered, holding her close. Then, as his sinister

recollections yet obtruded upon the hour's consummation, he suddenly swung the girl around in front of him with a masterful arm that lifted her almost off her feet, and his hand on her shoulder, pushed her back a little, to stare into her upraised countenance, where the two stood in the broad, flickering fire and lamp-shine.

"For this cause shall a man forsake father and mother"—and that means a woman, too, Floridy—that means you, as well as me. If you ain't ready to forsake them Sterretts, each and every, right now"—he named them over fiercely, her family and kin—"and never speak word to one of 'em again, you'd better tell me before you step foot in that house."

The girl in his grasp flung back her head and returned his gaze with eyes blue like wild gentians, long-fringed and adoring, a child's eyes, shaded by a flying thatch of bronze-brown hair. And the smile that answered his look was adoring too. She met his demand with no hint of demur or unwillingness.

"I don't care if I never put eyes on one of 'em again, Hearne," she declared swiftly, exultantly, in that eager voice which had but lately dealt with such matters as a doll's frock, the swapping of quilt pieces, or the negotiating of "a turrible hard word" in the blue-backed speller. "I've got you—you, darlin—and that's all I want in this world." She laughed out suddenly. "You needn't trouble yourself so greatly, neither," she told him. "Pappy has done give the word that he'll settle with any one of the fambly that dares speak to me. Ain't no danger that I'll go back to my folks when you an' me falls out, honey."

Fall out! Hearne Lusk hugged the slim, pliant, warm young figure hard to his heart, and, lifting her so, ran with her up the path to the cabin, and carried her across the threshold.

When he had set her down, she was silent a moment, looking about her. Then the wild gentian eyes filled slowly with sweet tears, lingering on the mute evidences of Hearne's love and care. There on the wall beside the hearth were shelves, rough, but ample and convenient; there was the kitchen table, and beside it the churn-dash and lid, while below sat the four-gallon stone-ware jar that

was the churn. Ranged in their places were the maple bowl for mixing bread, the stirring-spoon and spurtle of whittled cedar—all made by his own hands.

"Oh, Hearne—oh, Hearne—it's just beautiful!" she whispered, turning to him passionately. "And you done it all for me—for me!" She caught the big man around the neck and hid her face on his breast. "Looks like they oughtn't to be nothing — nothing on earth — I wouldn't give up for yo' sake."

"You an' me is agoin' to be mighty happy here," he told her again and again, his lips against her hair. "They ain't but one thing we could fall out over, and that would be ef you should ever speak to one of yo' daddy's fambly. Hit's war betwixt me an' the Sterretts. You're a Lusk now, honey girl. Hit's obliged to be the same with you. Hit'd be all over betwixt us time you begun to have dealin's with any Sterrett, an' you needn't never doubt it." Thus he strove to hedge and wall his little croft of happiness, the field of his heart, hoping to reap therein, in years to come, its guarded harvest of love and peace. And Florida was zealous in acquiescence.

The months went past swift-footed to the two in the cabin that hung like a nest in Chestnut Creek Gap. It was in December that Hearne had brought his bride home. At first he contrived many little improvements and conveniences about the place. As the winter wore away, he plowed, and harrowed, and made ready the truck patch, and he put in a bit of corn and some other small crops.

But in avoiding the Sterrett neighborhood, and cutting himself off from his own people—only less alienated than Florida's—Lusk had built the nest for his love far from the source of supply for their simple daily life. Their little hoard of savings, buried in a tin baking-powder box beneath the hearth, was getting low. The conviction grew upon Hearne that, unless he left Florida and went out with his team to earn some ready money, the approach of the next winter would find them without enough to go through comfortably. And so one evening in April, when they sat in the twilight on the front door-stone, Florida's head with its bright hair leaned against her husband's arm, he looked for a long time off towards the

West, where a thin new moon hung just over a sunset, clear, tranquil, lemon-colored. A whippoorwill raised its plaintive importunity down by the creek. Then it was silent for a moment; and dubiously, haltingly, Hearne brought forward the suggestion of tan-bark hauling.

"Looks like I've got obliged to do somethin', an' that pretty soon. I don't know anything that'd make as much—not right now—as tan-bark haulin'"—watching her face as well as he could in the dusk; "but hit'd take me away from you. Hit'd shore leave you mighty lonesome, I'm afeared."

Keyed to close sympathy with the girl beside him, he seemed to feel a curious quality in the moment's silence which followed. Florida raised her head a bit and gazed about her, then shot a swift enigmatic glance at him, before she answered meekly:

"You' bound to know what's best, Hearne. Do as you think well."

"I'd shore come home every Sa'day night," he told her eagerly, anxious to reassure her, if she doubted that it was hard for him to go away.

"I know you would—if you could," Florida assented. "An' I'll be a-watchin' for you, come Sa'day. But any time you needed to stay, or the weather kept you, you have no call to be frettin' about me. I've got my work, and if I need he'p I can go over to Aunt Zarepty's, and call her in."

So it was arranged. Lusk took his team of the lean mountain horses, whose performance is so far in excess of what their appearance would seem to promise, and hauled tan-bark for The Company, down where, eight miles below the Gap and the little cabin, Chestnut Creek rolls into the river. He and his outfit made a link in the train of tan-bark wagons, each with its dark cubic mass swaying in its high frame, the drivers atop calling news or jests back and forth to one another, brakes screaming all the way down the Side. Sometimes the men sang by twos, or yodeled through the valley, as they brought the empty wagons back in the evening. But no slim figure stood in the doorway to welcome Hearne, the sun striking upon a bright head; and he was often a prey to anxiety when he considered Florida's lonely life there in the Gap.

And Florida? She filled her solitary days with an endless round of little tasks and duties. There was Spotty, the gentle, under-sized, resourceful mountain cow that Hearne had brought from the home place. Spotty had a calf in April. With what pride Florida went out to the milking gap at evening with her pail, and laid down the bars and called; with what pride she carried in the milk, and cared for it, and skimmed, and churned, and worked the butter! And there was the pig to look after, and a few hens with their broods—it wouldn't be long before she could give Hearne fried chicken when he came home. There was her garden—her truck-patch, that Hearne had made so well—she tended it faithfully. By the direct or indirect aid of old Zarepta, once each week — sometimes twice — her little store of butter and the choicest of the vegetables, and presently a squawking "fryer" or so, found their way to the distant settlement, and the small sums that came back in payment were carefully hoarded. She loved to be out in the June of the mountains, with its wonderful purple distances, its flying shadows of summer clouds; its silver skeins of rain, and fragrant damps in the forest. And in early June waves of laurel and purple rhododendron began billowing up the steep sides of the gulch. The long, long, exquisite, silent, dreaming days followed each other, rain washed, sun filled, drenched with a still intense beauty and sweetness. Full to the brim, too, for Florida, with homely tasks and enterprises. She had always a long itemized account of undertaking and accomplishment for her man's return; and she came to him with it, hurrying, eager, like an anxious, approbative child. Yet Hearne's stay down in Lower Chestnut began almost immediately to be plagued with reports of Florida's attending play-parties—play-parties—she, a married woman!

He asked her about the first one: he had missed getting home for two Saturdays and so had not seen her for three weeks. She answered, with a little catch of the breath, but an entirely unmoved countenance, that she had gone over to help the Dease girls out with supper.

"Wasn't that a mighty long trip for you, honey child, alone, in the night?" questioned Hearne, in surprise.

"Yes, hit would 'a' been a sorter far ja'nt," assented Florida; "but Aunt Zarepty, she was agoin' over to take 'em some truck she'd cooked, and so we went together. Do ye know, Hearne," she added sagely, "hit looks curious to me that folks can pleasure theirselves with such as that? Hit made me reel right funny to think that less'n a year ago I used to go to play-parties myse'f."

Reassuring words; yet two weeks later old Lige Groner stopped to tell Hearne that he'd better look after that woman of his'n—she was gettin' a heap too gay.

"My gals tells me that Floridy's been to two play-parties in the last week," the old mischief-maker related, with gusto, bending over his horse's neck to switch its forelegs free of flies. "Floridy Sterrett was the sightliest gal on Caney Fork. Her and Cyarter Broyles was mighty nigh wedded when you come along an' grabbed the gal, an' ef you go off and leave her to run her own machine like you're a-doin', I don't blame her for hikin' out to play-parties an' sech, where Cyarter's at—darned if I do!" he ended with a wheezy laugh. But Hearne Lusk turned on him a look so black that he hastily thumped his heels into the old sorrel's ribs and ambled on without more words.

Carter Broyles! That evening, when work was done, Hearne went over to the pay-shed and stated briefly that he was obliged to go home, though it was but Friday. The man behind the rough desk looked up and laughed at him good-naturedly. To Hearne, who was seeing red, hidden mockery sounded in the laugh.

"I reckon you want to get off for the dance at Ventner's" the paymaster said as he counted out the money.

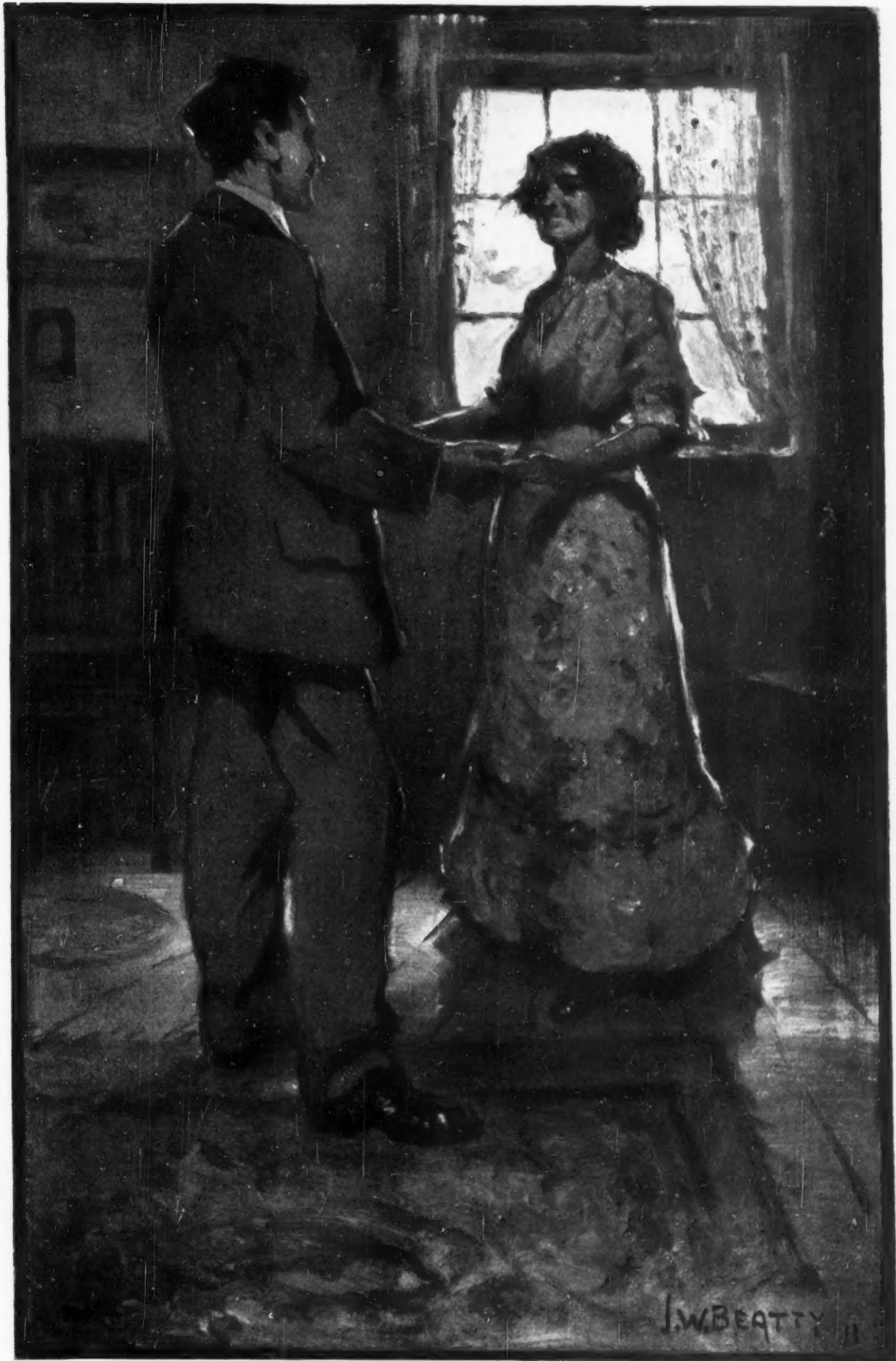
Hearne growled an unintelligible answer. Yet, once mounted on his wagon-seat, facing the red light of an evening sky, the suggestion wrought in his mind. Andy Ventner's place was not so much out of his way, and—well, he would see. The trip was a long one, and by the time he approached the vicinity of Ventner's farm it was late—nearly nine o'clock—and those who were for the dance had already arrived; he had the green silence of the woods-road to himself. Chin on breast, he brooded. Surely he had loved Florida. He went back

over his own conduct, and decided that, if there were any fault, he had loved her too well. That was it—he had given her too much of himself, and she had tired of him, and turned to an earlier lover. The thought was fire.

Tethering his horses in a little glade, he stole through the grove toward the lights and sounds that told of merry-making. He would watch to-night. He would not go in to the dance and confront her there, as he first intended. He would watch outside, and then—. He never completed that sentence in his own mind. There were three cabins on the slope; and the window and door of each sent forth long streams of ruddy shine; while from one sounded the thin, jiggling staccato of the countryman's fiddle. Hearne listened to the thud and stamp of feet on the floor, dancing to the tune of Muskrat; and stole nearer to see if he could identify any of the figures that crossed the light as Florida—or Carter Broyles. While he watched fruitlessly the dancers within, suddenly Florida came slipping past a doorway outside, looking back over her shoulder, her fluttering calico dress caught close around her. It was Florida—there was no mistaking the set of the graceful head on the slim neck, the burden of bright hair. An indistinct figure in the shadow of the house joined her, and they sat down together, apparently to talk.

The man in the grove stood there long, fighting with himself, trying hard to get where he dared to go forward and speak to his wife. To kill Carter Broyles now would not give him back Florida—little Florida—as she had been. He must think what he ought to do. The jiggling fiddler changed to "Citico," and then the dancers called for "Old Joe Clark." To Hearne Lusk, hidden in the grove, the bright glare of the interior, the heavy stamping, that swift movement, and the loud, gay, calling, encouraging, protesting, exclaiming voices, all were but a dim background to what was going on there in the shadowed angle outside. When he won at last to sufficient calmness, and strode up to the bench by the wall, it was empty.

"Hello, Hearne!" shouted somebody from the door. "You here?"



He set her down in their new home, and they laughed in one [another's] faces.

"Yes," returned Lusk, raising a ghastly face to his host's gaze. "I was passing along—going by, you see—and I 'lowed I'd stop in and git my wife."

Old man Ventner came out effusively—quite too effusively, Hearne thought.

"Floridy?" he said doubtfully (uneasily, it seemed to Lusk), "Well, now, as it chances, Floridy *was* here early this evening. She never come to the dance; but she happened in, like—same as you did, mebbe. She's gone home, I reckon. Won't ye stay, Hearne—now yo' here? Come in—come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But Hearne was on fire to be gone. If the old man was lying to him, if Florida was still in the house, with that—whoever it was—that she had been talking to on the bench by the door, he wanted to get home and find it out. If what Ventner said was the truth, he would face her the sooner, and know it. He stumbled back to his team, tore them loose from the branches where he had tied them, and started off through the woods by a short cut, difficult to find even in daylight.

The short cut, after the manner of its kind, delayed and befuddled him. He was fumbling about for its dim trace, when the joyous clamor of a coon-hunt came to him far ahead and to his left. While he still hesitated, at fault, the rout streamed athwart his course, hounds yelping eagerly, four or five young fellows whooping, skylarking, and cheering on each his dog by name. For that one moment when they plunged across the open track, the tall forest stood illumined, every wayside bush was distinct, and Hearne's road was clear to him. Yet instead of whipping up and hastening ahead, his arm involuntarily dragged the horses back almost to their haunches. For of these laughing young faces, danced upon by the ruddy shine of the pine torches, he could have sworn that one was that of Carter Broyles.

The hunt, with its trail of dim light, its whooping men and baying dogs, bore off to his right. Presently Hearne relaxed his arm and drove slowly ahead. Well, whether that was Carter Broyles or not, the only thing to do was to get home and see how Florida looked and what she said. When he reached his own

cabin it was midnight. In a daze of uncertainty, he put the horses up, and approached his dwelling with a heart that labored high in his throat. Florida answered his hail, opening the door just as she had apparently risen from her bed. She was plainly amazed to see her husband, and, it seemed to him, uneasy.

"W'y—w'y, Hearne, honey!" she cried. "I never looked for ye to—is anything the matter at —?"

"I come a-past Ventner's—the dance —" he broke in upon her, and then could have bitten his tongue off for speaking before there was any light by which he might see and study her face. But he got the quick gasp with which she received his news—he made the most he could of that.

"Did ye—did ye see me thar?" she faltered finally. She was kneeling on the hearth to blow the coals bright, that she might light a candle. "I went over to take Miz' Ventner some carpet chain I been dyeing for her" — holding up small, yellow-stained fingers to show that they had been in the dye-pot. "I—I never studied 'bout hit bein' the evenin' of the dance. I wished I hadn't went, after I found that out."

Hearne looked at her dumbly. He had parted his lips to ask her who it was that she sat talking with on the bench in the shadow of the door. Suddenly he closed them and turned away. What was the use? If a woman aimed to deceive you, she could lie. The dark thought came to him that he could learn more by keeping his own counsel and appearing satisfied with her explanations.

All through the night that brought no sleep to him, the whisper was in Hearne Lusk's ear that Florida was a Sterrett after all. Yes, he saw it now; she had been good and willing to have him take work at a distance. She had always let him go without complaint or repining; the spells of depression and weeping which he had at first—fond fool!—accounted for with his absence, were indeed dispelled by them. Had not his wife even seemed to anticipate his departure with an excited joy which plainly looked beyond to something desirable that she could not share with him? Had he not always found her refreshed and cheerful when he re-

turned? Writhing in soul beneath these sinister suggestions, he yet forced himself to lie silent and motionless. He knew that at last Florida slept; but for him the night wore away in wakeful torment. About dawn a thought came to him—a test—and he rose ready to apply it.

"Floridy," he began slowly at the breakfast-table, fixing his brooding dark eyes upon the face opposite him, "the Company has done offered me a stiddy job over at Far Cove."

"That's good," said his wife absently. Her blue eyes were on something outside window, and she smiled to herself. "I reckon you'll take it, won't ye, Hearne?"

Lusk looked at her and drew his breath sharply. Where was the loving, tender, childlike bride he had brought home to his cabin but a few months ago — the clinging sweetheart he had carried across its threshold, her arms close around his neck? He swallowed once convulsively before he spoke. It seemed impossible to reach this girl. He felt miles away from the soul of her.

"I reckon I will," he said. "Could you be ready to move, come Wednesday?"

Florida looked around at him with a frightened stare. Her young face crimsoned, then abruptly bleached to startling pallor.

"To move?" she whispered after him. "I cain't go away from here, Hearne. Sure enough, I cain't. Oh, you won't ask me to go away from—here—will ye? I'll be so good, honey. I'll do anything you ask me to—but that. How long you goin' to be workin' at the far end of the Cove, Hearne?"

"About six months," he told her sullenly. "What's the matter with you on the subject of movin'? Other men's wives go to whar the work is. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'—nothin', Hearne," she hastened to assure him. "It's just that we've got sech a good truck-patch planted here; and there's my little chicken-house you made me. And Spotty, she's used to this range now; she'd hate mighty bad to change. And the Seb'm Stars is agoin' down at dark, Hearne—hit'd be a mighty bad time—to—Hearne, there ain't nobody—nobody in the neighborhood that I hate to leave, of course—you'd know it wasn't that——"

She broke off on a wavering note that had no conviction in it. Lusk—ashamed to look at her—sat and eyed the floor.

"Well"—he got to his feet heavily—"hit's a pretty bad business when a man's wife won't go with him where he has obliged to go to earn the livin'," he said finally. "But bein' as them's yo' ruthers, I'll work down to the Far Cove by my lonesome, and when you want me you kin send word for me—do you understand that, Floridy?"

"Hearne"—she came fawning about him, with her palms out and her piteous eyes raised—"don't you go and git mad at me. I—just leave me stay here till you come back, an' I'll have everything fixed up so pretty you'll be glad you let me do my way."

The man turned that dark face, lit by its passionate eyes, full upon her; the little, slim, weak-looking thing, so pretty and childish—a Sterrett, and already following her own secret devices. She didn't want to come with him. His nostril twitched; his breast had a weight like lead in it. Be glad? Should he ever be glad of anything concerning her again?

II.

There was no need for Hearne Lusk to take the job at Far Cove, but he took it. He told himself he would stay away till Florida sent for him. Too proud, too near to some sort of ultimate trust in her, to make actual inquiries among the other workmen, his neighbors, in whose faces he sometimes fancied a hidden knowledge of his affairs, and whose glances seemed to him occasionally to hold sympathy—though, at least, none of them brought him stories now of Florida's unseemly attendance at play-parties—finally he came, through long brooding, to the resolve to make an unexpected return from his self-imposed absence, and find for himself what Florida Lusk was hiding from him. His people are slow in hate, as in love, and he nursed this project several months before a strange little misspelled letter from his wife hardened it into resolution.

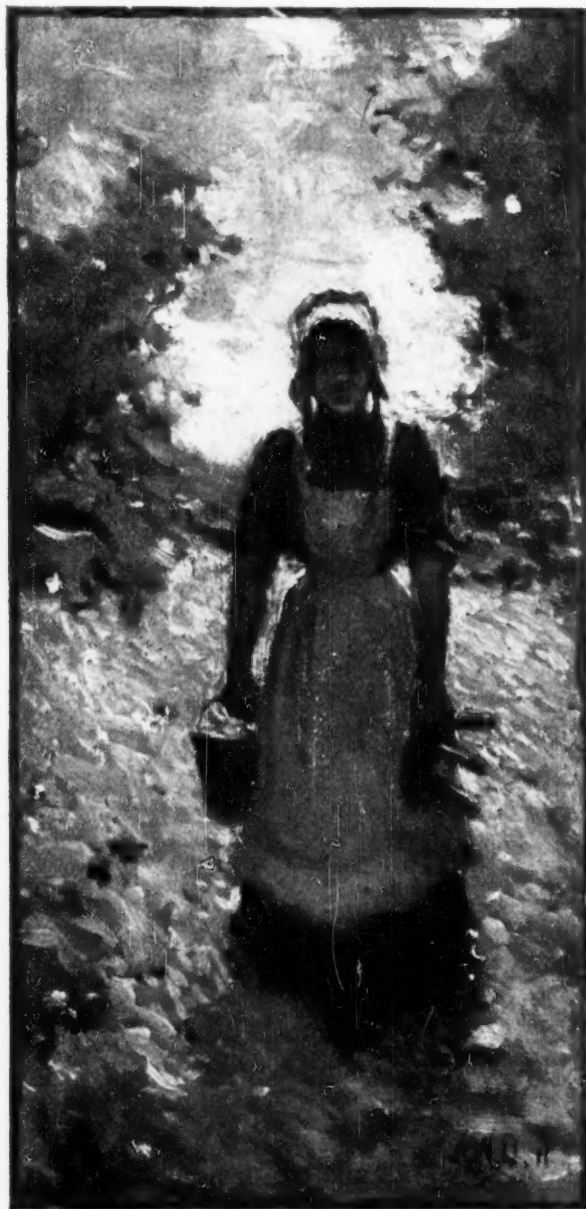
Der Hearne;—I getting along well. No needs for you to hurry yourself in coming back here. I needed some money and taken two

dollars out of the box. I never taken but two dollars and I wont touch any more but you will know and will not be mad at me when you come back. But dont come no sooner than you aimed to, becos I dont want you to hafto worry about me.

Your wife, FLORIDA LUSK.

tonished those sedate, well-cared-for beasts.

As his sinking heart had foretold, the cabin looked deserted from the first glimpse he got of it, far down the road. The pied branches of a young maple were tapping against its windows; golden and russet and crimson leaves were dancing in



She went down to the milking, early.

That was the note that Hearne—never much of a scholar—studied out slowly. He stood staring at it in his hand long after he had mastered its contents, then lifted his head and looked about dumbly at the familiar woods. He went to the boss for his money and his time, and drove the horses home at a pace which as-

the breeze about it; the sourwood at its corner was one rosy flame, for the frosts of September had visited the forests of the Cumberlands and left them clad in splendor. He drove his team into the yard, leaped down, and ran to shake the locked door, thundering on it with his whip-stock. Then he drew back, jeering

at himself for the empty rage that bullied a vacant house. His blows rang hollow. They brought no face to window or door, no answering voice to his hail. Of course she was gone; she had gone (where, oh, where? with whom?) when she sent him that letter—a shudder took him yet when he thought of it—warning him not to hasten his return. He bent back with a half-choked curse and looked up at the chimney. No hint of smoke against the sky. They had a long start of him—but he would hunt them down. Thought of the quest steadied him. He drew a hand across his eyes, then turned to assure the comfort of his horses. He stabled and fed them before he made an entry into the house.

It had been plainly unoccupied for some time; yet the departure of its inmate had been orderly: everything was in place, sorted, put away as Florida took pride in having it. Only her clothing was gone—it was empty only of her and her own personal belongings, this little nest he had made for her. He looked about upon it, and a swimming was in his head. Then suddenly he found himself in the middle of the floor with Florida's little footstool in his hands, the stool that he had made to raise her feet from the floor above the draughts. In those first days, she had been used to sit on it by his knee, her head leaned against him. And now—oh, God! He was breaking the little stool into splinters before he knew what his intention. Then, lest idiot rage lead him further, he strode out of the house and took the path across the gulch to Zarepta Fulgham's. He tore open the rickety gate and cried out to the old woman, in her front yard, shaking and sorting something in her gingham apron.

"Whar's my wife? Whar's Floridy gone?"

She retreated to the door-stone; it might almost be said that she seemed to flee before him, stopping there under pretense of blowing the chaff from the cow-pease in her apron, and apparently barring his way.

"Ain't you goin' to bid me in?" he demanded briefly. "Who's in thar you don't want me to see?"

The veins in Hearne Lusk's neck began to swell. His black eyes looked danger-

ous. Zarepta, thus put to it, opened the door noisily, and only wide enough for herself to enter. The man crowding after her thought he got a glimpse of someone who fled him, heard a closing door at the back of the room.

"Is Floridy here?" he halted on the threshold to ask; but his tone meant a thorough sifting of the matter.

Old Zarepta dropped her apronful of pease with a rattle to the floor. She whimpered and clung to his arm.

"Yes, she is, Hearne," came the final admission. "But don't you get to r'arin' round here. They's somebody in the room with her that you'll be mad about, I reckon—somebody I never aimed for you to know of nor see on this place. Wait, Hearne. I want to tell ye——"

Silently, Hearne flung the old woman behind him with a turn of the wrist, and made for the door. Here was something definite to strike. His hand was almost at the knob when from the silence of that other room pricked out a keen little sound, the thin, shrill wail that is like no other. Hearne staggered and put his hands before his eyes.

"Floridy!" he whispered, shaking from head to foot.

The old woman, very brave now, opened the door and pushed him hastily into the room. He heard his wife's voice calling his name. She lay very white on a bed in the corner.

"Hearne—oh, Hearne! Darlin'!" she called out weakly to him. "Did you hear about it and come already? See!" She drew aside the coverings and showed a little silky head on her arm, a tiny countenance which puckered itself amazingly and sent forth once more that querulous cry.

Hearne fell on his knees beside the bed and hid his face in the covers, torn by long, dry sobs. Florida reached out a trembling hand and put it on his bowed, dark head.

But something stirred beyond the bed, some one knelt there half hid.

"Oh, law!" whispered Florida, her blue eyes clouding with anxiety; "I aimed to be safe back in our house before you come home, Hearne. You ain't mad about me seein' Mommie and having her with me, air ye, honey?" she inquired timidly. "Look like when I knew the

baby was to come, I jest couldn't do without my mother. Hearne"—with a little break that was almost like laughter in her voice—"honey, I went to every play-party and dance I could hear of, beca'se Mommie sent me word she'd do the same, and we'd meet at them places and talk. Hit mighty nigh killed me to have you away from me so much; and yet, look like a gal's obliged to have her mother at such a time." Her voice quavered pleadingly.

"But I remembered what I'd promised you, and I was scared. Hearne, honey, if you was to be mad at me, I'd shore die!"

And, looking closer, he recognized the gray-haired little old woman who crouched away from him at the bed-head, the gallant of poor Florida's innocent trysts.

"Mother Sterrett," he said huskily, reaching a hand across to her, "we-all'll have to raise this here chap so he'll mend the feud."

SPOOKS!

Spooks! Don't talk o' spooks when you're runnin' up the stair!
What am crouchin' in the shadow of that doorway, over there?

What am peekin' round that corner, as you steal apast the door?

What am making that there creakin' of a loose board in the floor?

What am whistlin' down the chimney? What am rattlin' of the blind?

What am scratchin' at the woodwork as a match you're tryin' to find?

Am it spooks that makes these noises? Am it spooks? Or does you doubt?

Whee-e-e! Who pattered 'cross the room, and blew the candle out?

And as you're creepin' into bed and pullin' up your toes

What am knockin' on the window? Am it spooks? Who knows?

What red eyes am starin' at you from the darknes 'round?

What noise am that outside the door, that queer shufflin' sound?

Don' you jump so, it am Mammy's hand upon your wooly head,

Come to snuggle, and to tuck you up into your cosy bed.

Hush-a-bye, ma little honey, Mammy's near you all the night;

There ain't nuthin' 'round this cabin that you're scared of in the light.

Go to sleep ma piccaninny, shut your frightened brown eyes, do!

There ain't nuthin' in the shadows that can be of harm to you.

The wind it am, you hear a whistlin' and blowin' round the house,

No, ma honey! that there scratchin' am the scamp'rin' of a mouse.

Those red eyes? Why no, chile; nonsense, does you not know old black Jim?

Go to sleep! the rain am stoppin'; and the moon am chinin', dim;

Come to watch ma piccaninny, as she lies asleepin' still,

Keeps away the spooks and goblins, till the sun lights up the hill.

—Margaret Osborne.

The Seven Hundred Dollar Preacher

By the Editor

THIS magazine has been vigorously criticized for having published in the September issue excerpts from an article which appeared in Hampton's Magazine, and which was entitled "What is to become of the Preacher?" The underlying idea in the article was to hold up to view the inconsistency of sending Missionaries out to the Heathen when the preacher at home does not get sufficient salary upon which to live decently. The writer of the original article went so far as to declare that money is wasted in Foreign Missions: that it costs \$3.75 to administer \$1 worth of actual missionary work; and that the churches in the United States are asking for \$50,000,000 for Foreign Missions—all these things at the same time that many a home pastor is grossly underpaid. Canadian clergymen in the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches have written to us protesting, that these figures are incorrect and that the entire article was "dangerously misleading," because as one writer put it, MacLean's Magazine circulates among the majority of business men in Canada.

In so far as the specific statements made by Hampton's Magazine are challenged, the editor of MacLean's Magazine is quite willing to accept the word of our Canadian clergymen to the effect that Foreign Missions do not spend \$3.75 to administer one dollar; and that there is, in short, no criticism, so far as we have yet learned, which can be successfully made in this connection. But MacLean's Magazine does feel it is its duty to say, since the subject has roused so much interest, that concerning the main allegation in the American article referred to, that is, that preachers of Christianity in Home fields are often underpaid while the revenues of the churches are being sent to Foreign fields, this magazine is in full sympathy with the American writer. We have nothing to say against Foreign Missions. We recognize the excellent work they are doing. We do feel, however, that the churches of this country owe it to the laymen, owe it indeed to this Nation itself, to ensure fair salaries to our home preachers before sending funds abroad.

We say now-a-days that everything in a civilized community must justify its existence. One would not think of denying that the Churches do not justify their existence. Everyone recognizes in them, no matter what one's religious beliefs may be, that the churches are a refining influence in the community. In an indirect and a subtle way they assist the police. Where there are churches, lives and properties and a citizen's rights are safer.

But there is another saying, that all things must aim to be efficient. Our public institutions are expected to do the utmost with a given supply of energy. An engine that cannot get the maximum of "pull" out of one pound of steam is on its way to the Scrap Heap. Efficiency is demanded of everything, and the question in our mind is this: Are the churches, as public institutions—for they are such, more or less—efficient? The fact that a Church or any organization does great good, and is indispensable, does not justify that Church or that organization in being inefficient.

We submit that the Seven hundred dollar preacher, be he settled in a definite charge or be he a missionary, single or married, ordained or unordained—is a sign of inefficiency on the part of the churches that allow him to exist. Seven hundred dollar salaries are keeping young men out of the ministry of our various religious denominations. Seven hundred dollar salaries are an invitation for weak men.

This is not written with a view to making the personal lot of the under-paid preacher any better than it is, although that of course is desirable. This is written from the impersonal standpoint of the community at large. Buddhist or Baptist, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, High Church or Low Church, or no church at all, we must recognize in the churches civilizing influences which are supported directly or indirectly by the whole community and from which the community has the right to expect efficiency. The churches have work to do besides the saving of souls. They must give men the inspiration to be strong men and good citizens. They must combat the spirit of ultra-materialism. They have the opportunity and they are letting it slip, by under-paying the men at home.

Why are there rural communities in Ontario which are rotten with degeneracy? It is not alone because the Churches have sent weak men to those communities, but it is partly on that account. The Seven Hundred dollar preacher cannot live decently, much less be a walking "Inspiration." It takes the biggest, brightest and best men that can be found. The Christian religion should be able to hire the same brains that the great railways command, but they make the mistake of thinking that a man can live on Glory—and Seven Hundred. He can't. Conferences, Assemblies and Synods discuss the question of the under-paid home preacher and conclude in a spirit of brotherly love, that it would never do to reduce the Foreign mission appropriation, although they recognize the "grave need" of the Home Missions. This delicacy of feeling is wrong. It behooves either the Foreign Mission departments to step up like gentlemen and say: "We will not take our share until you have enough at home," else it is the duty of the laymen of this country to over-ride departmental etiquette, and see that the churches at home are made efficient first.

Mary

By

Elizabeth Maury Coombs

YES 'm, Miss Deacon, Pete Bruffey were a bad man. Why, the whole Blue Ridge mountains knowed that when *he* sot eyes on a gander at the gander-pullin's, thar weren't no more popularity nor pullin' for that thar gander. It was Pete's,—for he weren't no more 'feard of a gun than you be of a button-hook, an' all that skeers anybody 'bout'n ary button-hook as I ever knowed is that it be agoin' to slip behind the beereau to be lost to the world twell next spring-cleanin'."

The Deaconess of the mountains smiled gently.

"I 'member," mused the old crone, her eyes fixed on the back log of the hickory fire, as she gazed into the past—"I 'member the day Pete was born—'member it jest as well as I do yestiddy's dinner—which were turnip-tops teched with frost; the bacon weren't hardly cooked a mite, an' my son's wife ain't no gre't hand at corn-bread—which, when all is said, is the bone of the dinner. But thar, whar is the daughter-in-law what *kin* cook to suit her husband's mother! I dunno whar she be—but 'pears like I done hearn tell that she died afore she was born. Whar was I?"

"Lawd, Lawd! how time goes, an' folks in front of it! I 'member when Pete was born, an' I was thar t'other night when he died. All them times what lay in betwixt an' between, he were jest the same—maybe sometimes a *leetle mite* samer. Some folks is born cross-eyed, but Pete he were born with a cross-eyed soul. Seem-like he seed everybody an' everything plumb twisticated. You 'member Watch, his ole dorg? That ole flea-bit fool dorg wored a hole plumb in the big road gittin' up an' a-layin' down agin to turn diffunt sides on himself to the north wind, whilst

he waited o' nights down yonder at Punk's ba'room to come home with Pete. Yet Pete were such a onery cuss he ain't nuvver had a kind word fer his dorg—much less fer his wife.

"An' now you say Mary Bruffey is right smart sick, an' you b'lieve she's not a good 'oman! Mary Bruffey bad? Why, bless your soul, Miss Deacon, that thar 'oman is as good as green peas in spring! Why, I lay you could stew more natural meanness out'n a Baptist preacher—an' me a hard-shell church member in good standin' says it—than you could out'n that 'oman's whole body—bones, boots, an' all!

"I knowed her when she was a slip—knowed her when she looked more like a clove pink what had been pressed in the fam'ly Bible than anything you ever see. Sweet an' slim she were, even for a gal-critter, always with them wide gray eyes o' her'n a-lookin' 'way off into the middle o' next week. Knowed her when her Pa had her edicated jest like a lady to play the pianner with fingers as white as the drivellin' snow—they weren't mountain folks like we-alls. She could play 'Monastery Bells,' an' all—'cept the front start—of the 'Maiden's Prayer,' an' Teacher said she only had to skip that 'cause why her fingers couldn't stretch, an' that made it sound kinder like the Maiden's Jumps instead.

"Mary ain't *nuvver* been mean, either that day or this. I stayed with her when Pete died, an' him a-kickin' at me like a mule at a yaller jacket, whilst I was a-tryin' for to wrop his cold foots up in my red flannen petticoat, which be the same one I got on the Chris'mas tree at the Mission nigh on to three year ago, an' which by this time is wore that thin a blind man

could dart straws through it. I ain't complainin', Miss Deacon, but yet I will say that, when all is said, Chris'mus ain't far off when you see Jeemes' ole dorg Tige begin for to stand round the 'simmon tree waitin' for one to drap.

"But, Lawd, Lawd, whar was I by now!

" 'Mary! Pete would call, an' she a-hurryin' an' a-standin' at the head o' the bed, a-cryin', so 'feard he was goin' to die, an' me a-standin' at the foot o' the bed, a-cryin', so 'feard he wasn't.

" 'Mary! Mary!' he'd call. 'Why, the devil don't you light the lamp?'

"An' thar sot the lamp—a green tin one with a cracked chimbley—on a soap-box right afore his two eyes!

" 'Gawd knows the shadders is dark enough!' Then he'd shrink back, tremblin' like water in the wind. An' that thar Mary woman, she'd tell him the lamp *was* a-burnin'. The Book says, 'While yet the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return,' but the sinner can't always see when the lamp be a-burnin'—that's the way I reads the riddle, for Pete ain't nuvver returned—an' I for one am glad of it, for I was his nearest neighbor.

"No'm, Pete Bruffey ain't nuvver come back to these here mountains, though Mary knelt down by his bed an' tried to lead him to the light, as the Word says.

" 'Honey,' she'd say, 'I be here with yer, an' the light is clear. Didn't you see how it flared up when the wind comed through the broken blind, jest like it always do?'

"But he didn't seem like he could hear, fer he jest kep' on a-sayin' like children learn to read:

" 'Mary, Mary, light the lamp. The shadders is darkenin'!

"Ole Watch whimped, with his nose against the door-jamb—scratched at it—seemed like he half wanted to come in, an' half didn't. Then he sot out thar on a little hump o' ground an' moaned his heart out to the mountains. That thar dorg loved Pete, an' for why the Lawd knows—ef *He* do! *He* made dorgs, an' *He* made women, an' sometimes I think he made 'em the same day, an' His mixin's got mixed, fer Mary would ha' followed Pete into the shadders. I was thar, an' I seed her make up her mind ter foller him.

"You tell me she turns folkses' little children from her door. Pore critter, she ain't nuvver had none o' her own. She'd

always be a-sayin' ter me, 'Babies 'ud make a new man out'n Pete.' But fer my part, if so be as I had er been in the new-makin' men business, I'd ha' begun on some good fresh gully dirt rather than waste stitches on Pete Bruffey's remains. But that's neither here ner thar. You say she's cross and kicks the ole dorg when he whines; she has even been knowed to go to the sto' to get whiskey an' try to get drunk—she that's hated that stuff like cold pizen ever sence she come into the world! She's tryin' to fool you into thinkin' she's a bad 'oman, Miss Deacon. Mary ain't no drunkard—she's jest tryin' to be bad so's to foller Pete. She thinks thar ain't no other way ter do it. She *ain't* bad! She may fool you—she may fool the preacher—she may fool the Lawd—but she ain't agoin' to fool me, fer I hev been her nighest neighbor for nigh on ter forty year. Pete were a drunkard, an' Mary has done made up her mind to foller Pete—I seed it that night when she said, said she: 'I'm comin' with *you*, Pete.' An' he says, sighin' like the breath of wind that dies down at break o' day, 'The—shadders—is over—it—all!'

"I tried to suage her away, then. 'Mary,' says, I, 'the light was jest over yonder ahind the hills—but,' says I, 'Pete he jest ain't nuvver seen it, 'cause the pore critter's soul's eyes was plumb twisticated.'

"That was two years an' a month ago. Fer two days after—the day of Pete's funeral—my ole Spot she had a heifer calf, an' it snowed, rained, and hailed on the buryin' day, an' so I was mighty sorry fer Mary: a buryin' day's got to mighty sunshiny to collect ary crowd in these here mountains. But that same day I was mighty glad fer myself an' ole Spot, fer my ole man had done declar'd out as how he weren't goin' to spend any more time traipsin' round the world lookin' up good homes fer bull calves ter please me an' my contrary ole spotted cow.

"Am I goin' to Mary when you say she says she'd rather I wouldn't? Why, Miss Deacon," protested the old woman, rising and reaching her hand over to where her slat sunbonnet hung, drooping from its peg, "*in course* I'm agoin'! Mary jest don't want ter let on she wants her friends, 'cause she's afeard you won't think she's cross an' mean enough ter foller Pete."

Adjusting the limp bonnet over her sleek white hair, with its small white knot looking like a silver-skin onion at the nape of her neck, and scorning by a gesture the proffered help of the Deaconess, the old woman stepped along the steep path leading to the big silk-leaved poplar that whispered beside the little spring she and Mary had shared in common all the years of their neighborliness. The path of red clay like a painted streak led up the hill and through a field of yellow sedge, and in the gullies the honeysuckle vines, red-purple by the frost, ran like spilt wine down the hillsides.

The old dog growled from where he drowsed on the shuck mat in front of Mary's door, but sank down again with a groan and only one or two tired rat-tats on the floor with his stump tail, as Mary's neighbor spoke to him. Reaching across, she pulled the leather string that lifted the latch, and she and the Deaconess went straight into the one-room cabin without knocking.

"Mary," said the old woman going toward the bed cheerily, "I brung yer some of my fried pies—thinkin' you was sick and might relish somethin' that would set light on yer stummick."

But the Deaconess advanced to the bed and found her patient too far gone for even fried pies to make an appeal to her appetite. A change had come since she had gone by in the morning to her little school—the subtle gray change of twilight, the courier of the dark that comes before the dawn.

The little Deaconess knelt by the bed and lifted up her voice: "O Lord, our Light in time of Darkness, our Strength in——"

The dying woman's hand stayed her.

"I'd a sight ruther ye—wouldn't pray—miss. I don't feel no call ter go ter heaven. I'd a sight ruther go with Pete."

"But maybe," faltered the Deaconess, in spite of the prevailing opinion of Pete's intimates—"maybe Pete went to heaven."

"No'm, he didn't—you didn't know Pete."

"Well, even if Pete didn't go to heaven, you want to—because you know there is no marrying nor giving in marriage there, and your husband will be the same to you as any one else."

"Yes'm," spoke Mary's old neighbor from the fireplace, where she was putting the noses of the chunks together, "I read that onct, an' says I to my ole man, 'Bill, I do reckon as how there's a confusion an' a stew up thar when menfolks can change partners every time the coffee 's weak an' the socks ain't darned.' An' he 'lowed as how, 'Ole 'oman, you got to be a sight more keerful o' my feelin's up thar than what you done been down here. You just dar say, 'You better had split me some kindlin's, Bill,' an' I'm gone 'fore you have time to see whether the wood-box is full or not!'"

Soon the good old woman hurried forward in her heartsome way with the bowl of hot tea she had brewed, but Mary's hands were busied feebly with picking threads from the worn patchwork quilt, her eyes were looking out into the darkness: she seemed only to remember the one passive passion of her passive life—Pete.

The snow commenced to fall, whisperingly among the brown leaves that still clung tenaciously to the oaks before the cabin door. Sometimes a flake or two even fell down the wide chimney with a little sputter upon the live red coals.

"I'm plumb glad it ain't rain," declared the old woman. "Rain sobs so, an' it might wake Mary. Lawd send she may sleep clean across to the other side!"

But towards morning the gray eyes opened, and Mary smiled like a child in its sleep.

"The shadders fall—I be comin', Pete—comin' to you in the darkenin' shadders! But over yonder, ahint the mountains, seems like I see a light—I see a light as we two kin find."



Looking Younger Than Your Years

By

A. W. Anderson

HE looks fifty, does this erect, vigorous, Canadian business man and when he tells you that he is sixty-seven past, you feel inclined to gaze at him incredulously; but the twinkle in his eye does not betoken guile, only amusement at your obvious astonishment, and then you remember his family and at length realize that he must be as old as he says he is. To meet such a man is not as common an occurrence as it ought to be. Too often it is the man of fifty who looks sixty-seven in this land where business life makes such demands on one's vitality; and when the reverse is encountered, curiosity is raised as to how, by what magic means, the result has been achieved.

In the eyes of some people he may be a faddist, addicted inveterately to reading physical culture journals and practising the precepts they contain, but he has proved to his own satisfaction that it is a good thing to be persistent in caring for one's health and that habits of regular exercise formed when young and followed through life are a great source of satisfaction in old age.

"The great trouble with most people," says he, "is that they lack the determination, the downright grit, to stick steadily at physical exercises through all sorts of conditions of mind and body. They usually start out with unbounded enthusiasm, enter into the spirit of the thing with excessive vigor for a few weeks or months, and then something turns up to distract them and they give it up. Such spasmodic efforts are worse than useless and are often detrimental to health.

"I once found it necessary to bribe my wife to go through a series of exercises every day, giving her so much a week if she would stick to it. By this means, even though it was not particularly commendable, I am convinced that she built up a surplus of health which is now standing her in good stead.

"My regimen of health is a simple one and it is one that I have adhered to for many years. There are three basic principles. First, be sure to have the digestive organs performing their functions perfectly. Indigestion with all its attendant evils is at the root of most of the troubles man is heir to, and the system must be got into shape to avoid them. Second, one's breathing apparatus, the lungs, must be used to the full. This is a weak spot in many constitutions and proper breathing will work wonders if practised consistently. Lastly, the blood must be made to circulate freely. A stagnant circulation is detrimental to efficient work.

"To put my body into proper condition, so that digestion, breathing and circulation are all as nearly perfect as I can make them and so that I can do my day's work effectively, I begin first thing in the morning with my physical exercises. Lying on my back in bed, I fill my lungs with the fresh air which has been streaming into my bedroom all night through the open windows, expanding my chest and holding in the air for some moments; then expelling it and taking a fresh breath. This carries off all the impurities in my lungs and wakes me up thoroughly. On rising, I go through about five minutes' exercises

with either Indian clubs, dumbbells or without any apparatus at all, drinking between the different movements about two glasses of cold water. Following this I take a sponge bath. I used to take a cold dip every morning but found that it was a little too much of a shock for my system and so resorted to a sponge, using tepid water. After drying myself I rub my body all over with a brush until my skin gets into a glow and the circulation is racing. Then I dress and am ready for my breakfast. All this I do in a leisurely way, with my mind concentrated on what I am doing, so that I shall derive the greatest amount of benefit from the course.

"In eating, I follow the rule of eating slowly and masticating my food thoroughly. When I was a young man I was troubled with acute indigestion which made my life miserable. An old friend told me one day that he could give me a sure cure if I would follow his prescription. He advised me to lay in a stock of hard-tack and eat a piece of it between mouthfuls of other food. I tried it and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured of the indigestion. The way it worked was simply this: I couldn't bolt the lumps of the sea biscuit, as I had become accustomed to swallow my other food, and the habit of chewing it, once acquired, was applied to everything that I ate. I used to send to Halifax for barrels of sea biscuit for some years afterwards, eating it at all my meals.

"This habit of incomplete mastication of food is a bad one and while it may not show any ill-effects for years and years, sooner or later it will make itself felt. I well remember a friend of mine, a hale, hearty fellow who is still living in the city of Toronto; he used to boast that he had no stomach, meaning that he could eat anything without discomfort. He talked this way until he was fifty and then without any warning his over-taxed stomach rebelled and he collapsed. It took him ten years to get back to something like his former health, though even now he has to exercise the greatest care in his diet.

"Contrast with this a lady who also lived in Toronto. She was of delicate constitution but always seemed to enjoy good health. When she was seventy-four, someone asked her how she managed to keep

so fresh. She replied that she always made it a habit never to swallow anything. By this she did not mean that she ate nothing, but simply that she chewed her food so thoroughly that it appeared to dissolve away without any apparent effort of swallowing.

"Of course I must admit that it takes time to eat in this slow way and I am often an hour at a meal that other men would get through in fifteen or twenty minutes, but all the same I would rather do this than be troubled with indigestion.

"In going to my office I always make it a point to walk part of the distance, perhaps a mile. I walk briskly, bringing as many muscles as possible into play and I also breathe deeply. This deep breathing is a grand thing. Often when my office gets stuffy during the day and I begin to lose my grasp on things, if I just slip on my hat and take a little walk along the street, inhaling deep breaths of air, when I return to the office I feel fresh as a daisy.

"In the evening I try to take my mind completely off my business and this I now do chiefly by reading. I find a good novel a splendid restorative after a hard day's work. I retire fairly early, but first I very often take a short walk, again going through my breathing exercises, and I invariably run through my physical movements after undressing. Then I swing open the French windows, close my door and jump into bed, where I always enjoy sound sleep.

"Mind you, I do not claim that my way of living prevents sickness or any occasional fit of indisposition. There are influences working all the time to cause these troubles, which the best of systems cannot prevent. But I do say that I am in condition to fight off attacks better than most men. I venture to say that there are few men of my age who could run a hundred yards' dash, as I can, without puffing and this I am able to do by reason of my chest development.

"The best of all exercises to my mind for a business man who can afford it is horse-back riding. For many years I rode every morning before breakfast and to this exercise I attribute a good portion of my present health. And this reminds me of a somewhat amusing incident bearing on this same subject of physical culture.

When I first took to riding, I used to give it up when winter came on. The first winter, feeling the loss of the exercise, I bought a piece of indoor apparatus at which I used to work every morning. During the fall I had gone to my tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes, which were sent up to the house in due course. Not requiring them at once, they were put away. About four months later my wife remarked that my business clothes were getting shabby and that I ought to have a new suit. That reminded me that I already had a new suit. So I brought it out and tried it on, but I found that it wouldn't fit; it was too small. I did not realize what was the matter and took the clothes down to the tailor, telling him that he had made a bad fit, a thing he had never done before. He looked up the measurements and found that the suit had been made to the measured size. Then to make sure he measured me again and found that in the four months I had developed two inches in the chest. My exercises had brought about this result. Since then I have added four inches more to my chest measurement.

"After riding for some years, I took up bicycling with much advantage. I can also see benefits in motoring as it gives one plenty of fresh air and induces deeper breathing. Walking, too, is admirable and for the man who cannot afford a horse or a motor it is really quite as good, if not better, when it is pursued in the proper way.

"If business and professional men now at the heyday of their health and vigor would only take heed to their physical needs, how thankful they would be later on. Only the other day I went to see a lawyer friend of mine who I fear has nearly reached the end of his career. A brilliant jurist, a hard worker, he neglected physical exercise entirely and to-day, at a comparatively early age, he has to give it all up. Our cities are full of examples of the same sort of folly. A few rules and exercises observed each day, such as I have outlined, will do for others what they have done for me. At sixty-seven, I feel as young in spirit and vigorous in body, as I did ten or even twenty years ago and I can still do a good day's work and enjoy it."

THE LAND OF NIGHT

A weary God, with trembling hand
 Had traced the Yukon to the strand.
 "Here shall the wolf and big deer range," said he.
 "Man shall not trouble thee."

Between her, and Man's World, he put
 A hidden pitfall, every foot.
 "This is the land where life is death," he cried.
 "So stay the other side."

He gave her winter, lone and cold;
 Long night, to screen her bosom's gold;
 And then, half smiling, filled ravine and dell
 With shadows, meant for Hell.

The Sphinx-like sun awoke, and sent
 His rays through the abandonment.
 "Master," he said, "it's vain. While gold's about
 "You cannot keep man out."

—H. Mortimer Batten.

The Story of a Strong Man

By

By Francis Dickie

FROM Wainwright westward to the Battle River as the line runs is twelve miles; twelve miles of a steady unbroken drop in grade. Leaving Wainwright for perhaps two miles the line is over fairly level plain, then strikes a high sandy range of hills which lie for many miles along both sides of the river. From this point the roadbed rounds in a series of many curves interspersed with short tangents till it reaches the bridge. But once the hills are struck the perspective of the line is narrowed to only a few feet ahead, the sharpness of the curves and their numerousness coupled with the high putting hillsides and long cut banks thus foreshortening the view.

Dan Dempster, roadmaster and superintendent of track laying from Wainwright to the front, was listlessly idling away an hour in the long bar of the Wainwright saloon where a number of railroad men were generally congregated. It was strictly against company rules to drink, or for that matter to be seen in a bar, but the men for the most part were heedless of it, and Dan himself at least had nothing to fear, for he was too good a man, too much of a manager, and knowing as he did every inch of his work from first track spike to last switch frog, held slight fear of dismissal for this slight breach of company edict.

In the superintendent's tall well-knit though not heavy six feet two, there was nothing that gave token of unusual strength. Only those who had been in close contact with him and personally knew him were aware of his power. And when Macrimmon, civil engineer and personal friend, remarked carelessly that "Dan could lift him sitting on a chair by

just gripping the rung," a conductor new to the road was loud in his disbelief, and promptly made a bet.

Now to most men to lift an ordinary chair, even unweighted, by gripping the rung and raise level with the shoulder, is no easy feat. If you don't believe it try. But Dan, with Macrimmon's one hundred and eighty pounds of weight seated in the chair, leaned down, caught the rung, swayed, strained a moment, chair and man rose quickly in the air and with seeming ease the superintendent set his burden upon the top of the bar, then, changing hands lowered it slowly, and without apparent effort, to the floor. As the engineer pocketed his money he continued his boasting, and this time there was no dissenting voice.

"That's nothing for Dan," he laughed. "Why up to Tofield last month when they started laying steel on the branch I saw him take and carry a thirty-foot rail of eighty-pound steel. You see, it was this way. There was twelve Galicians carrying it with tongs, and they was so slow coming that Dan, who was there looking after the putting in of the switch, got mad and run over and grabbed hold of it in the centre and walked off with it himself. Oh you ought to seen them huskies look."

Finishing this anecdote, Macrimmon bought a drink, but the superintendent, being a modest man and having some work to attend to, had slipped away.

Ten miles down the track toward the river a lifting gang were at work, the gravel trains bringing their loads from across the river a few miles further westward. Wishing to see how things were progressing, Dan left the hotel and walking to his office in the yard he threw the

clerk's track speeder on the rails and sent the little velocipede rapidly down the yards, its speed increased by the high wind from the east. Reaching the gang a little later he inspected the work and then began his pump back. It was hard going against the wind, but he had almost reached the point where the hills dropped away when a pounding roar told him a train was coming from Wainwright. A little puzzled, he pulled the car off the tracks wondering what it could be for there was nothing expected at this time.

* * *

At the west end of the yards ten flat cars loaded with steel and one box car of ties were standing. They had been "spotted" there early in the afternoon ready to go out on the first material train for the front. The yard-men after spotting had gone, leaving the whole string with unset brakes. As the afternoon drew on, the rising east wind drove with ever increasing force against the string. This and the down grade and their heavy tonnage had started them in motion. With a little creaking start the wheels moved barely an inch, then another and gathering momentum began to creep down the yard. By the time they reached the switch they were going slowly but with sufficient speed to force the switch points and swing onto the main line. The lower end of the yard was deserted and no one noticed them go. This was what Dan had heard approaching.

The cars passed him at about fifteen miles an hour, and it took him only a second to realize the danger that they were to the extra gang, scarce eight miles away, and to the unloading work train beside which they were working. Turning the velocipede, he set it upon the rails and sent it racing after the runaway which was every moment going faster. The handle bars of the little car bent under the pressure of his driving strokes and the little guide wheel bounced sometimes many inches from the rail.

It was but a moment's run to overtake the string.

He sent the little speeder in close to the end of the big box car on the tail end of the train. He caught the foot-rail of the end ladder. Steadying himself he reached up and with the other hand

caught the second rung of the ladder. Releasing his first grip he raised himself up till he was at a standing position feet resting upon the seat of the speeder then with a quick spring he made the ladder and climbed rapidly upward to the brake wheel. The cast off speeder dropped behind.

With a few quick turns he set the brakes on the box car. The wheels wailed and squealed but the train went on with undiminished speed.

Running along the roof he climbed down the farther end and swung onto the first flat car and working with feverish haste soon had the brake set on the whole ten cars. But there was no perceptible slackening. Instead, at every passing rail joint, the runaway gathered headway.

The screaming brake shoes were smoking now and long lines of sparks flashed from every truck, and on the end car Dan stood watching the fast flying landscape, an awful sense of his own helplessness assailing him. Ahead, scarcely four miles now, was the extra gang and the unloading train. As the track lay the runaway would be upon them almost as soon as it came into view.

Then an idea came to him. For only a moment he hesitated. It might mean death to him but there were those ahead and besides it was death now either to stay on the train or to leap from it.

To carry an eight hundred pound, thirty-foot rail which was already lifted from the ground, as he had previously done, was no light trick even for Dan. But to get it here on a swaying flat-car, where each rail was laid close packed, seemed almost impossible. But he set about it. He had just six minutes before the runaway would be upon the train ahead.

He was standing about the centre of the car and also about the middle of the rail so with legs wide apart, braced against the terrific roll of the speeding train he bent down and grasped the flat top, his fingers closing around where the surface curved to the body of the rail. Gasping, every muscle crying out, he tugged. Slowly, very slowly, the big rail rose, an inch. Then another—till it was above the rest.

With a little jerk he let it fall back slantingly, thus resting it on top of the others and straightened up, every muscle

quivering, to rest himself for the final feat.

Then once more he reached down and caught the rail. His fingers, from the terrific grip and strain against the rough steel, were torn and bleeding but he did not notice. Once more he raised the rail up, up till it was on a level with his waist then with arms crooked and burden held close to his body he started down to the end of the car.

His heart was pounding madly, the veins on his forehead standing out fiercely distended, his breath came in gasps and with every step the aching overburdened muscles sent up awful shooting pains. But he staggered on over the groaning steel expecting at every lurch of the car, as it swung around some curve, to lose his balance and be thrown along the right-of-way.

He was almost there. Somehow he seemed to be walking on a chariot of fire, his head buzzed and his eyes, starting from their sockets, saw red, but still he hung to that mass of steel though seemingly millions of tons were pressing down upon his overburdened arms.

Within a foot of the edge of the car he halted. Before him the track rushed under the flying wheels and the air was full of the roar of pounding trucks and screaming brakes. Crouching his legs wide apart, he hesitated a second, desperately trying to force more strength into his weary arms. He thought of laying the steel down and resting but instinctively knew, with his fast waning strength, he could never lift it again. It was now or never.

Back and forth ever so slightly he swung his body to gain the necessary momentum, then his arms straightened out

—and *threw* the mass of steel; it was a scarce foot in distance yet it was a wonderful cast. Almost as it dropped, but too quick for eye to perceive, the onrushing front trucks of the flat car struck it and the man knew no more.

With a scream the wheels of the front truck hit the huge rail. They bumped over. They were torn from the body of the car and leaving the track, went tearing over the ties into the ditch below. Then the rear trucks struck and the rushing cars following slewed the flat car half around and, weighted as they were with thousands of tons of steel, broke couplings and piled one above the other. Broken draw-bars, torn out whole, trucks, loosened rails and ties, hurling through the air and falling, lay strewn in terrible confusion along the right-of-way. The rails of the first car, with the terrific pressing force from behind, half burying themselves in the soft sloping sides of the cut, poised, quivering like arrows gone home true to a mark.

And Dan, hurled like a stone from a catapult with the impact, shot into the air and dropped with a dull thud on the brown dead grass at the top of the cut; his head striking a boulder, and lay still. The crew of the wrecking train found him an hour later; bruised, battered and still stunned but very much alive, and carried him to the caboose.

* * *

Should you ever travel over the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific's great trans-continental and are fortunate you may perhaps meet and talk with some old timer of this division of the road and he will tell you, quietly, yet with pride, of the runaway steel train and the strength of Dan.



"Petticoats"

By

Margaret O'Grady

NO man really loves just one woman! You had voiced it to the men themselves and they ridiculed it, denied it, defied it and laughed at it, according to their mental attitude. Then you promptly cast it forth into a feminine circle—and immediately became unpopular.

They believe it? Not they! Monstrous! And when the little, newly-married bridled and with chilling directions demanded if for one instant you doubted the disinterested, consuming passion of her adoring spouse for her, it was obvious you were on the verge of a delicate situation, which might be discreetly rescued by desisting. Here was antagonism and here was ignorance, blind, blissful and feminine in matters pertaining to that incarnation of colossal instability, the masculine heart. They regretted you had permitted your misguided intelligence to meander through such devious and heretical bye-ways. Henceforth you should be to them as one removed, remote and your absurd doctrine as the proverbial red rag to the infuriated male cow. Altogether, the atmosphere was chilly.

The constancy of women is pathetic; men's sincerity a joke. Men desire and demand diversity. Any petticoat will do, only should it be a pink one to-day undoubtedly it must be a blue one to-morrow. And if after a series of mildly exciting episodes among the be-ruffled sex, milord creates a pleasant attachment for a certain fair one, it most assuredly is not that particular damsel who has brought things to the climax of an impassioned declaration. Rather is it not the psychological moment and the petticoat? The latter may be real, supplement-

ed by midnight eyes and dusky locks. Had the psychological moment occurred earlier in the week the petticoat had been, mayhap, of lavender, cheerfully accompanied by alluring dimples and an irreproachable skin. It is very simple. We are told that man has laughed at petticoats from the time when it was the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of diverting himself with his absurdities. And he has been diverting himself tolerably well, ever since. But, be it observed, the gaping face beneath the cap and bells is a man's face. It would appear, therefore, that while a woman may impersonate Folly, she rarely assumes the role of the Fool. Lumaens, the great Swedish naturalist, who was the first who ventured to class man in a scientific system with the rest of animated nature, being at the same time severely censured for degrading the dignity of the human race by such an approximation, tells us, among other things, that men have "a particular pre-eminence in their organ of voice." Indeed, yes. Have not you a glittering example of it within the sacred confines of your own fireside? Also his ability to use these vocal organs at the most inopportune time has been only too frequently and too forcibly demonstrated. Heavens! he has swallowed his collar button or kicked a refractory stovepipe into a disfigured knot!

Moore apparently knew the fickleness of the sex when he thus admonishes cavorting gallants: "When you are far from the lips that you love, make love to the lips that are near." The trend of masculine

affections was not as a closed book to the poet.

Such a weather-cock in affairs of the heart is a man that you feel a slight surprise when the hero in "Reveries of a Bachelor" informs you, after untold anguish and unmitigated sorrow for his lost love: "You sigh—poor thing! and in a very flashy waistcoat you venture a morning call."—on some other fair Miranda, you opine.

In sharp contrast to this quickly forgotten amour, you hear Persephone, the sad queen in "A Spie of Hades" exclaim: "I too have died for love." And you are inclined to believe the lady. Even Byron, whose loves were numerous, running the entire gaunt of variation, beginning with Miss Chaworth and ending with the Countess Guiccioli, admits that "Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart."

If Cleopatra had not appeared at the psychological moment, would not Anthony have been swearing fealty to some other Egyptian or Roman petticoat? So rare a virtue is constancy in men that Emerson, recognizing the fact, asserts: "Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine." And, yet, the world abounds in Juliets, which calls forth no surprised comment.

Are men better dead than alive? Is that what Meredith meant when he wrote:

"Men the angels eyed,
And liked the picture best
When they were greenly dressed
In a brotherhood of graves."

And Shakespeare, that keen observer of human emotions, avers that since the world began there was not any man died in his own person, *vi delicet*, in a love cause. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

The belief, then, is forced upon you that the early demise of the average amorous youth is either due to accident or a severe attack of mumps.

When a man sins against society, there is a big hue and cry and some cackling busy-body whispers: "Cherchez la femme!" The irony of it! Is it not this very "look for the woman" element in him that has brought about his present unhappy state? Had he but avoided her!

Men have been pursuers ever and he

who seeks woman seeks trouble—and gets it. Had the serpent in the Garden of Eden been of the feminine sex, what would have happened? Does not the imagination conjure a picture of the faithful consort of Adam industriously wearing a verdant petticoat in fig-leaf design, while her fickle spouse is jabbering spoony speeches to the serpent lady or probably inditing hieroglyphic love missives on birch bark?

The unattainable attained loses its attraction. A man wins a petticoat, he tires of it, he forgets it. But let some other man happen along with a desire for possession, then—well, the poet describes it best.

"How many a thing which is cast to the ground,
When others pick it up becomes a gem!
We grasp at all the wealth it is to them;
And by reflected light its worth is found."

Here, at last, is an example of masculine sincerity in Gray's Melancholy Youth:

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
And gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

But he died, you see. Besides he only desired a friend, which proves that on his side, it was merely platonic. All of which aids to illustrate that the psychological moment and petticoat theory is, at least, tenable.

And should the gaudy and befrilled old rose uptilt her audacious chin in imperipient superiority because to some he has vowed she is the only one, let her not display unseemly pride, for had it not been the psychological moment, then in verity, might he not have been wheezing the identical words into the adorable ear of the modest little grey petticoat, with the discreet tucks and the innocent flounces?

Impossibilities are beyond human performance. And for a man to love just one woman, is a moral, mental and physical impossibility.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER XVI

At last, at last we had climbed over the divide, and left behind us forever the vampire valley. Oh, we were glad! But other troubles were coming. Soon the day came when the last of our grub ran out. I remember how solemnly we ate it. We were already more than three-parts starved, and that meal was but a mouthful.

"Well," said the Halfbreed, "we can't be far from the Yukon now. It must be the valley beyond this one. Then, in a few days, we can make a raft and float down to Dawson."

This heartened us, so once more we took up our packs and started. Jim did not move.

"Come on, Jim."

Still no movement.

"What's the matter, Jim? Come on."

He turned to us a face that grey and death-like.

"Go on, boys. Don't mind me. My time's up. I'm an old man. I'm only keeping you back. Without me you've got a chance; with me you've got none. Leave me here with a gun. I can shoot an' rustle grub. You boys can come back for me. You'll find old Jim spry an' chipper, awaitin' you with a smile on his face. Now go, boys. You'll go, won't you?"

"Go be darned!" said the Prodigal. "You know we'll never leave you, Jim."

You know the code of the trail. What d'ye take us for—skunks? Come on, we'll carry you if you can't walk."

He shook his head pitifully, but once more he crawled after us. We ourselves were making no great speed. Lack of food was beginning to tell on us. Our stomachs were painfully empty and dead.

"How d'ye feel?" asked the Prodigal. His face had an arrestively hollow look, but that frozen smile was set on it.

"All right," I said, "only terribly weak. My head aches at times, but I've got no pain."

"Neither have I. This starving racket's a cinch. It's dead easy. What rot they talk about the gnawing pains of hunger, an' ravenous men chewing up their boot-tops. It's easy. There's no pain. I don't even feel hungry any more."

None of us did. It was as if our stomachs, in despair at not receiving any food, had sunk into apathy. Yet there was no doubt we were terribly weak. We only made a few miles a day now, and even that was an effort. The distance seemed to be elastic, to stretch out under our feet. Every few yards we had to help Jim over a bad place. His body was emaciated and he was getting very feeble. A hollow fire burned in his eyes. The Halfbreed persisted that beyond those despotie mountains lay the Yukon Valley, and at night he would rouse us up:

"Say, boys, I hear the 'toot' of a steamer. Just a few more days and we'll get there."

Running through the valley, we found a little river. It was muddy in color and appeared to contain no fish. We ranged along it, eagerly, hoping to find a few minnows, but without success. It seemed to me, as I foraged here and there for food, it was not hunger that impelled me so much as the instinct of self-preservation. I knew that if I did not get something into my stomach I would surely die.

Down the river we trailed forlornly. For a week we had eaten nothing. Jim had held on bravely, but now he gave up.

"For God's sake, leave me, boys! Don't make me feel guilty of your death. Haven't I got enough on my soul already? For God's pity, lads, save yourselves! Leave me here to die."

He pleaded brokenly. His legs seemed to have become paralysed. Every time we stopped he would pitch forward on his face, or while walking he would fall asleep and drop. The Prodigal and I supported him, but it was truly hard to support ourselves, and sometimes we collapsed, coming down all three together in a confused and helpless heap. The Prodigal still wore that set grin. His face was nigh fleshless, and, through the straggling beard, it sometimes minded me of a grinning skull. Always Jim moaned and pleaded:

"Leave me, dear boys, leave me!"

He was like a drunken man, and his every step was agony.

We threw away our packs. We no longer had the strength to bear them. The last thing to go was the Halfbreed's rifle. Several times it dropped out of his hand. He picked it up in a dazed way. Again and again it dropped, but at last the time came when he no longer picked it up. He looked at it for a stupid while, then staggered on without it.

At night we would rest long hours round the camp-fire. Often far into the day would we rest. Jim lay like a dead man, moaning continually, while we, staring into each other's ghastly faces, talked in jerks. It was an effort to hunt food. It was an effort to goad ourselves to continue the journey.

"Sure the river empties into the Yukon, boys," said the Halfbreed. "'Tain't so far, either. If we can just make a few miles more we'll be all right."

At night, in my sleep, I was a prey to the strangest hallucinations. People I had known came and talked to me. They were so real that, when I awoke, I could scarce believe I had been dreaming. Berna came to me often. She came quite close, with great eyes of pity that looked into mine. Her lips moved.

"Be brave, my boy. Don't despair," she pleaded. Always in my dreams she pleaded like that, and I think that but for her I would have given up.

The Halfbreed was the most resolute of the party. He never lost his head. At times we others raved a little, or laughed a little, or cried a little, but the Halfbreed remained cool and grim. Ceaselessly he foraged for food. Once he found a nest of grouse eggs, and, breaking them open, discovered they contained half-formed birds. We ate them just as they were, crunched them between our swollen gums. Snails, too, we ate sometimes, and grass roots and moss which we scraped from the trees. But our greatest luck was the decayed grouse eggs.

Early one afternoon we were all resting by a camp-fire on which was boiling some moss, when suddenly the Halfbreed pointed. There, in a glade down by the river's edge, were a cow, moose and calf. They were drinking. Stupidly we gazed. I saw the Halfbreed's hand go out as if to clutch the rifle. Alas! his fingers closed on the empty air. So near they were we could have struck them with a stone. Taking his sheath knife in his mouth, the Halfbreed started to crawl on his belly toward them. He had gone but a few yards when they winded him. One look they gave, and in a few moments they were miles away. That was the only time I saw the Halfbreed put out. He fell on his face and lay there for a long time.

Often we came to sloughs that we could not cross, and we had to go round them. We tried to build rafts, but we were too weak to navigate them. We were afraid we would roll off into the deep black water and drown feebly. So we went round, which in one case meant ten miles. Once, over a slough a few yards wide, the Halfbreed built a bridge of willows, and we crawled on hands and knees to the other side.

From a certain point our trip seems like a night-mare to me. I can only remem-

ber parts of it here and there. We reeled like drunken men. We sobbed sometimes, and sometimes we prayed. There was no word from Jim now, not even a whimper, as we half dragged, half carried him on. Our eyes were large with fever, our hands were like claws. Long sickly beards grew on our faces. Our clothes were rags, and vermin overran us. We had lost all track of time. Latterly we had been traveling about half a mile a day, and we must have been twenty days without proper food.

The Halfbreed had crawled ahead a mile or so, and he came back to where we lay. In a voice hoarse almost to a whisper he told us a bigger river joined ours down there, and on the bar was an old Indian camp. Perhaps in that place some one might find us. It seemed on the route of travel. So we made a last despairing effort and reached it. Indians had visited it quite recently. We foraged around and found some putrid fish bones, with which we made soup.

There was a grave set high on stilts, and within it a body covered with canvas. The Halfbreed wrenched the canvas from the body, and with it he made a boat eight feet in length by six in breadth. It was too rotten to hold him up, and he nearly drowned trying to float it, so he left it lying on the edge of the bar. I remember this was a terrible disappointment to us, and we wept bitterly. I think that about this time we were all half-crazy. We lay on that bar like men already dead, with no longer hope of deliverance.

* * * * *

Then Jim passed in his checks. In the night he called me.

"Boy," he whispered, "you an' I've been good pals, ain't we?"

"Yes, old man."

"Boy, I'm in agony. I'm suffering untold pain. Get the gun, for God's sake, an' put me out of my misery."

"There's no gun, Jim; we left it back on the trail."

"Then take your knife."

"No, no."

"Give me your knife."

"Jim, you're crazy. Where's your faith in God?"

"Gone, gone; I've no longer any right to look to Him. I've killed. I've taken life He gave. 'Vengeance is mine,' He

said, an' I've taken it out of His hands. God's curse is on me now. Oh, let me die, let me die!"

I sat by him all night. He moaned in agony, and his passing was hard. It was about three in the morning when he spoke again:

"Say, boy, I'm going. I'm a useless old man. I've lived in sin, an' I've repented, an' I've backslid. The Lord don't want old Jim any more. Say, kid, see that little girl of mine down in Dawson gets what money's comin' to me. Tell her to keep straight, an' tell her I loved her. Tell her I never let up on lovin' her all these years. You'll remember that, boy, won't you?"

"I'll remember, Jim."

"Oh, it's all a hoodoo, this Northern gold," he roaned. "See what it's done for all of us. We came to loot the land an' it's a-takin' its revenge on us. It's accursed. It's got me at last, but maybe I can help you boys to beat it yet. Call the others."

I called them.

"Boys," said Jim, "I'm a-goin'. I've been a long time about it. I've been dying by inches, but I guess I'll finish the job pretty slick this time. Well, boys, I'm in possession of all my faculties. I want you to know that. I was crazy when I started off, but that's passed away. My mind's clear. Now, pardners, I've got you into this scrape. I'm responsible, an' it seems to me I'd die happier if you'd promise me one thing. Livin', I can't help you; dead, I can—you know how. Well, I want you to promise me you'll do it. It's a reasonable proposition. Don't hesitate. Don't let sentiment stop you. I wish it. It's my dying wish. You're starvin', an' I can help you, can give you strength. Will you promise, if it comes to the last pass, you'll do it?"

We were afraid to look each other in the face.

"Oh, promise, boys, promise!"

"Promise him anyway," said the Halfbreed. "He'll die easier."

So we nodded our heads as we bent over him, and he turned away his face, content.

'Twas but a little after he called me again.

"Boy, give me your hand. Say a prayer for me, won't you? Maybe it'll help

some, a prayer for a poor old sinner that's backslid. I can never pray again."

"Yes, try to pray, Jim, try. Come on; say it after me: 'Our Father——'"

"'Our Father——'"

"'Which art in Heaven——'"

"'Which art in——'"

His head fell forward. "Bless you, my boy. Father, forgive, forgive——"

He sank back very quietly.

He was dead.

* * * * *

Next morning the Halfbreed caught a minnow. We divided it into three and ate it raw. Later on he found some water-lice under a stone. We tried to cook them, but they did not help us much. Then, as night fell once more, a thought came into our minds and stuck there. It was a hidden thought, and yet it grew and grew. As we sat round in a circle we looked into each other's faces, and there we read the same revolting thought. Yet did it not seem so revolting after all. It was as if the spirit of the dead man was urging us to this thing, so insistent did the thought become. It was our only hope of life. It meant strength again, strength and energy to make a raft and float us down the river. Oh, if only—but, no! We could not do it. Better, a hundred times better, die.

Yet life was sweet, and for twenty-three days we had starved. Here was a chance to live, with the dead man whispering in our ears to do it. You who have never starved a day in your lives, would you blame us? Life is sweet to you, too. What would you have done? The dead man was urging us, and life was sweet.

But we struggled, God knows we struggled. We did not give in without agony. In our hopeless, staring eyes there was the anguish of the great temptation. We looked in each other's death's-head faces. We clasped skeleton hands round our rickety knees, and swayed as we tried to sit upright. Vermin crawled over us in our weakness. We were half-crazy, and muttered in our beards.

It was the Halfbreed who spoke, and his voice was just a whisper:

"It's our only chance, boys, and we've promised him. God forgive me, but I've a wife and children, and I'm a-goin' to do it."

He was too weak to rise, and with his

knife in his mouth he crawled to the body.

* * * * *

It was ready, but we had not eaten. We waited and waited, hoping against hope. Then, as we waited, God was merciful to us. He saved us from this thing.

"Say, I guess I've got a pipe-dream, but I think I see two men coming downstream on a raft."

"No, it's no dream," I said; "two men."

"Shout to them; I can't," said the Prodigal.

I tried to shout, but my voice came as a whisper. The Halfbreed, too, tried to shout. There was scarcely any sound to it. The men did not see us as we lay on that shingly bar. Faster and faster they came. In hopeless, helpless woe we watched them. We could do nothing. In a few moments they would be past. With eyes of terror we followed them, tried to make signals to them. O God, help us!

Suddenly they caught sight of that crazy boat of ours made of canvas and willows. They poled the raft in close, then one of them saw those three strange things writhing impotently on the sand. They were skeletons, they were in rags, they were covered with vermin.—* * * *

We were saved; thank God, we were saved!

CHAPTER XVII

"Berna, we must get married."

"Yes, dearest, whenever you wish."

"Well, to-morrow."

She smiled radiantly; then her face grew very serious.

"What will I wear?" she asked plaintively.

"Wear? Oh, anything. That white dress you've got on—I never saw you looking so sweet. You mind me of a picture I know of Saint Cecilia, the same delicacy of feature, the same pure coloring, the same grace of expression."

"Foolish one!" she chided; but her voice was deliciously tender, and her eyes were love-lit. And indeed, as she stood by the window holding her embroidery to the falling light, you scarce could have imagined a girl more gracefully sweet. In a fine mood of idealising, my eyes rested on her.

"Yes, fairy girl, that briar rose you are doing in the centre of your little canvas hoop is not more delicate in the tinting

than are your cheeks; your hands that ply the needle so daintily are whiter than the May blossoms on its border; those coils of shining hair that crown your head would shame the silk you use for softness."

"Don't," she sighed; "you spoil me."

"Oh no, it's true, true. Sometimes I wish you were not so lovely. It makes me care so much for you that—it hurts. Sometimes I wish you were plain, then I would feel more sure of you. Sometimes I fear, fear some one will steal you away from me."

"No, no," she cried; "no one ever will. There will never be any one but you."

She came over to me, and knelt by my chair, putting her arms around me prettily. The pure, sweet face looked up into mine.

"We have been happy here, haven't we, boy?" she asked.

"Exquisitely happy. Yet I have always been afraid."

"Of what, dearest?"

"I don't know. Somehow it seems too good to last."

"Well, to-morrow we'll be married."

"Yes, we should have done that a year ago. It's all been a mistake. It didn't matter at first; nobody noticed, nobody cared. But now it's different. I can see it by the way the wives of the men look at us. I wonder do women resent the fact that virtue is only its own reward—they are so down on those who stray. Well, we don't care anyway. We'll marry and live our lives. But there are other reasons."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Garry talks of coming out. You wouldn't like him to find us living like this—without benefit of the clergy?"

"Not for the world!" she cried, in alarm.

"Well, he won't. Garry's old-fashioned and terribly conventional, but you'll take to him at once. There's a wonderful charm about him. He's so good-looking, yet so clever. I think he could win any woman if he tried, only he's too upright and sincere."

"What will he think of me, I wonder, poor, ignorant me? I believe I'm afraid of him. I wish he'd stay away and leave us alone. Yet for your sake, dear, I do wish him to think well of me."

"Don't fear, Berna. He'll be proud of you. But there's a second reason."

"What?"

I drew her up beside me on the great Morris-chair.

"Oh, my beloved! perhaps we'll not always be alone as we are now. Perhaps, perhaps some day there will be others—little ones—for their sakes."

She did not speak. I could feel her nestle closer to me. Her cheek was pressed to mine; her hair brushed my brow and her lips were like rose-petals on my own. So we sat there in the big, deep chair, in the glow of the open fire, silent, dreaming, and I saw on her lashes the glimmer of a glorious tear.

"Why do you cry, beloved?"

"Because I'm so happy. I never thought I could be so happy. I want it to last forever. I never want to leave this little cabin of ours. It will always be home to me. I love it; oh, how I love it!—every stick and stone of it! This dear little room—there will never be another like it in the world. Some day we may have a fine home, but I think I'll always leave some of my heart here in the little cabin."

I kissed away her tears. Foolish tears! I blessed her for them. I held her closer to me. I was wondrous happy. No longer did the shadow of the past hang over us. Even as children forget, were we forgetting. Outside the winter's day was waning fast. The ruddy firelight danced around us. It flickered on the walls, the open piano, the glass front of the bookcase. It lit up the Indian corner, the lounge with its cushions and brass reading-lamp, the rack of music, the pictures, the lace curtains, the gleaming little bit of embroidery. Yes, to me, too, these things were wistfully precious, for it seemed as if part of her had passed into them. It would have been like tearing out my heart-strings to part with the smallest of them.

"*Husband*. I'm so happy," she sighed.

"Wife, dear, dear wife, I too."

There was no need for words. Our lips met in passionate kisses, but the next moment we started apart. Some one was coming up the garden path—a tall figure of a man. I started as if I had seen a ghost. Could it be?—then I rushed to the door.

There on the porch stood Garry.

CHAPTER XVIII

As he stood before me once again it seemed as if the years had rolled away, and we were boys together. A spate of tender memories came over me, memories of the days of dreams and high resolves, when life rang true, when men were brave and women pure. Once more I stood upon that rock-envisaged coast, while below me the yeasty sea charged with a roar the echoing caves. The gulls were glinting in the sunshine, and by their little brown-thatched homes the fishermen were spreading out their nets. High on the hillside in her garden I could see my mother idling among her flowers. It all came back to me, that sunny shore, the white-washed cottages, the old grey house among the birches, the lift of sheep-starred pasture, and above it the glooming dark of the heather hills.

And it was but three years ago. How life had changed! A thousand things had happened. Fortune had come to me, love had come to me. I had lived, I had learned. I was no longer a callow, uncouth lad. Yet, alas! I no longer looked futurewards with joy; the savour of life was no more sweet. It was another "me" I saw in my mirror that day, a "me" with a face sorely lined, with hair grey-flecked, with eyes sad and bitter. Little wonder Garry, as he stood there, stared at me so sorrowfully.

"How you've changed, lad!" said he at last.

"Have I, Garry? You're just about the same."

But indeed he, too, had changed, had grown finer than my fondest thoughts of him. He seemed to bring into the room the clean, sweet breath of Glengyle, and I looked at him with admiration in my eyes. Coming out of the cold, his color was dazzling as that of a woman; his deep blue eyes sparkled; his fair silky hair, from the pressure of his cap, was moulded to the shape of his fine head. Oh, he was handsome, this brother of mine, and I was proud, proud of him!

"By all that's wonderful, what brought you here?"

His teeth flashed in that clever, confident smile.

"The stage. I just arrived a few min-

utes ago, and hurried here at once. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Yes, indeed! I can't tell you how glad. But it's a shock to me your coming so suddenly. You might have let me know."

"Yes, it was a sudden resolve; I should have wired you. However, I thought I would give you a surprise. How are you, old man?"

"Me—oh, I'm all right, thanks."

"Why, what's the matter with you, lad? You look ten years older. You look older than your big brother now."

"Yes, I daresay. It's the life, it's the land. A hard life and a hard land."

"Why don't you go out?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I keep on planning to go out and then something turns up, and I put it off a little longer. I suppose I ought to go, but I'm tied up with mining interests. My partner is away in the East, and I promised to stay and look after things. I'm making money, you see."

"Not sacrificing your youth and health for that, are you?"

"I don't know, I don't know."

There was a puzzled look in his frank face, and for my part I was strangely ill at ease. With all my joy at his coming, there was a sense of anxiety, even of fear. I had not wanted him to come just then, to see me there. I was not ready for him. I had planned otherwise.

He was fixing me with a clear, penetrating look. For a moment his eyes seemed to bore into me, then like a flash the charm came back into his face. He laughed that ringing laugh of his.

"Well, I was tired of roaming round the old place. Things are in good order now. I saved a little money and I thought I could afford to travel a little, so I came up to see my wandering brother, and his wonderful North."

His gaze roved round the room. Suddenly it fell on the piece of embroidery. He started slightly and I saw his eyes narrow, his mouth set. His glance shifted to the piano with its litter of music. He looked at me again, in an odd, bewildered way. He went on speaking, but there was a queer restraint in his manner.

"I am going to stay here for a month, and then I want you to come back with me. Come back home and get some of

the old colour into your cheeks. The country doesn't agree with you, but we'll have you all right pretty soon. We'll have you flogging the trout pools and tramping over the heather with a gun. You remember how—whir-r-r—the black cock used to rise up right at one's very feet. They've been very plentiful the last two years. Oh, we'll have the good old times over again! You'll see, we'll soon put you right."

"It's good of you, Garry, to think so much of me; but I'm afraid, I'm afraid I can't come just yet. I've got so much to do. I've got thirty men working for me. I've just got to stay."

He sighed.

"Well, if you stay I'll stay, too. I don't like the way you're looking. You're working too hard. Perhaps I can help you."

"All right; I'm afraid you'll find it rather awful, though. No one lives up here in winter if they can possibly avoid it. But for a time it will interest you."

"I think it will." And again his eyes stared fixedly at that piece of embroidery on its little hoop.

"I'm terribly glad to see you anyway, Garry. There's no use talking, words can't express things like that between us two. You know what I mean. I'm glad to see you, and I'll do my best to make your visit a happy one."

Between the curtains that hung over the bedroom door I could see Berna standing motionless. I wondered if he could see her too. His eyes followed mine. They rested on the curtains and the strong, stern look came into his face. Yet again he banished it with a sunny smile.

"Mother's one regret was that you were not with her when she died. Do you know, old man, I think she was always fonder of you than of me? You were the sentimental one of the family, and Mother was always a gentle dreamer. I took more after Dad; dry and practical, you know. Well, Mother used to worry a great deal about you. She missed you dreadfully, and before she died she made me promise I'd always stand by you, and look after you if anything happened."

"There's not much need of that, Garry. But thanks all the same, old man. I've seen a lot in the past few years. I know

something of the world now. I've changed. I'm sort of disillusioned. I seem to have lost my zest for things—but I know how to handle men, how to fight and how to win.

"It's not that, lad. You know that to win is often to lose. You were never made for the fight, my brother. It's all been a mistake. You're too sensitive, too high-strung for a fighting-man. You have too much sentiment in you. Your spirit urged you to fields of conquest and romance, yet by nature you were designed for the gentler life. If you could have curbed your impulse and only dreamed your adventures, you would have been the happier. Imagination's been a curse to you, boy. You've tortured yourself all these years, and now you're paying the penalty."

"What penalty?"

"You've lost your splendid capacity for happiness; your health's undermined; your faith in mankind is destroyed. Is it worth while? You've plunged into the fight and you've won. What does your victory mean? Can it compare with what you've lost? Here, I haven't a third of what you have, and yet I'm magnificently happy. I don't envy you. I am going to enjoy every moment of my life. Oh, my brother, you've been making a sad mistake, but it's not too late! You're young, young. It's not too late."

Then I saw that his words were true. I saw that I had never been meant for the fierce battle of existence. Like those high-strung horses that were the first to break their hearts on the trail, I was unsuited for it all. Far better would I have been living the sweet, simple life of my forefathers. My spirit had upheld me, but now I knew there was a poison in my veins, that I was a sick man, that I had played the game and won—at too great a cost. I was like a sprinter that breasts the tape, only to be carried fainting from the field. Alas! I had gained success only to find it was another name for failure.

"Now," said Garry, "you must come home. Back there on the countryside we can find you a sweet girl to marry. You will love her, have children and forget all this. Come."

I rose. I could no longer put it off.

"Excuse me one moment," I said. I parted the curtains and entered the bedroom.

She was standing there, white to the lips and trembling. She looked at me piteously.

"I'm afraid," she faltered.

"Be brave, little girl," I whispered, leading her forward. Then I threw aside the curtain.

"Garry," I said, "this is—this is Berna."

CHAPTER XIX

Garry, Berna—there they stood, face to face at last. Long ago I had visioned this meeting, planned for, yet dreaded it, and now with utter suddenness it had come.

The girl had recovered her calm, and I must say she bore herself well. In her clinging dress of simple white her figure was as slimly graceful as that of a wood-nymph, her head poised as sweetly as a lily on its stem. The fair hair rippled away in graceful lines from the fine brow, and as she gazed at my brother there was a proud, high look in her eyes.

And Garry—his smile had vanished. His face was cold and stern. There was a stormy antagonism in his bearing. No doubt he saw in her a creature who was preying on me, an influence for evil, an overwhelming indictment against me of sin and guilt. All this I read in his eyes; then Berna advanced to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do? I've heard so much about you I feel as if I'd known you long ago."

She was so winning, I could see he was quite taken aback. He took the little white hand and looked down from his splendid height to the sweet eyes that gazed into his. He bowed with icy politeness.

"I feel flattered, I assure you, that my brother should have mentioned me to you."

Here he shot a dark look at me.

"Sit down again, Garry," I said. "Berna and I want to talk to you."

He complied, but with an ill grace. We all three sat down and a grave constraint was upon us. Berna broke the silence.

"What sort of a trip have you had?"

He looked at her keenly. He saw a

simple girl, shy and sweet, gazing at him with a flattering interest.

"Oh, not so bad. Traveling sixty miles a day on a jolting stage gets monotonous, though. The roadhouses were pretty decent as a rule, but some were vile. However, it's all new and interesting to me."

"You will stay with us for a time, won't you?"

He favored me with another grim look.

"Well, that all depends—I haven't quite decided yet. I want to take Athol here home with me."

"Home——" There was a pathetic catch in her voice. Her eyes went round the little room that meant "home" to her.

"Yes, that will be nice," she faltered. Then, with a brave effort, she broke into a lively conversation about the North. As she talked an inspiration seemed to come to her. A light beamed in her eyes. Her face, fine as a cameo, became eager, rapt. She was telling him of the magical summers, of the midnight sunsets, of the glorious largess of the flowers, of the things that meant so much to her. She was wonderfully animated. As I watched her I thought what a perfect little lady she was; and I felt proud of her.

He was listening carefully, with evident interest. Gradually his look of stern antagonism had given way to one of attention. Yet I could see he was not listening so much to her as he was studying her. His intent gaze never moved from her face.

Then I talked awhile. The darkness had descended upon us, but the embers in the open fireplace lighted the room with a rosy glow. I could not see his eyes now, but I knew he was still watching us keenly. He merely answered "yes" and "no" to our questions, and his voice was very grave. Then, after a little, he rose to go.

"I'll return to the hotel with you," I said.

Berna gave us a pathetically anxious little look. There was a red spot on each cheek and her eyes were bright. I could see she wanted to cry.

"I'll be back in half an hour, dear," I said, while Garry gravely shook hands with her.

We did not speak on the way to his room. When we reached it he switched on the light and turned to me.

"Brother, who's this girl?"

"She's—she's my housekeeper. That's all I can say at present, Garry."

"Married?"

"No."

"Good God!"

Stormily he paced the floor, while I watched him with a great calm. At last he spoke.

"Tell me about her."

"Sit down, Garry; light a cigar. We may as well talk this thing over quietly."

"All right. Who is she?"

"Berna," I said, lighting my cigar, "is a Jewess. She was born of an unwed mother, and reared in the midst of misery and corruption."

He stared at me. His mouth hardened; his brow contracted.

"But," I went on, "I want to say this. You remember, Garry, Mother used to tell us of our sister who died when she was a baby. I often used to dream of my dead sister, and in my old, imaginative days I used to think she had never died at all, but she had grown up and was with us. How we would have loved her, would we not, Garry? Well, I tell you this—if our sister had grown up she could have been no sweeter, purer, gentler than this girl of mine, this Berna."

He smiled ironically.

"Then," he said, "if she is so wonderful, why, in the name of Heaven, haven't you married her?"

His manner towards her in the early part of the interview had hurt me, had roused in me a certain perversity. I determined to stand by my guns.

"Marriage," said I, "isn't everything; often isn't anything. Love is, and always will be, the great reality. It existed long before marriage was ever thought of. Marriage is a good thing. It protects the wife and the children. As a rule, it enforces constancy. But there's a higher ideal of human companionship that is based on love alone, love so perfect, so absolute that legal bondage insults it; love that is its own justification. Such a love is ours."

The ironical look deepened to a sneer.

"And look you here, Garry," I went on, "I am living in Dawson in what you would call 'shame.' Well, let me tell you, there's not ninety-nine in a hundred legally married couples that have formed such a sweet, love-sanctified union as we have. That girl is purest gold, a pearl

of untold price. There has never been a jar in the harmony of our lives. We love each other absolutely. We trust and believe in each other. We would make any sacrifice for each other. And, I say it again, our marriage is tenfold holier than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those performed with all the pomp of surplice and sacristy."

"Oh, man, man!" he said crushingly, "what's got into you? What nonsense, what clap-trap is this? I tell you that the old way, the way that has stood for generations, is the best, and it's a sorry day I find a brother of mine talking such nonsense. I'm almost glad Mother's dead. It would surely have broken her heart to know that her son was living in sin and shame, living with a ———"

"Easy now, Garry," I cautioned him. We faced each other with the table between us.

"I'm going to have my say out. I've come all this way to say it, and you've got to hear me. You're my brother. God knows I love you. I promised I'd look after you, and now I'm going to save you if I can."

"Garry," I broke in, "I'm younger than you, and I respect you; but in the last few years I've grown to see things different from the way we were taught; broader, clearer, saner, somehow. We can't always follow in the narrow path of our forefathers. We must think and act for ourselves in these days. I see no sin and shame in what I'm doing. We love each other—that is our vindication. It's a pure, white light that dims all else. If you had seen and striven and suffered as I have done, you might think as I do. But you've got your smug old-fashioned notions. You gaze at the trees so hard you can't see the forest. Yours is an ideal, too; but mine is a purer, more exalted one."

"Balderdash!" he cried. "Oh, you anger me! Look here, Athol, I came all this way to see you about this matter. It's a long way to come, but I knew my brother was needing me, and I'd have gone round the world for you. You never told me anything of this girl in your letters. You were ashamed."

"I knew I could never make you understand."

"You might have tried. I'm not so dense in the understanding. No, you would not tell me, and I've had letters, warning letters. It was left to other people to tell me how you drank and gambled and squandered your money; how you were like to a madman. They told me you had settled down to live with one of the creatures, a woman who had made her living in the dance-halls, and every one knows no woman ever did that and remained straight. They warned me of the character of this girl, of your infatuation, of your callousness to public opinion. They told me how barefaced, how shameless you were. They begged me to try and save you. I would not believe it, but now I've come to see for myself, and it's all true, it's all true."

He bowed his head in emotion.

"Oh, she's good!" I cried. "If you knew her you would think so, too. You, too, would love her."

"Heaven forbid! Boy, I must save you. I must, for the honor of the old name that's never been tarnished. I must make you come home with me."

He put both hands on my shoulders, looking commandingly into my face.

"No, no," I said, "I'll never leave her."

"It will be all right. We can pay her. It can be arranged. Think of the honor of the old name, lad."

I shook him off. "Pay!"—I laughed ironically. "Pay" in connection with the name of Berna—again I laughed.

"She's good," I said once again. "Wait a little till you know her. Don't judge her yet. Wait a little."

He saw it was of no use to waste further words on me. He sighed.

"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I think she's ruining you. She's dragging you down, sapping your moral principles, lowering your standard of pure living. She must be bad, bad, or she wouldn't live with you like that. But have it your own way, boy; I'll wait and see."

CHAPTER XX

In the crystalline days that followed I did much to bring about a friendship between Garry and Berna. At first I had difficulty in dragging him to the house, but in a little while he came quite willingly. The girl, too, aided me greatly. In

her sweet, shy way she did her best to win his regard, so that as the winter advanced a great change came over him. He threw off that stern manner of his as an actor throws off a part, and once again he was the dear old Garry I knew and loved.

His sunny charm returned, and with it his brilliant smile, his warm, endearing frankness. He was now twenty-eight, and if there was a handsomer man in the Northland I had yet to see him. I often envied him for his fine figure and his clean, vivid color. It was a wonderfully expressive face that looked at you, firm and manly, and, above all, clever. You found a pleasure in the resonant sweetness of his voice. You were drawn irresistibly to the man, even as you would have been drawn to a beautiful woman. He was winning, lovable, yet back of all his charm there was that great quality of strength, of austere purpose.

He made a hit with every one, and I verily believe that half the women in the town were in love with him. However, he was quite unconscious of it, and he stalked through the streets with the gait of a young god. I knew there were some who for a smile would have followed him to the ends of the earth, but Garry was always a man's man. Never do I remember the time when he took an interest in a woman. I often thought, if women could have the man of their choice, a few handsome ones like Garry would monopolise them, while we common mortals would go wifeless. Sometimes it has seemed to me that love is but a second-hand article, and that our matings are at best only make-shifts.

I must say I tried very hard to reconcile those two. I threw them together on every opportunity, for I wanted him to understand and to love her. I felt he had but to know her to appreciate her at her true value, and, although he spoke no word to me, I was soon conscious of a vast change in him. Short of brotherly regard, he was everything that could be desired to her—cordial, friendly, charming. Once I asked Berna what she thought of him.

"I think he's splendid," she said quietly. "He's the handsomest man I've ever seen, and he's as nice as he's good-looking

In many ways you remind me of him—and yet there's a difference."

"I remind you of him—no, girl. I'm not worthy to be his valet. He's as much above me as I am above—say a siwash. He has all the virtues; I, all the faults. Sometimes I look at him and I see in him my ideal self. He is all strength, all nobility, while I am but a commonplace mortal, full of human weaknesses. He is the self I should have been if the worst had been the best."

"Hush! you are my sweetheart," she assured me with a caress, "and the dearest in the world."

"By the way, Berna," I said, "you remember something we talked about before he came? Don't you think that now—?"

"Now——?"

"Yes."

"All right," She flashed a glad, tender look at me and left the room. That night she was strangely elated.

Every evening Garry would drop in and talk to us. Berna would look at him as he talked and her eyes would brighten and her cheeks flush. On both of us he had a strangely buoyant effect. How happy we could be, just we three. It was splendid having near me the two I loved best on earth.

That was a memorable winter, mild and bright and buoyant. At last spring came with gracious days of sunshine. The sleighing was glorious, but I was busy, very busy, so that I was glad to send Garry and Berna off together in a smart cutter, and see them come home with their cheeks like roses, their eyes sparkling and laughter in their voices. I never saw Berna looking so well and happy.

I was head over ears in work. In a mail just arrived I had a letter from the Prodigal, and a certain paragraph in it set me pondering. Here it was:

"You must look out for Locasto. He was in New York a week ago. He's down and out. Blood-poisoning set in in his foot after he got outside, and eventually he had to have it taken off. He's got a false mit for the one Mac sawed off. But you should see him. He's all shot to pieces with the 'hooch.' It's a fright the pace he's gone. I had an interview with him, and he raved and

blasphemed horribly. Seemed to have a terrible pick at you. Seems you have copped out his best girl, the only one he ever cared a red cent for. Said he would get even with you if he swung for it. I think he's dangerous, even a madman. He is leaving for the North now, so be on your guard."

Locasto coming! I had almost forgotten his existence. Well, I no longer cared for him. I could afford to despise him. Surely he would never dare to molest us. If he did—he was a broken, discredited blackguard. I could crush him.

Coming here! He must even now be on the way. I had a vision of him speeding along that desolate trail, sitting in the sleigh wrapped in furs, and brooding, brooding. As day after day the spell of the great and gloomy land grew on his spirit, I could see the sombre eyes darken and deepen. I could see him in the roadhouse at night, gaunt and haggard, drinking at the bar, a desperate, degraded cripple. I could see him growing more reckless every day, every hour. He was coming back to the scene of his ruined fortunes, and God knows with what wild schemes of vengeance his heart was full. Decidedly I must beware.

As I sat there dreaming, a ring came to the 'phone. It was the foreman at Gold Hill.

"The hoisting machine has brokered down," he told me. "Can you come out and see what is required?"

"All right," I replied. "I'll leave at once."

"Berna," I said, "I'll have to go out to the Forks to-night. I'll be back early tomorrow. Get me a bite to eat, dear, while I go round and order the horse."

On my way I met Garry and told him I would be gone over night. "Won't you come?" I asked.

"No, thanks, old man, I don't feel like a night drive."

"All right. Good-bye."

So I hurried off, and soon after, with a jingle of bells, I drove up to my door. Berna had made supper. She seemed excited. Her eyes were starry bright, her cheeks burned.

"Aren't you well, sweetheart?" I asked. "You look feverish."

"Yes, dear, I'm well. But I don't want you to go to-night. Something tells me you shouldn't. Please don't go, dear. Please, for my sake."

"Oh, nonsense, Berna! You know I've been away before. Get one of the neighbor's wives to sleep with you. Get in Mrs. Brooks."

"Oh, don't go, don't go, I beg you, dear. I don't want you to. I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Won't some one else do?"

"Nonsense, girl. You mustn't be so foolish. It's only for a few hours. Here, I'll ring up Mrs. Brooks and you can ask her."

She sighed. "No, never mind. I'll ring her up after you've gone."

She clung to me tightly, so that I wondered what had got into the girl. Then gently I kissed her, disengaged her hands, and bade her good-night.

As I was rattling off through the darkness, a boy handed me a note. I put it in my pocket, thinking I would read it when I reached Ogilvie Bridge. Then I whipped up the horse.

The night was crisp and exhilarating. I had one of the best trotters in the country, and the sleighing was superb. As I sped along, with a jingle of bells, my spirits rose. Things were looking splendid. The mine was turning out far better than we had expected. Surely we could sell out soon, and I would have all the money I wanted. Even then the Prodigal was putting through a deal in New York that would realize our fortunes. My life-struggle was nearly over.

Then again, I had reconciled Garry to Berna. When I told him of a certain secret I was hugging to my breast he would capitulate entirely. How happy we would all be! I would buy a small estate near home, and we would settle down. But first we would spend a few years in travel. We would see the whole world. What good times we would have, Berna and I! Bless her! It had all worked out beautifully.

Why was she so frightened, so loath to let me go? I wondered vaguely and flicked up the horse so that it plunged sharply forward. The vast blue-black sky was like an inverted gold-pan and the stars were flake colors adhering to it. The cold snapped at me till my cheeks tingled, and

my eyes felt as if they could spark. Oh, life was sweet!

Bother! In my elation I had forgotten to get off at the Old Inn and read my note. Never mind, I would keep it till I reached the Forks.

As I spun along, I thought of how changed it all was from the Bonanza I first knew. How I remembered tramping along that hillside slope, packing a sack of flour over a muddy trail, a poor miner in muddy overalls! Now I was driving a smart horse on a fine road. I was an operator of a first-class mine. I was a man of business, of experience. Higher and higher my spirits rose.

How fast the horse flew! I would be at the Forks in no time. I flashed past cabin windows. I saw the solitary oil-lamp and the miner reading his book or filling his pipe. Never was there a finer, more intelligent man; but his day was passing. The whole country was falling into the hands of companies. Soon, thought I, one or two big combines would control the whole wealth of that land. Already they had their eyes on it. The gold-ships would float and roar where the old-time miner toiled with pick and pan. Change! Change!

I almost fancied I could see the monster dredges ploughing up the valley, where now men panted at the windlass. I could see vast heaps of tailings filling the creek-bed; I could hear the crash of the steel grizzlies; I could see the buckets scooping up the pay-dirt. I felt strangely prophetic. My imagination ran riot in all kinds of wonders, great power plants, quartz discoveries. Change! Change!

Yes, the stamp-mill would add its thunder to the other voices; the country would be netted with wires, and clamorous for far and wide. Man had sought out this land where Silence had reigned so long. He had awakened the echoes with the shot of his rifle and the ring of his axe. Silence had raised a startled head and poised there, listening. Then, with crack of pick and boom of blast, man had hurled her back. Further and further had he driven her. With his advancing horde, mad in their lust for the loot of the valley, he had banished her. His engines had frightened her with their canorous roar. His crashing giants had driven her

cowering to the inviolate fastnesses of her hills. And there she broods and waits.

But Silence will return. To her was given the land that she might rule and have dominion over it forever. And in a few years the clamour will cease, the din will die away. In a few years the treasure will be exhausted, and the looters will depart. The engines will lie in rust and ruin; the wind will sweep through the empty homes; the tailing-piles lie pallid in the moon. Then the last man will strike the last blow, and Silence will come again into her own.

Yea, Silence will come home once more. Again will she rule despotic over peak and plain. She is only waiting, brooding in the impregnable desolation of her hills. To her has been given empery of the land, and hand in hand with Darkness will she return.

CHAPTER XXI

Ha! here I had reached the Forks at last. As I drew up at the hotel, the clerk came out to meet me.

"Gent wants to speak to you at the 'phone, sir."

It was Murray of Dawson, an old-timer, and rather a friend of mine.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Say, Meldrum, this is Murray speaking. Say, just wanted to let you know there's a stage due some time before morning. Locasto's on board, and they say he's heeled for you. Thought I'd better tell you so's you can get fixed up for him."

"All right," I answered. "Thank you. I'll turn and come right back."

So I switched round the horse, and once more I drove over the glistening road. No longer did I plan and exult. Indeed a grim fear was gripping me. Of a sudden the shadow of Locasto loomed up sinister and menacing. Even now he was speeding Dawsonward with a great hatred of me in his heart. Well, I would get back and prepare for him.

There came to my mind a comic perception of the awkwardness of returning to one's own home unexpectedly, in the dead of night. At first I decided I would go to a hotel, then on second thoughts I determined to try the house, for I had a desire to be near Berna.

I knocked gently, then a little louder, then at last quite loudly. Within all was still, dark as a sepulchre. Curious! she was such a light sleeper, too. Why did she not hear me?

Once more I decided to go to the hotel; once more that vague, indefinite fear assailed me and again I knocked. And now my fear was becoming a panic. I had my latch-key in my pocket, so very quietly I opened the door.

I was in the front room, and it was dark, very dark and quiet. I could not even hear her breathe.

"Berna," I whispered.

No reply.

That dim, nameless dread was clutching at my heart, and I groped overhead in the darkness for the drop-light. How hard it was to find! A dozen times my hand circled in the air before I knocked my knuckles against it. I switched it on.

Instantly the cabin was flooded with light. In the dining-room I could see the remains of our supper lying untidily. That was not like her. She had a horror of dirty dishes. I passed into the bedroom—Ah! the bed had never been slept on.

What a fool I was! It flashed on me she had gone over to Mrs. Brooks' to sleep. She was afraid of being alone. Poor little girl! How surprised she would be to see me in the morning!

Well, I would go to bed. As I was pulling off my coat, I found the note that had been given to me. Blaming myself for my carelessness, I pulled it out of my pocket and opened it. As I unfolded the sheet, I noticed it was written in what looked like a disguised hand. Strange! I thought. The writing was small and faint. I rubbed my eyes and held it up to the light.

Merciful God! What was this? Oh no, it could not be! My eyes were deceiving me. It was some illusion. Feverishly I read again. Yes, they were the same words. What could they mean? Surely, surely—Oh, horror on horrors! They could not mean THAT. Again I read them. Yes, there they were:

"If you are fool enough to believe that Berna is faithful to you visit your brother's room to-night.

"A WELLWISHER."

Berna! Garry!—the two I loved. Oh, it could not be! It was monstrous! It was too horrible! I would not believe it; I would not. Curse the vile wretch that wrote such words! I would kill him. Berna! my Berna! she was as good as gold, as true as steel. Garry! I would lay my life on his honor. Oh, vile calumny! what devil had put so foul a thing in words? God! it hurt me so, it hurt me so!

Dazedly I sat down. A sudden rush of heat was followed by a sweat that pricked out of me and left me cold. I trembled. I saw a ghastly vision of myself in a mirror. I felt sick, sick. Going to the decanter on the bureau, I poured myself a stiff jolt of whisky.

Again I sat down. The paper lay on the hearth-rug, and I stared at it hatefully. It was unspeakably loathsome, yet I was fascinated by it. I longed to take it up, to read it again. Somehow I did not dare. I was becoming a coward.

Well, it was a lie, a black devil's lie. She was with one of the neighbors. I trusted her. I would trust her with my life. I would go to bed. In the morning she would return, and then I would unearth the wretch who had dared to write such things. I began to undress.

Slowly I unfastened my collar — that cursed paper; there it lay. Again it fascinated me. I stood glaring at it. Oh, fool! fool! go to bed.

Wearily I took off my clothes—Oh, that devilish note! It was burning into my brain—it would drive me mad. In a frenzy of rage, I took it up as if it were some leprous thing, and dropped it in the fire.

There I lay in bed with the darkness enfolding me, and I closed my eyes to make a double darkness. Ha! right in the centre of my eyes, burned the fatal paper with its atrocious suggestion. I sprang up. It was of no use. I must settle this thing once and for all. I turned on the light and deliberately dressed again.

I was going to the hotel where Garry had his room. I would tell him I had come back unexpectedly and ask to share his room. I was not acting on the note! I did not suspect her. Heaven forbid! But the thing had unnerved me. I could not stay in this place.

The hotel was quiet. A sleepy night-clerk stared at me, and I pushed past him. Garry's rooms were on the third floor. As I climbed the long stairway, my heart was beating painfully, and when I reached his door I was sadly out of breath. Through the transom I could see his light was burning.

I knocked faintly.

There was a sudden stir.

Again I knocked.

Did my ears deceive me or did I hear a woman's startled cry? There was something familiar about it—Oh, my God!

I reeled. I almost fell. I clutched at the doorframe. I leaned sickly against the door for support. Heaven help me!

"I'm coming," I heard him say.

The door was unlocked, and there he stood. He was fully dressed. He looked at me with an expression on his face I could not define, but he was very calm.

"Come in," he said.

I went into his sitting-room. Everything was in order. I would have sworn I heard a woman scream, and yet no one was in sight. The bedroom door was slightly ajar. I eyed it in a fascinated way.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Garry," I said, and I was conscious how strained and queer my voice sounded. "I got back suddenly, and there's no one at home. I want to stay here with you, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, old man; only too glad to have you."

His voice was steady. I sat down on the edge of a chair. My eyes were riveted on that bedroom door.

"Had a good drive?" he went on genially. "You must be cold. Let me give you some whisky."

My teeth were chattering. I clutched the chair. Oh, that door! My eyes were fastened on it. I was convinced I heard some one in there. He rose to get the whisky.

"Say when?"

I held the glass with a shaking hand:

"When."

"What's the matter, old man? You're ill."

I clutched him by the arm.

"Garry, there's some one in that room."

"Nonsense! there's no one there."

"There is, I tell you. Listen! Don't you hear them breathing?"

He was quiet. Distinctly I could hear the panting of human breath. I was going mad, mad. I could stand it no longer.

"Garry," I gasped, "I'm going to see, I'm going to see."

"Don't——"

"Yes, I must, I say. Let me go. I'll drag them out."

"Hold on——"

"Leave go, man! I'm going, I say. You won't hold me. Let go, I tell you, let go—Now come out, come out, whoever you are—Ah!"

It was a woman.

"Ha!" I cried, "I told you so, brother; a woman. I think I know her, too. Here, let me see—I thought so."

I had clutched her, pulled her to the light. It was Berna.

Her face was white as chalk, her eyes dilated with terror. She trembled. She seemed near fainting.

"I thought so."

Now that it seemed the worst was betrayed to me, I was strangely calm.

"Berna, you're faint. Let me lead you to a chair."

I made her sit down. She said no word, but looked at me with a wild pleading in her eyes. No one spoke.

There we were, the three of us: Berna faint with fear, ghastly, pitiful; I calm, yet calm with a strange, unnatural calmness, and Garry—he surprised me. He had seated himself, and with the greatest *sang-froid* he was lighting a cigarette.

A long tense silence. At last I broke it.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Garry?" I asked.

It was wonderful how calm he was.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it, Brother?" he said gravely.

"Yes, it couldn't look worse."

"Looks as if I was a pretty base, despicable specimen of a man, doesn't it?"

"Yes, about as base as a man could be."

"That's so." He rose and turned up the light of a large reading-lamp, then coming to me he looked me square in the face. Abruptly his casual manner dropped. He grew sharp, forceful; his voice rang clear.

"Listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"I came out here to save you, and I'm going to save you. You wanted me to believe that this girl was good. You believed it. You were bewitched, befooled, blinded. I could see it, but I had to make you see it. I had to make you realize how worthless she was, how her love for you was a sham, a pretence to prey on you. How could I prove it? You would not listen to reason: I had to take other means. Now, hear me."

"I hear."

"I laid my plans. For three months I've tried to conquer her, to win her love, to take her from you. She was truer to you than I had bargained for; I must give her credit for that. She made a good fight, but I think I have triumphed. Tonight she came to my room at my invitation."

"Well?"

"Well. You got a note. *Now, I wrote that note.* I planned this scene, this discovery. I planned it so that your eyes would be opened, so that you would see what she was, so that you would cast her from you—unfaithful, a wanton, a——"

"Hold on there," I broke in, "brother of mine or no, I won't hear you call her those names; no, not if she were ten times as unfaithful. You won't, I say. I'll choke the words in your throat. I'll kill you, if you utter a word against her. Oh, what have you done?"

"What have I done! Try to be calm, man. What have I done? Well, this is what I've done, and it's the lucky day for you I've done it. I've saved you from shame; I've freed you from sin; I've shown you the baseness of this girl."

He rose to his feet.

"Oh, my brother, I've stolen from you your mistress; that's what I've done."

"Oh, no, you haven't," I groaned. "God forgive you, Garry; God forgive you! She's not my—not what you think. She's my wife!"

CHAPTER XXII

I thought that he would faint. His face went white as paper and he shrank back. He gazed at me with wild, straining eyes.

"God forgive me! Oh, why didn't you tell me, boy? Why didn't you tell me?"

In his voice there was a note more poignant than a sob.

"You should have trusted me," he went on. "You should have told me. When were you married?"

"Just a month ago. I was keeping it as a surprise for you. I was waiting till you said you liked her and thought well of her. Oh, I thought you would be pleased and glad, and I was treasuring it up to tell you."

"This is terrible, terrible!"

His voice was choked with agony. On her chair, Berna drooped wearily. Her wide, staring eyes were fixed on the floor in pitiful perplexity.

"Yes, it's terrible enough. We were so happy. We lived so joyously together. Everything was perfect, a heaven for us both. And then you came, you with your charm that would lure an angel from high heaven. You tried your power on my poor little girl, the girl that never loved but me. And I trusted you, I tried to make you and her friends. I left you together. In my blind innocence I aided you in every way—a simple, loving fool. Oh, now I see!"

"Yes, yes, I know. Your words stab me. It's all true, true."

"You came like a serpent, a foul, crawling thing, to steal her from me, to wrong me. She was loving, faithful, pure. You would have dragged her in the mire. You——"

"Stop, brother, stop, for Heaven's sake! You wrong me."

He held out his hand commandingly. A wonderful change had come over him. His face had regained its calm. It was proud, stern.

"You must not think I would have been guilty of that," he said quietly. "I've played a part I never thought to play;

I've done a thing I never thought to have dirtied my hands in the doing, and I'm sorry and ashamed for it. But I tell you, Athol—that's all. As God's my witness, I've done you no wrong. Surely you don't think me as low as that? Surely you don't believe that of me? I did what I did for my very love for you, for your honor's sake. I asked her here that you might see what she was—but that's all, I swear it. She's been as safe as if in a cage of steel."

"I know it," I said; "I know it. You don't need to tell me that. You brought her here to expose her, to show me what a fool I was. It didn't matter how much it hurt me, the more the better, anything to save the name. You would have broken my heart, sacrificed me on the altar of your accursed pride. Oh, I can see plainly now! There's a thousand years of prejudice and bigotry concentrated in you. Thank God, I have a human heart!"

"I thought I was acting for the best!" he cried.

I laughed scornfully.

"I know it—according to your lights. You asked her here that I might see what she was. You tell me you have gained her love; you say she came here at your bidding; you swear she would have been unfaithful to me. Well, I tell you, brother of mine, in your teeth I tell you—I *don't believe you!*"

Suddenly the little, drooping figure on the chair had raised itself; the white, woe-begone face with the wide, staring eyes was turned toward me; the pitiful look had gone, and in its stead was one of wild, unspeakable joy.

(To be Concluded.)



The Woman of Mystic Cove

By

Agnes Faulknor Nelson

REX DE VOE was the first to see her. Having spent the early part of the night in whacking at mosquitoes, he was sleeping the heavy, dreamless sleep of the weary, when, just as the sun's rim appeared above the eastern horizon, the monotonous sound of a cowbell struck on the still, dew-bathed air.

De Voe awoke with a curse, his cot creaking significantly, as he stretched his long limbs preparatory to rising, and there was murder in his heart as he issued forth from the tent in his pyjamas, a single-bladed paddle in his hand. The sound of the bell came from the direction of Mystic Cove, not more than forty feet to the east of Knickerbocker Cove, and so, picking his way over the rough ground, he made for that spot.

Suddenly he dropped flat on the ground behind the trunk of an enormous pine. After a moment he peered cautiously around the tree trunk. She was still there, resting her hands on her paddle, which was thrown athwart the bow of her canoe, and De Voe knew instinctively, notwithstanding the fantastic costume of some of the campers, that she was no Sugar Islander.

His first impression was that she was a gipsy. Her heavy black hair, parted in the middle, hung over her shoulders in two long braids; a red, Mexican handkerchief, worn like the hurdy-gurdy woman's, emphasized the oval of her dusky brown face and the brilliancy of her coal-black eyes. She was not pretty, according to De Voe's comprehension of the

word, but she was decidedly picturesque in her bright colored clothing. And she seemed a creature of supple strength and buoyant health, as wide awake at sunrise as the Knickerbockers were at seven. De Voe folded his arms beneath his chin and stretched his long, lithe body on the pine-needles, wondering how long he would be compelled to remain there, while the cow, dripping wet from her swim, grazed peacefully on the grassy slope behind the cove.

At last! With a quick, light stroke of her paddle she turned the canoe about and left the cove, following the shore past Point Du Quesne and Temagami Bay, De Voe, with one wild rush after the cow, chased it from the island and stole noiselessly back to his tent.

He did not mention it to the other men. In the first place he was not particularly interested in gipsy-like girls who haunted Mystic Cove at sunrise; in the second place there was a possibility, in fact a probability, that he would only win for himself the reputation of walking in his sleep. But he was not surprised when Harry Petersen came hurrying back from Mystic Cove the following night, the water dripping from his bathing-suit, and announced that he had dived head foremost off a rock into a canoe, upsetting the canoe and its occupant, whom he discovered, when they had both regained their breath and equilibrium, to be a gipsy woman.

"Why didn't you bring her over?" asked Benjamin Franklin, greatly con-

cerned, "she'll catch her death of cold this chilly night. You're a chump, you are!"

"Wouldn't come," replied Petersen, his body shaking with deep reverberations of laughter. "She seemed a trifle surprised, but she was as cool as a cucumber over the whole affair. Splendid nerve!"

She passed the island a day or two later, alone in a launch.

"There's your gipsy, Nat!" cried Benjamin Franklin to Petersen, who was cleaning bass down at the shore, and Petersen waved his knife frantically in the air.

Immediately she responded with a handkerchief and a "*Como le va!*" in a clear, sweet treble.

"*Como le whack,*" called back Petersen, laughing.

There was scarcely a day that she did not pass the island after that—sometimes in her canoe, occasionally in a launch, and on windy days in a dinghy, which she managed with the skill of a born sailor. And always she waved her hand at Knickerbocker Cove and called out with the frank air of goodfellowship: "*Como le va!*" Some of the men began to look for her each day; others, including De Voe, resented her friendly advances.

"Don't know why she wants to wave at us," grumbled that Knickerbocker, as he rolled on the ground with Campeo, his bull-pup. "She might wait till she's introduced."

"She probably considers herself introduced to Nat," returned Karl Heidenreik, lazily preparing to take a snap-shot of Pop Moore's house-boat. And Nat's laughter rang out loud and long.

Karl half believed he knew her reason for haunting Mystic Cove, for he had found the place wonderfully attractive himself. No bay among all the islands was as deep and as narrow; as varied in its picturesqueness, with its high rocks on one side and its sloping bank of thick underbrush on the other; as calm and full of shadows from early morning to dusk; or haunted with so rare a charm. It was a spot to be silent in, to rest in, to dream in, to grow cool in.

So thought Karl as he lounged and smoked in his canoe the night of the camp-fire at Temagami Bay. A new moon

silvered the surface of the water, adding to the charm of the cove, and when a canoe glided silently past him Karl continued to smoke in dreamy abstraction. Then it suddenly occurred to him that she might consider it *her* bay, and himself *de trop*, and with a word of apology he was about to paddle away when she addressed him in that thrilling sweet voice that was an ill-match for her gipsy costume.

"Don't let me disturb you, senor," she said. "I have no right to monopolize the bay," and turned her own bow towards the opening.

Karl begged her to remain, but seized with a sudden fit of shyness departed himself, casting a lingering look over his shoulder at the picture she made as she sat erect in her red canoe, her paddle poised in indecision, the moonbeams lending a sort of witchery to her whole make-up.

* * * * *

There was no moon to herald the Knickerbocker camp-fire. The wind drove heavy, black clouds through the sky and rolled the waves up high on the beach. It was a night for roasted corn and steaming hot coffee and loud song, and the cone-shaped fire built in the open space before the tents seemed all the cosier for the gale.

"Listen! There's a putt-putt out there!" said De Voe, in the midst of a conversation.

Bennie Franklin was on his feet, straining his ears to hear the putt of the exhaust pipe. It came intermittently, then ceased altogether, and there was a cry from out in the lake.

Every Knickerbocker was on the beach before the cry could be repeated, and Bennie Franklin and De Voe, stepping into the strongest canoe, pushed out quickly from the shore. The two men, bending to their double-bladed paddles with firm, quick strokes, sent the spray dashing from their bow.

"Bet you what you like it's the woman of Mystic Cove," drawled Karl. "Just like her nerve to be out on such a night."

The others on the shore did not answer him. They waited, listening.

The canoe hove in sight, towing a heavy naptha launch. In the launch, at the wheel, stood a gipsy woman, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her hair wind-blown about her brow. De Voe allowed Bennie Franklin the pleasure of assisting her to land. He came back to the fire with a disgusted look on his handsome face.

"What's the matter?" asked Karl.

"Gasoline valve flooded," grunted De Voe. "Why does a woman want to run a launch anyway? Now I suppose they'll ask her to stay to the shin-dig."

Which was exactly what Bennie Franklin did.

"Oh, how delightful!" she exclaimed, warming her little brown hands at the fire. "It's a boys' party, is it not?"

"That's what it was," sighed De Voe.

But Petersen was more chivalrous. He came up to her, attired in his picturesque bath-robe, tall and graceful, an angelic smile playing about his wide mouth.

"Here's to the Senora, who comes to break the monotony of our boys' party," he said in low tones, raising his glass of punch to his lips. "Won't you have my seat?"

He motioned to some cushions propped against a tree, and when she had accepted it, stretched himself on the ground near her.

Someone whistled.

"Won't you tell our fortunes, senora?" he asked. "See I cross my palm with silver."

She shook her head diffidently.

"It would take too long to tell yours, *amigo mio*," was her enigmatical reply, and Petersen was seen to blush in the firelight.

"Why do you wear these clothes?" he asked with malice aforethought. "You are not a gipsy."

She drew herself up proudly, as though she questioned his right to criticize her apparel, and there was a fine air about her that the other men, with the quick perception of men who are always chivalrous in their attitude towards women, easily recognized. Karl glared at Petersen. But with a swift change of mood (and her changeableness was her chief charm) she responded with a flash of humor.

"Clothes from the beginning of the world have been mainly a question of ornament. Isn't that what Teufelsdröckh says?"

She appealed to Bennie Franklin, who shook his head.

"Don't know," he replied, "I'm not acquainted with that chap."

Karl Heidenreik laughed softly.

"From the time of the aboriginal savages," he confirmed, and a glance of understanding passed between them.

"So, for similar reasons—that is, love of decoration, due mostly to vanity—you wear your robe of many colors, and I my gipsy costume," she said, in a tone half-mocking, half-serious, as she turned again to Petersen.

With unruffled composure, she proceeded to take up in her fingers a thousand-legged creature that was crawling up her dress and to throw it over her shoulder.

Bennie Franklin gazed at her in unfeigned admiration.

"Gritty, ain't she?" he remarked in a loud whisper to De Voe, at which she blushed and threw him a friendly glance.

"I like the boy they call Bennie," she confided to Peterson. "He has such an honest, boyish face. But the long-limbed, handsome chap lying on the ground with the faraway look in his eyes—has he the sulks?"

"Come out of it, Reggie!" called Petersen. "Spruce up and be sociable."

De Voe ran his fingers through his woolly pompadour, displaying two rows of large, even, white teeth.

"It's a grand night," he remarked.

She laughed—a succession of pleasant-sounding ripples.

They talked. Suddenly she said:

"Would you not like a dish of cheese and macaroni? I could make it on the spirit lamp."

They were all delighted with the idea, and Petersen was despatched to the stores for a box of macaroni.

De Voe watched her curiously as she mixed the ingredients with deft fingers; there was no faraway look in his eyes now. Karl hovered about and offered to grate the cheese. A woman who could cook, quote Teufelsdröckh, sail a dinghy, and yet dress like a common gipsy, was in his mind a mystery worth solving. Petersen lay on the ground, smoking a cigarette, and watching her through half-closed eyes. He thought he had a key to the

enigma in the inner pocket of his bathrobe.

"Can a bed of rushes float away?" he asked casually, addressing his question to no one in particular, but keeping his eyes focused on the cook.

"Can cows swim?" asked De Voe.

"Yes, cows can swim," said the Woman of Mystic Cove, "but I was not aware of the fact until the other morning. I had an object lesson."

"To return to the question of rushes," resumed Petersen, with serene good-nature, "would you call it a phenomenon to go to bed at night with the view of a clear bay from your open tent, and to wake up in the morning to find the bay choked up with bullrushes five feet high? Isn't that rather rapid for one night's growth?"

"Temagami Bay?" questioned the men in surprise. "Are they still there?"

"No. The commodore ordered them to be set afloat again, but they were there this morning."

"Must have floated down from Camelot," said Bennie Franklin. "They're the only rushes near."

The gipsy looked up from her dish of steaming macaroni.

"Camelot!" said she. "What a pretty name!"

"It is a government-reserve island," volunteered Karl. "There's a deep semi-circular bay at the head of it completely hidden by rushes."

"I wasn't as lucky as Pharoah's daughter," continued Petersen, rolling another cigarette, but I found something in the rushes, too."

The men were curious to know what he had found, but the gipsy displayed no interest whatever. She poured the water off the macaroni, putting in the other ingredients, which she had mixed together in a bowl, and in a few minutes announced that it was ready to serve.

She was surrounded by a circle of hungry men, each bearing his own saucer.

"Gee! did you ever taste such stuff?" cried Bennie Franklin, licking his lips.

She laughed, amused at his frank way of complimenting, and announced suddenly that she must go. Her launch was pounding against the docks in a way that threatened to break its sides.

"You can't go alone," said Karl Heidenreich. "That's one thing certain. Which one of us will you have to run your boat?"

She glanced from one to another and hesitated, her cheeks a reddish-brown.

"I'll take Bennie," she said finally, and Bennie, puffing out his chest, walked down to the dock with a bit of a swagger.

"Won't you have my robe?" asked Petersen, to show that there was no ill-feeling. "It's cold on the river."

"Gracias, I will," she replied, and he took it off and held it for her.

They were left alone for a moment.

"Why did you call me *Senora*?" she asked in a low voice. "Why not *senorita*?"

"I looked at your left hand."

She glanced down at her ringless hand with a puzzled look in her dark eyes.

"There's a white streak there that has never been tanned," explained Petersen, with his broad Irish smile.

She bit her lips.

"I see that you are very observant," she said, the color flooding her face. Then she went down to the dock.

"There's something in the pocket of my robe which I imagine belongs to you," Petersen called to her, as Bennie Franklin shoved off from the dock.

Her answer was inaudible.

"What was in your pocket, Pete?" demanded De Voe, as the launch and the canoe disappeared.

"It was some lines in Spanish," Petersen said as they went back to the fire. "They were rolled up and tied with a red ribbon. She's a Spanish actress."

"I wonder where she's camping," said De Voe. "It must be near Sugar."

Bennie Franklin, returning later in his own canoe, which he had towed behind the launch, added little to their knowledge.

"She's camping in a house-boat, moored in the bay at head of Camelot," he informed them. "She had the rushes loosened to make a channel for the launch, and that high wind last night must have floated them down here. I heard a man's voice in the house-boat. Here's your coat, Pete."

Pete extended a hand for the bathrobe.

"Did she find something in the pocket?" she asked carelessly.

"Yes, a roll of paper. Seemed mighty glad to get it, too. '*O, mi manuscrito!*' she cried.

"That destroys your actress theory," said Karl, in a tone of relief. "She's a playwright."

She came no more to Mystic Cove. The men missed her daily salute, and when three days had gone by without having even a distant glimpse of her, it was De Voe himself who proposed that they paddle over to Camelot by moonlight and serenade her. They paddled silently along the north shore of the island, then broke irresistibly into song, accompanied by a banjo they had borrowed for the occasion:

"How we loved that macaroni!
That cheese and macaroni!
O, nothing is in it,
No, not for a minute,
With cheese and macaroni."

No answer came from the bay behind the rushes. Someone gave the Knickerbocker call and a loon swimming near gave back a lonesome "Oo-oo!"

"She's gone," said Bennie Franklin, and four canoes full of sheepish men turned and made for Sugar Island again.

* * * * *

Four months later the Knickerbockers went into the Waldorf one cold night on

their way home from the theatre. As all the tables in the Palm Room were occupied they stood for a few moments in the hall until a place should be made for them.

Suddenly a woman descending the wide stairway attracted their attention. A certain distinction in her carriage, the poise of the head, and the light of jewels on the bodice of her gown first drew their eyes. There was something strangely familiar about her—whether it was in the olive-tinted skin or the coal-black eyes she turned for the merest fraction of a second in their direction before she joined a group of people, among whom some of them recognized the Spanish ambassador.

"Gee!" said Karl Heidenreik, taking a long breath. "I'm going to the register."

He returned presently with an odd look in his big, blue eyes.

"She's the Duquessa de Valenciana, wife of one of the old grandees of Spain," he informed them. "The elderly man with the white moustache is her husband, the Duque de Valenciana. Sorry you snubbed her, Reggie?"

De Voe shrugged his shoulders, but it was Bennie Franklin who spoke.

"Well, she may be all that," he said, condescendingly, "but all the same she's a dandy good sport."

"Table!" called the head waiter, and the Knickerbockers filed slowly into the Palm Room.





Her Excellency's Music Room

The Ducal Palace at Ottawa

By

W. Arnot Craick

IT is a far cry from Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace to Rideau Hall.

The contrast is immense. With an Aberdeen, or a Minto, or a Grey in the gubernatorial chair, Canadians did not mind so much that Government House should be so markedly inferior to the residences of royalty, but when a scion of the royal house arrives on the scene to take his place as tenth Governor-General of this expansive Dominion, there is just a tinge of shame that he and his, accustom-

ed to the luxuries of palaces, should be housed so comparatively poorly. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, really very few Canadians have ever seen Government House, much less entered it, and little do they care what the place looks like so long as the roof doesn't leak and the walls keep out the wind. In this democratic land there is plenty of respect for authority and consideration for health and comfort, but very little pampering of privilege.



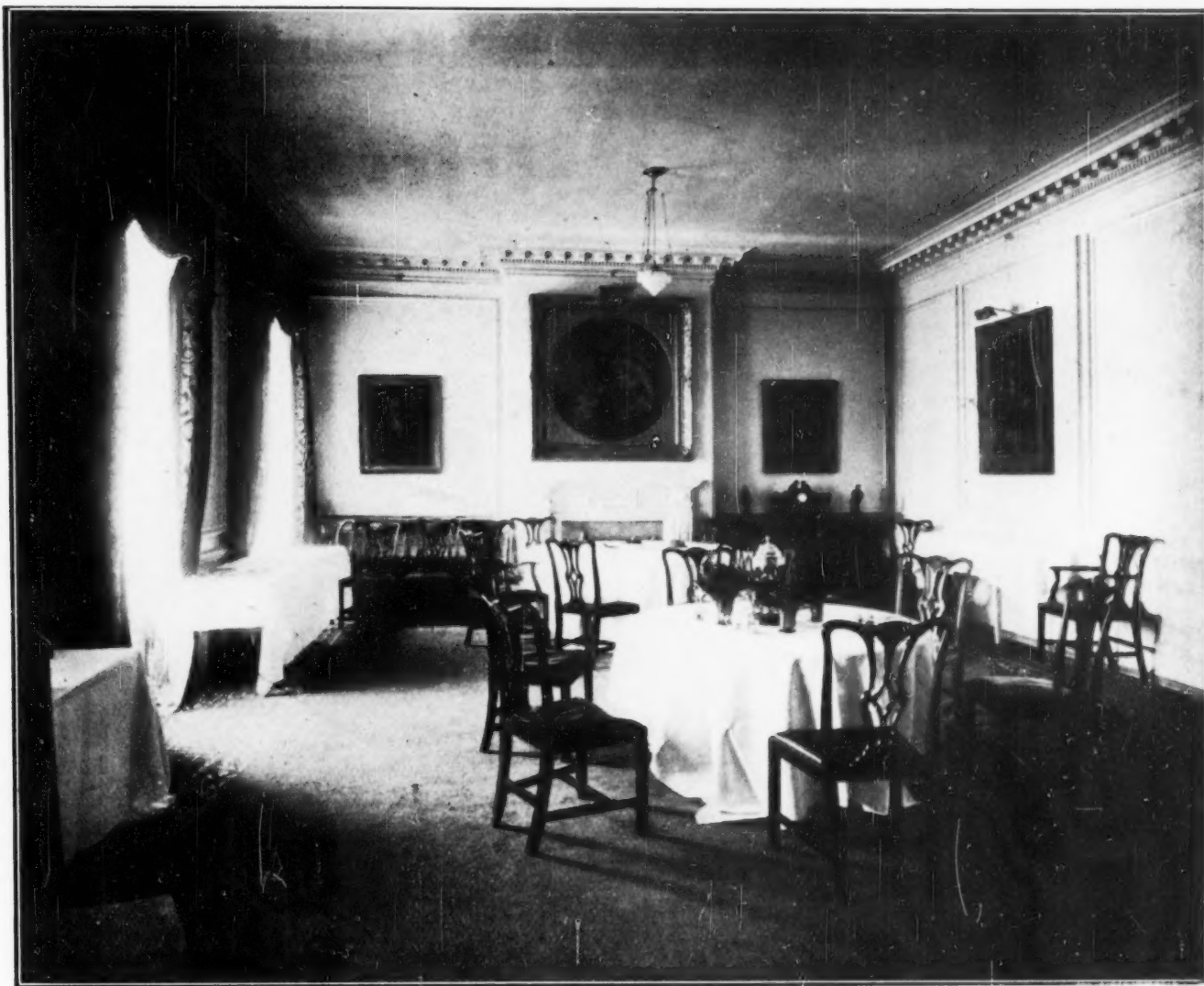
The "A.D.C.'s" Room

It is, after all, only by contrast that Rideau Hall suffers. It has absolutely no form or comeliness, when compared with many another gubernatorial residence, but for all practical purposes it is a very comfortable and unassuming old place, quite good enough in the eyes of most common-sense people for anybody's home, be he king, duke or commoner. Only those who still cherish a little reverence for the divine right of kings will have misgivings at placing a royal duke in such a queer, wandering, ramshackle old house.

In this strenuous land houses, as well as people, have a way of growing old before their time. As compared with many a country mansion in the old land, Rideau Hall is merely a child, and yet it has about it all the signs of venerable old age. It has had a chequered career. It has been overhauled and patched so many times that it is to-day but a semblance of

its former self. In the conglomerate mass of wings, towers and gables, which surround and cover it, the original building is buried away and lost to view.

Built originally in the year 1838 by one of the magnates of the day, called Thomas Mackay, it was a nine days' wonder to the good people of Bytown, who looked across at the "Castle," as it was called, from the future site of Canada's capital, and whispered beneath their breath about the extraordinary wealth of a man who could afford to build such a wonderful house in the backwoods. The place became famous not only because it was a remarkably fine mansion to be built on the very fringe of civilization, but because of the abundant hospitality of its owner and his charming daughters. "Mackay's Castle" was the show place of Bytown, standing there so romantically amid its splendid acres of wood and field,



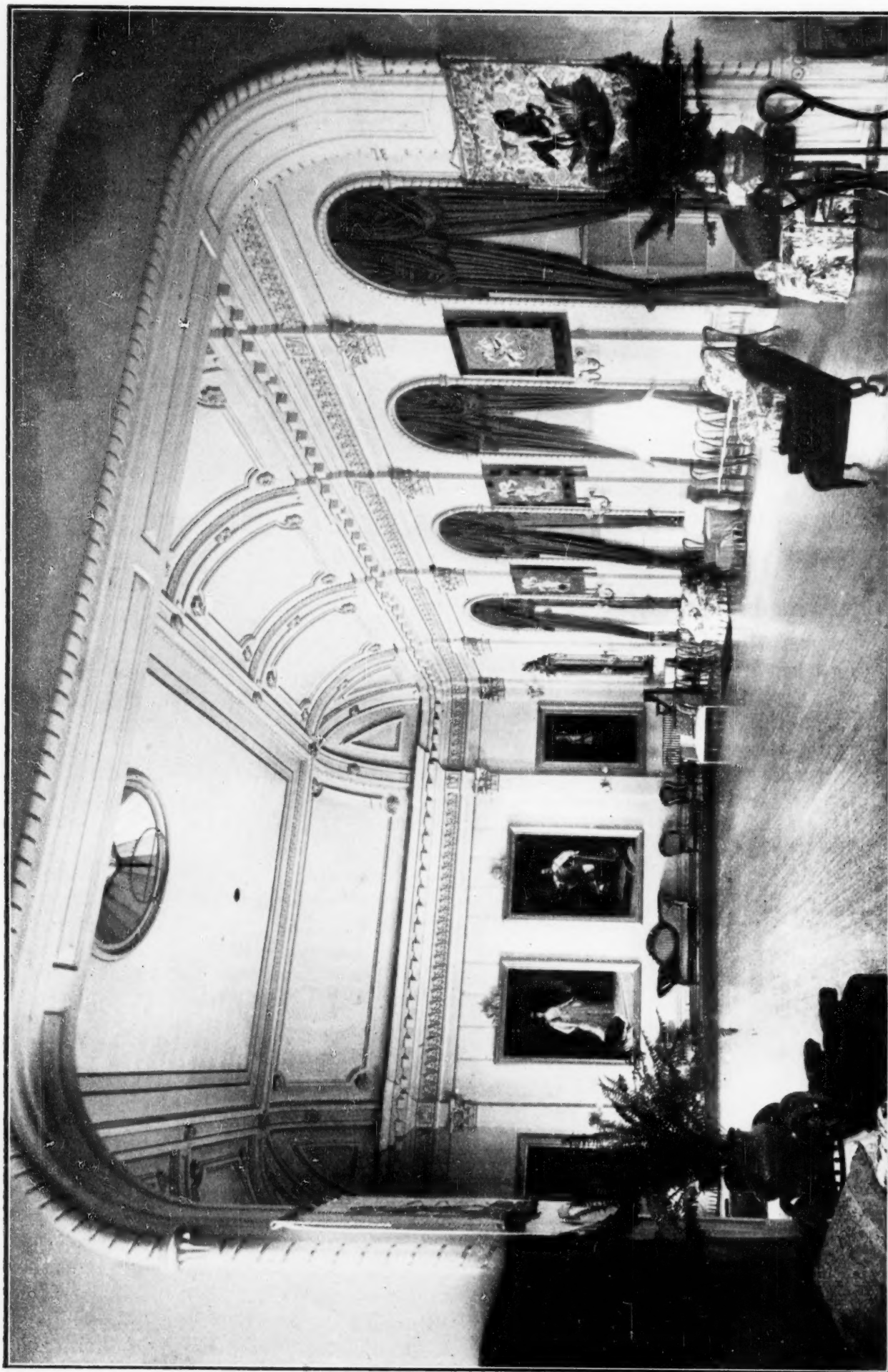
The Dining Room

and beneath its roof was entertained many a titled visitor, who came to Bytown to watch the picturesque operations of the lumbermen. The late King Edward VII., when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Canada in 1860, was a guest at Rideau Hall, and practically all the Governors before Confederation spent some time there.

When Bytown was transformed at one stroke into Ottawa and the capital of the future Dominion, it became necessary for the Government to select a fitting habitation for the Governor-General. What more natural than that Rideau Hall, situated so beautifully on the outskirts of the little city, should appeal to the members of the Cabinet as the very place for the purpose? It was leased as a preliminary in 1865, and purchased for eighty thousand dollars in 1868. There are not wanting those who blame the Government of that day, and particularly the Minister

of Public Works, for not proceeding at once to demolish the old house and rear a fine new building on its site, suited to the rank and dignity of its future occupants. But it must be remembered that the Canada of 1867 was very, very far from being the Canada of 1911. Its population was sparse and its revenues were small. Moreover, Rideau Hall was in those days an astonishingly fine house, and in comparison with the homes of even the wealthiest people, a residence of much distinction. So, instead of tearing it down, it was fixed up for the reception of His Somewhat Impecunious Excellence, the Right Honorable Viscount Monck, G. C. M. G., the first Governor-General of the Dominion.

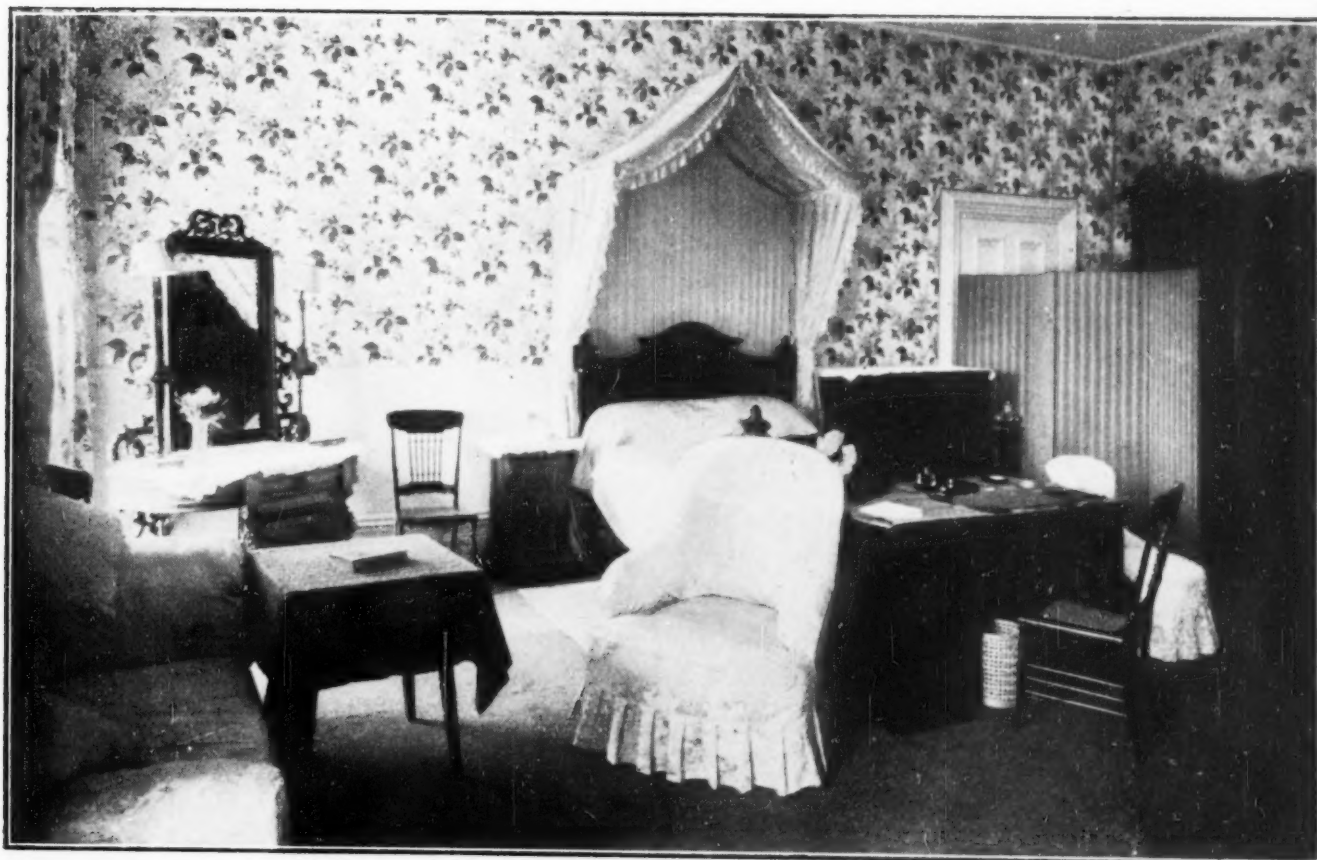
Since the days when Lord Monck was accustomed to borrow horses to haul the vice-regal carriage to the city, eight viceroys have dwelt at Rideau Hall, for per-



THE SCENE OF THE GAYEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED SOCIAL AFFAIRS IN CANADA — THE BALL ROOM IN THE
NEW HOME OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN OTTAWA.



His Excellency's Bed Chamber



One of the many "Visitor's" Rooms



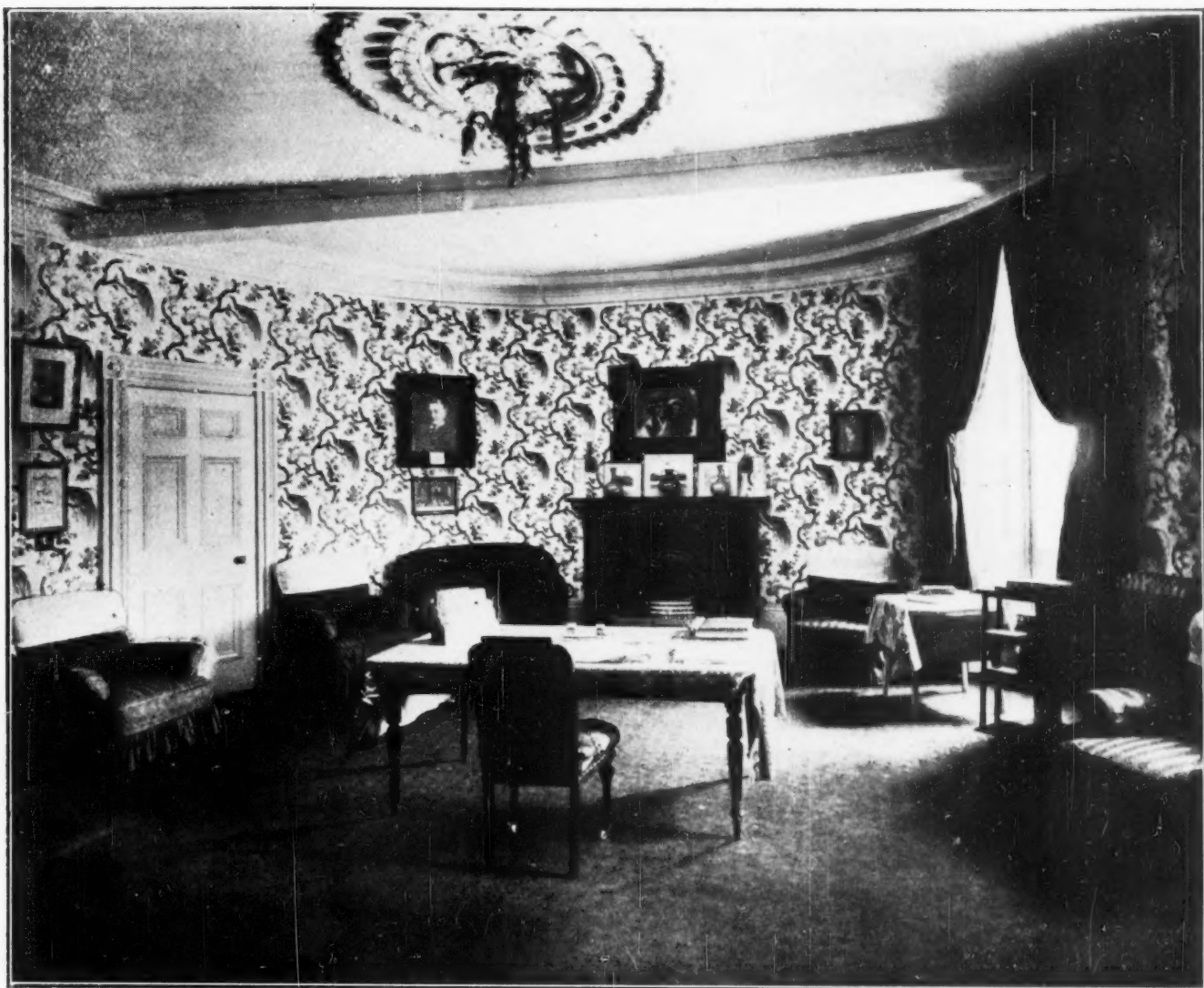
A corner in the Drawing Room

iods ranging from five to six years. Their regimes have been marked by the addition to this and that feature to what has become a veritable patchwork Government House. The ball-room, practically the one apartment of any marked distinction in the building, was a product of the jolly days of the Earl of Dufferin. The racquet court, a big bare ugly barn of a place, dates from the time of the Marquis of Lorne. The little chapel was added in the period when the Earl of Aberdeen occupied the Hall, and the second tower and a large section of the conservatories will in future years serve to recall the regime of His Excellency Earl Grey. In this way the history of the viceroys is imbedded in the walls of Government House.

Rideau Hall possesses one great redeeming feature, and that is its charming location. In full view from the windows of the house, across an intervening stretch of level ground are the Government build-

ings, rising picturesquely on Parliament Hill. Beneath and around them rise the roofs of the city. In the opposite direction lie the wooded hills of Rockcliffe Park, with its charming roads and footpaths. Between, stretches the broad expanse of the lordly Ottawa river, rolling majestically eastwards, and beyond there are the hills of Quebec, with their ever-changing coloring and variety—altogether a scene to stir the hearts of poets.

Were there not the rather official-looking gates, the lodge, the extensive grounds and an occasional glimpse of uniforms among the trees, one would be inclined to pass Rideau Hall by, and look for Government House elsewhere. But all these evidences point to the presence of authority, and the visitor enters the grounds. From only one side of the Hall is there any semblance of symmetry or charm in its appearance. This aspect, which is the one shown in practically all photograph-



"The Oval Room" — A Waiting Room

of Government House, may lay claim to some respect, giving one the impression of a comfortable and unpretentious English country-house—a resemblance which will probably become more and more noticeable as the visitor proceeds on his way.

Despite the somewhat ramshackle appearance of the Hall, there is notwithstanding a certain degree of impressiveness about the place, inspired, no doubt, by the strict formality which is always observed within its portals. The entrance hall may be old-fashioned, its floor may be covered with oilcloth from which the pattern has been obliterated here and there by the passage across it of countless feet, but one never forgets that through it have moved a long succession of famous men and women, and their presence even in memory is sufficient to redeem it from complete unworthiness.

The ball-room to the left of the en-

trance hall is a large and handsome apartment. Its lofty ceilings and well-chosen decorations, with the portraits of the late King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and previous Governors-General of Canada, render it quite an imposing room. It has been the scene of many a famous and brilliant event in the social history of the Dominion. Here the state balls have taken place and the state dinners. Here on many occasions amateur theatricals have been performed and such other celebrations and festivities as have marked the course of each viceroy's regime.

Occupying a similar position to the right of the entrance hall is the white-elephant of a racquet court. It may be a useful appendage to the house and may afford convenient room for indoor tennis and other games, but attached as it is to the most prominent corner of the building, it is far from being a thing of beauty.



The Governor-General's Study

It is reached through an octagonal waiting-room in one of the two towers and the billiard room. An ingenious arrangement of canvas suspended from a pole, which crosses the court, can be used to convert the place into the semblance of a big tent or marquee, and here on the night of the state ball, refreshments are served, with a fair approximation to an outdoor setting.

Leading directly from the main entrance and reached by a flight of steps ascending from the entrance hall, is a narrow hall or passageway, which extends almost the entire length of the building. From it open on either side the principal rooms of the house. It is carpeted in crimson, as are most of the apartments, and the rich color with the pure white of the doorways and panelling give an appearance of warmth and brightness throughout. Large photographs of such

important events in recent Canadian history as the Quebec Tencentenary and the memorial service in Toronto to the late King Edward are hung from the walls, and other curios find places here and there in cabinets and cases.

First come several of the offices of the Governor-General's staff, including that of the Comptroller of the Household. Beyond on the right lie the drawing-room, Her Excellency's private sitting-room and the Governor-General's office and study. To the left is the dining-room. All four apartments are large, bright and comfortably, but not showily, furnished. His Excellency's study is a new room, occupying the ground floor of the second tower, which was only recently added to the Hall. Passing on towards the rear, the visitor reaches the private rooms of the aides and the other members of the household—small and very plainly furnished,

though occupied for the most part by young men of distinguished birth. Then he emerges into the conservatories, which are alike the pride and glory of Rideau Hall. They have been considerably enlarged under the superintendence of Countess Grey, who is extremely fond of flowers, and is a clever amateur gardener. Extending back fully two hundred and fifty feet, they contain an immense variety of flowering plants and provide a charming retreat for the lover of nature during the rigorous months of winter. A palm house in the centre rises to a considerable height and is provided with comfortable seats for lounging. The only other apartment in the house worthy of note is the little chapel, which has not been used by Earl Grey and his family except on the occasion of deaths in the family. It will probably be occupied again by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who may prefer the seclusion of a private chapel to the conspicuousness of a pew in any of the Ottawa churches.

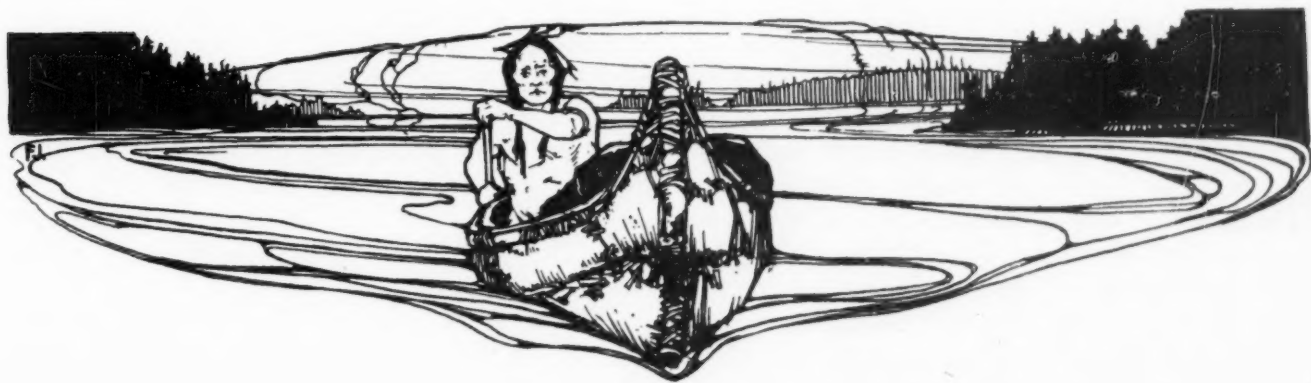
Situated quite close to the Hall is a large skating rink, with commodious dressing, promenade and refreshment rooms, and here during the winter months it has been the custom of the Canadian viceroy to entertain the more youthful members of Ottawa society on Saturday afternoons. This is a form of amusement which has always been prominently associated with life at Government House, and the scene presented on the rink and the adjacent toboggan slide is a brilliant and animated one. Attached to the open rink is a covered curling rink, where the

Governor-General and his more sedate friends can enjoy the excitement of the roarin' game.

Outdoor forms of entertainment are always preferred at Rideau Hall, because of the lack of facilities for catering to the comfort of guests inside. Skating parties in winter and garden parties in summer are therefore of frequent occurrence and are enjoyed by large crowds of people.

Government House becomes the scene of a variety of entertainments, particularly during the months when Parliament is in session. A state dinner marks the opening of the session and a state ball is usually held towards its close. Interspersed between come a host of smaller dinners and other entertainments of a less formal character. In addition, visitors of distinction who come to Ottawa are generally entertained at the Hall. Particularly was this the case under the regime of Earl Grey, who took a deep interest in science, literature and art and delighted in having about him men famous in these pursuits.

The conversion of Rideau Hall into a ducal palace will probably involve a considerable change in the way of doing things in that already historic house. A miniature court will be held within its walls, which will recall to mind the days when the Princess Louise lived beneath its roof. Whatever the outcome may be, the regime of H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, will at least serve to add some interesting associations and memories to Canada's Government House.



The Appeal of Fall

By

Edwin L. Sabin

IN my Bartlett's "Quotations" I find several lines upon "autumn," but none upon "fall"—save "by dividing we fall," "fain would I climb yet fear to fall," "pride will have a fall," "what a fall was there," etc. Yet, after all, why not that last—eh? "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Sure! I maintain that this is a cryptogram, and that Shakespeare (or Bacon) delivers it with a double meaning. He knew. "What a fall was there" when he (like us) was young!

Spring has been termed the season of youth. Why, especially? So it is—but so is summer, and fall, and winter. So is Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and every day, skipping Sunday. Sunday shall be the season of age, if you like—or at least it used to be that, when starchiness, squeaking shoes, and general gloom combated the very sunniest, blithesomest out-of-doors that God in his gracious goodness might send.

However, this essay is not upon Sunday, nor upon Monday, Tuesday, and the rest; but upon fall—the truly fall, as much a season of youth as any spring ever caracoled over by poet-spurred Pegasus. In fact, fall belongs to youth; and the intrusion or the inclusion therein of rheumaticky, fearful age is a mistake—or, at the most, but a necessary measure in order to provide the barrels of apples and the new sausage with which fall announces arrival.

The first sign of fall is school. Through the rollicking, free-lance summer the school-house has been muzzled, and, dumb and impotent, has been obliged to glower in vain as, all careless of it, you and yours have ambled past. You even

have played in the very yard, and have emerged unscathed. But all too soon, one morning, it shows symptoms of awakening from its enforced lethargy. Its windows blink open, its mouth yawns, and from its cavernous depths issue thumps and stamping and clouds of dust! The dratted janitor is busy stirring it up, poking it into life, as if he might be poking a slumberous behemoth. Doesn't the janitor ever forget? Never! On the contrary, he seems delighted to remember!

It is no use counting up the few remaining days of summer. The janitor is an unmistakable weather-breeder. The oftener you count the days, the fewer they are; and Mother expeditiously extracts the blamed old books from seclusion. She doesn't forget, any more than does the janitor.

"Aren't you glad to have school begin again, Johnny?" invites the fatuous and kindly Elder Person.

Naw! Was he, or she, when in your estate? You bet not. The only fun about it is that you will have a new teacher; but this is a mild and transient excitement.

Along the line of school, fall would appear to concern principally the head. But it concerns the feet also. They share in the feeling of incarceration by which the regime of school is marked. Confined and swollen and stiff, they must hobble and thump about in shoes; and thus pent, for a few days they are as unhappy and as ungainly as any other animals who have been pastured out.

New school-books and new school-teacher alike have been worn common, and now the evenings are perceptibly longer, so that the "you may play till eight o'clock"

injunction stretches out into the fascinating envelope of dark.

The days are golden (but all days are golden); the evenings have a certain chilliness—as if winter might be encamped over the hill and were making his survey of the promised land under cover of the dusk. By this warning, it is time to set up the stoves and to bank up the house.

The stoves (which are set up by Father, Mother overseeing, Maggie-the-girl helping, you attending as an eager non-combatant) appear as old friends, and lend an air of dignity and preparedness to parlor and sitting-room. With the house banked, the stoves up, coal and apples and potatoes in the cellar, wood in the shed, the future is secure; for the fortress of home is stocked and victualled.

Not as in these degenerate days when we live hand to mouth—that is to say, by grace of daily delivery from grocer, drug-store, and dry-goods counter—were potatoes bought by the sack and apples by the dozen. In yon corner bin, where the cellar was darkest, reposed potatoes by the sack, for winter consumption; and ranged opposite were a barrel of russets, a barrel of wine-saps, and a barrel of greenings. But all this pales to insignificance, when Father recites again, for general delectation, the proud fact that back on the farm, *his* father (who was your grandfather) every fall put into the cellar (an enormous cellar!) forty barrels of cider; and every drop was gone by the end of next harvest-time!

Well, there aren't any barrels of cider in *your* cellar; and if there were, and it got hard, you couldn't drink it, because you have signed the pledge. Cider comes only by the jug, at Thanksgiving, or for mince-pies.

Yes, even the days have a tinge of crispiness. Somebody has sighted a flock of wild ducks southward bound, over the town; and everybody knows that when the ducks and geese fly, it is a sure sign of winter. Mother exhumes from the closet drawers and from the trunks in the attic the household's fall plumage in guise of "medium weight" underwear, which all must don. Other mothers have issued an edict in like vein, so that the school-room smells pleasantly of camphor and of moth-balls.

Nuts are getting ripe; and white ethics and gastronomy demand that gleaners wait until after the first frost, no one (who is smart) does wait, except, perhaps, in the case of chestnuts. But hazel-nuts and hickory-nuts and walnuts and butternuts must be gathered betimes or not at all. There always are the squirrels and the blue-jays and the kids who don't go to school to contend with.

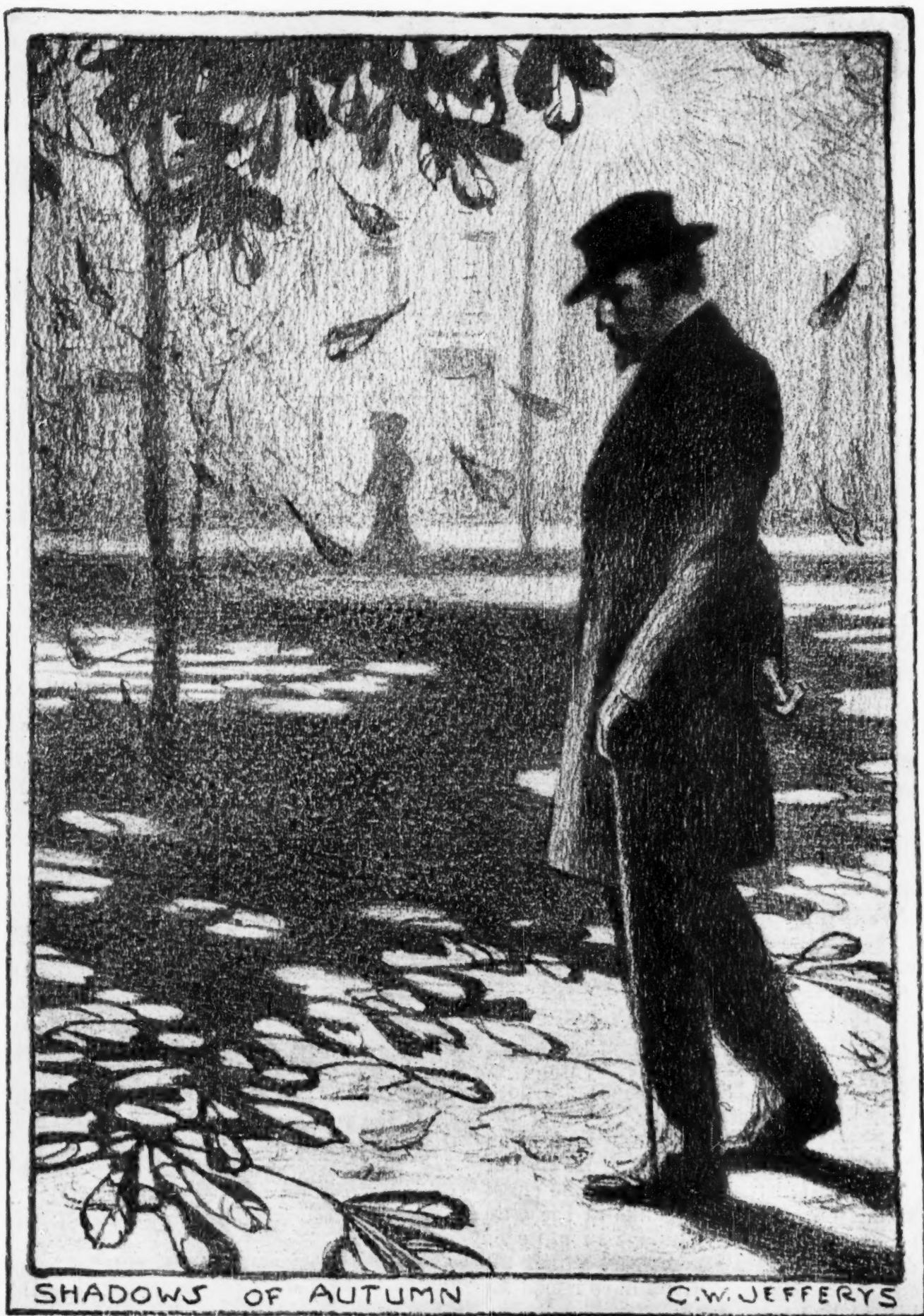
So the spoils are sacked and toted home, to be spread upon the woodshed roof or the roof of the back porch, there to ripen at their security and leisure—by eagle eye of you and Maggie-the-girl guarded from predatory jay.

Now are *you* stocked up, in your private store. Apples in the cellar, nuts on the roof! Aye, this is fat fall!

By fits and starts crisper grow the mornings and the evenings, and even earlier comes the dusk, so that there is a long reading-space betwixt supper and bed—a time in which Injuns may be slain, and pioneer times may be lived again; in which occur discussions upon domestic or foreign affairs, by Father and Mother; or in which, failing of other entertainment, you and Johnny Schmidt, next door, may play at marbles on the carpet.

The delirious excitement of Hallowe'en approaches, culminates, and reluctantly passes, for another year. And now there is frost o' mornings. Mother's begonias must be hustled in, and her geraniums; and in the south window is built up, on the wire tiers, the customary pyramid of plants—Mother's cherished proteges who must have the best of the winter's sunshine.

The leaves are dropping fast, so that all the front yard is littered with those from the maples, and all the back yard with those from the apple-trees. With these the house is banked at the foundations, from ground to first clap-boards; with these the rose-bushes and the pansies and the violets and clove pinks must be bedded, at Mother's direction; and the remainder also must be raked, but for the burning. Presently this after-school labor brings its reward in shape of bonfires. Along the street the flames are leaping, the smoke is eddying, as if the town is lighting beacons against the nearing host of winter. Around the bonfires may you and your fellows gambol and parade, per-



forming reckless prodigies of prank and dance.

The sunsets are red, answering back with winter's bael-fires upon the horizon. Ducks and geese fly continuously—and some night all the air is vibrant with tumultuous honking as in cohort after cohort the alarmed migrants stream for the south. That is a sign, not even the veriest dullard can mistake. And after school Mother takes you down-town and buys you the boots—the winter boots—the annual boots with red-and-gilt tops and copper toes—the boots which are intended to last you through till spring!

And what is before these boots—what scuffing and scraping and sliding and soaking and freezing—ere, shorn of their pristine freshness and of pretty much every other original attribute, they are cast into the desolation of the alley, only such boots know.

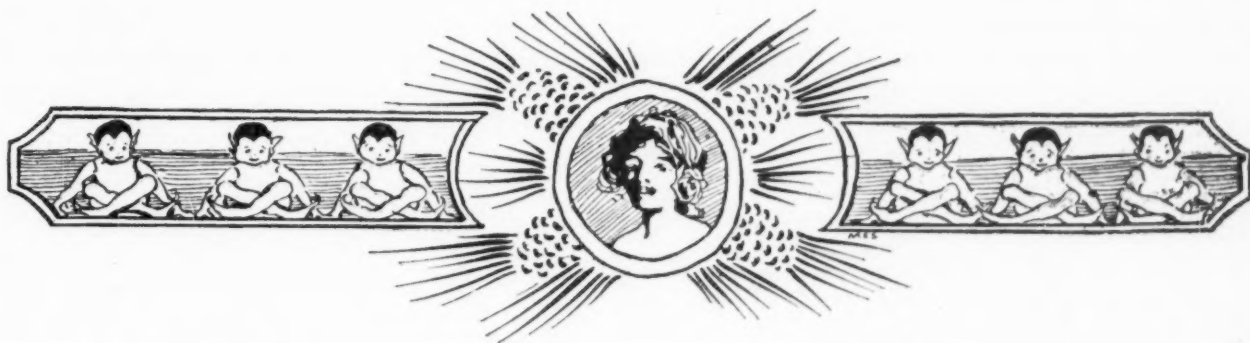
That very night it comes: the cold wave. It rushes down from the north, driving before it the geese, and shakes the house and howls above your bed. But you may rest oblivious to external events, until intern-

al events apprise you thereof. For early in the morning Father has arisen, to make in the hard-coal stove of the parlor that fire which (he fondly expects) will not go out all winter. The heralding scent of warmed polish is wafted up to you, announcing the crisis. To this you awaken.

And hurrah! For, bless us, this is winter—or very much like it, asserts Mother.

"Cold as Greenland," asserts Father. Keen and gusty is the November air, as the gray clouds scud across the pale sky. The porch vents its first, familiar cracking as you step upon it, reconnoitring. The sitting-room (which is also the dining-room and breakfast-room and supper-room) stove exhales its cheery warmth, and the obstinate and sluggish parlor stove exhales its odor of polish.

And hurrah! Here is a change, and changes are welcome. Bluffy arrayed for winter—in comrade mittens and comrade scarf and comrade cap—and further accoutred with those new boots, may you stump forth, cringing not, but gleefully receptive of weather whatsoever that may be, and ready to bid winter, if this be winter, hail.



IN VAIN

On through the years he toils to reach success,
That, winning, he may lay it at her feet,
While every day her hungry eyes entreat
Life's dearest boon to her, his least caress.

—J. P. H.—

Saving Time in English Business Life

By

Hamilton Adams

TIME-WASTING in modern business routine may seem almost an impossibility, but it is safe to say that the average business man in Canada burns up enough time in useless interviews with every Tom, Dick and Harry, who sends in his business card, as would enable him nearly to double his working capacity. I refer to the average business man,—the fellow who gets down to the office in the grey of the morning, who keeps his nose at the grindstone all day and who must of necessity handle a lot of detail work,—not that exceedingly rare but nevertheless valuable kind of a man, who by some extraordinary power races Father Time to a finish early in the day.

Business men in Canada, taken as a whole, are distinguished by their accessibility. It is no very serious problem for a stranger, no matter what his mission, so it be a legitimate one, to secure admission to the private office of even the biggest manufacturer. I have known young canvassers or salesmen after a weary day's tramp about the streets of a Canadian city, return to headquarters, quite unsuccessful in their particular canvass, but smiling cheerfully none the less because of the kindly way they have been treated. This accessibility of the Canadian business man is at once his glory and his shame. He becomes the victim of a raft of callers, who prey on his precious time, dislocate his plans and curtail his effectiveness. Dearly indeed does he pay for his reputation for courtesy.

In this respect, the Canadian has little to learn by way of improvement and reform from his American confrere. If any differentiation in method is discoverable, it will be found that the American business man is even more approachable, more polite and more courteous than the Canadian business man. It is true that he may be a little quicker to dismiss a caller, who cannot show that he has a good proposition to discuss and can discuss it intelligently, but, notwithstanding, the tendency to receive and listen to every caller who sends in his card, exists quite as markedly in the United States as in Canada and there is a similar waste of valuable time.

Now the Englishman in his business life adopts quite a different attitude. If accessibility characterizes the Canadian business man inaccessibility distinguishes his British brother. It is figuratively as hard for the visitor to break into the Englishman's business castle, as it was in the olden days for the robber bands to break into a nobleman's feudal tower. He is hedged around with all manner of devices to protect the sanctity of his private office. There is practically only one way to get at him and that is by hanging out the white flag and craving the indulgence of a special interview, whenever it shall suit the great man.

From the standpoint of the man on the outside, this English system is a very disagreeable, and oftentimes even an offensive one, but looking at it in the reverse

way, it has many good points. That a vast amount of time is saved, goes without saying. That a great deal of indiscriminate canvassing is discouraged is also apparent.

To illustrate the extreme to which the British system may be carried, the recent experience of a young Canadian on a visit to London might be related. This young man carried with him several letters of introduction to London business men. He took the first of these letters one morning in person to the office of the man to whom it was addressed. The letter had been written by a personal friend of the latter, in Canada, and in New York it would have ensured him a warm welcome, but in London its reception was somewhat after this fashion,—the uniformed dignitary at the main entrance, on being asked if Mr. So-and-So was in, replied, "Yes, he's in. Have you an appointment with him?" On being informed that there was 'no appointment arranged,' he replied, "Mr. So-and-So never sees any one except by appointment. You had better write him a letter and ask for an appointment." The visitor, feeling very much repulsed, hereupon produced his letter of introduction, and requested that it be delivered to Mr. So-and-So. He was confident that this would prove an open sesame, but to his dismay, word came back to him that Mr. So-and-So was very much occupied at present, but would be pleased to see him at twelve o'clock Friday, three days later on.

The visitor called at the appointed time and, as if by magic, on the presentation of his card, obsequious attendants took charge of him, doors opened before him, and presto! he was seated in a bright little office, with a cheery fire, and in friendly converse with the head of the firm. At the end of the interview, the visitor was invited to dine with the latter a few days later at one of the London clubs. The intercourse between the two was of an almost intimate nature as a result of the two meetings and the Canadian felt that he had gained the friendship of the Englishman.

So far so good. The reader may be inclined to say. "That's perfectly satisfactory. Once you learn the ropes and know how to do it, you're all right." But, listen to the sequel to this little story. A

week or so later the Canadian had occasion to call once more at this particular office. He went there, in fact, to say good-bye to the Englishman, feeling under some degree of obligation to him for his hospitality. To his astonishment his card had apparently lost its efficacy. After some insistence, he succeeded in having it taken in to the Englishman's private office, but even that was of no avail. The rule of the office could not be broken for anybody, he was told. It was quite as binding as any of the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It would be foolish to maintain that such treatment is at all general in England. This is an isolated case, serving to show the extreme to which the inaccessibility idea is carried in some offices. But it is nevertheless true that with very few exceptions, it is impossible to see the English business man except by definite appointment. The same young Canadian soon learned this. After presenting two or three of his letters in person and being repulsed every time, he came to the conclusion that he could accomplish his purpose just as effectively by writing letters, explaining his mission and asking for appointments. To all his letters he received prompt replies, arranging for early interviews and, when the time came for these interviews, he found to his satisfaction that he was received promptly. There was no loss of time either for him or for the man upon whom he called.

The British system (for there is much the same state of affairs in Scotland as in England) has many points in its favor which should commend it to business men on this side of the Atlantic. Of its drawbacks something will be said later, but meanwhile there can be no valid objection to the contention that it is a splendid time saver. Britons may be slow workers, may be most conservative in their methods, and may be old-fashioned in many of their ideas, but they build exceedingly sure. Steady, uninterrupted labor tells in the long run, and the fact that a business man can, if he wishes, concentrate on a given task for days at a time, without having fresh and divergent ideas thrust on his attention at intervals, helps him immensely.

I once asked a Londoner whether he thought that the average English business

man accomplished more than the average American, and he replied that he felt quite confident that he did, just for the very reason that he conserved his time better. "You see," said he, "we get to work pretty early and we stay at it late. There is something about our climate which makes it possible for us to work long hours without wearying ourselves in the same way as you do in America. And then we take good care only to see people who have some definite business to transact with us. The man who comes along and has nothing to propose in which we would be interested never gets a chance to see us."

The weakest spot in this way of handling callers is that the business man may really lose more by refusing to see a visitor than he will gain. It is conceivable that a most unlikely arrival at the outer barrier may have some idea fertilizing in his brain which would be of immense value to the firm. The Canadian business man, because he is willing to see everybody with at least the semblance of gentility about them, captures the idea and

profits by it. The Englishman, like as not, lets it slip. The former assumes the attitude of a learner; he feels that there is no ground where some treasure may not lie hidden, and he is willing to take a chance to find it. The latter ignores chance and sticks to the narrower road of certainty.

It is pretty much a matter for personal decision as to what is the wisest course to pursue. There is no doubt about it that Canadians waste a lot of time in interviews which are at best often simply gossiping junkets. There is likewise, no doubt, but that many business men would find the adoption of the English system, even in a modified form, of considerable benefit. Particularly would this be the case among that large body of men who have not yet attained the point where it would be possible for them to relegate the handling of details to assistants. Once a man is free of details, he would be foolish not to open his mind to the reception of new ideas and his door to the reception of all kinds of visitors.

MARY ANN MAGEE

I mind the day I sailed away
From Mary Ann Magee.
"I'll shure remimber you," she says,
"Mind you remimber me."
I mind the kiss she give me, too,
That all the folks might see
Young Tim Malone was all her own,
An' she, my Ann Magee.

I mind the day I sailed away
To Mary Ann Magee.
As I remimbered her that day,
Shure she'd remimber me.
We called on Father John that night,
An' 'twasn't long till he
Made Missis Mary Ann Malone
Of Mary Ann Magee.

—J. P. H.

Redwing

By

Mrs. James Atwood

SOMEWHERE along the boundary line between British Columbia and Washington the frosts of September nights were fast clothing the vegetation in the flaring reds and yellows of late autumn and the highest hills were putting on their caps of snow.

In sheltered passes, between the mountain ranges, the sun still held sway, and the waters of Boundary Creek sparkled and danced for joy as he slowly rose over the Eastern mountain peaks and looked down on them.

But, on a certain morning, he looked down also upon a young Indian woman who lay asleep close beside the creek, while, at a little distance, her 'cayuse' was breakfasting off some bunches of grass.

A shawl covered her shoulders and half concealed her face, and its brilliant reds and yellows harmonized with the surrounding foliage and made it hard to distinguish her from it.

Not far from her resting place, a white tent and long water flume indicated the present dwelling of some one engaged in placer mining, and, presently, a young man emerged from the raised flap of the tent and began building a fire of broken twigs and various pieces of driftwood cast up by the waters of the creek, while immediately afterwards another followed, with fishing rod in hand, evidently intent upon catching a breakfast of fresh fish.

His wanderings along the bank of the creek soon brought him close to where the woman was sleeping, and he had almost stumbled over her before he discovered it was a human being instead of a mass of sumach or Oregon Grape vines that he had nearly planted his foot on.

His exclamation awoke her, and she sat up and looked at him without speaking.

"Klahowya, tillicum," said the young man. "What in the name of Jerusalem brings you asleep in this place at such an hour?"

"Heap good place," she answered in fairly good English. "What for Redwing not sleep here?"

"Oh, so that's your name, is it—Miss Redwing, I salute you—but where are the rest of your people, and why are you here alone?"

"Redwing run away," she answered gravely. "Redwing no want to stay in Jim's tent," she continued. "She no like Jim—he bad Indian—beat her all the time. And then, she steal horse and run away—long way, into Big Queen's country."

"You are a nice young woman," replied her companion. "You steal your husband's horse and run away from him—and then make a brag of it. By and by Jim come after Redwing and take her back and beat her more for behaving so badly."

"No, no," she cried, "Redwing go with you—me heap catchee fish—cook—wash—Redwing very good kloochman."

And she rose, arranged her shawl and skirt and walked over to her horse, who stood quietly waiting for her to take hold of his bridle.

She removed it, as well as the Mexican saddle, and then turned him off to graze amongst the low foothills.

The young man watched her silently—wondering all the time what he should do with this self invited guest. But after she had driven the horse away, she quietly re-

turned, and taking the fishing rod out of his hand, threw the line into the water and stood gazing at it without vouchsafing another word on the subject.

He continued to watch her for a little while, and then returned to the tent to take counsel with his friend upon the difficulties of the situation.

Harry Lindsay and Dick Burchell had been born and brought up beside each other in a small English town. Their parents belonged to the well-to-do middle class, and when the boys grew to manhood—after receiving a fairly decent education at the same grammar school—and refused to settle down steadily to any business or profession, they concluded it was better to give them a good outfit, with a little money, and let them try to carve out their own fortunes in one of the Colonies than perhaps waste a great deal in forcing them to take up some uncongenial occupation in their own country.

And so they wandered from place to place, until about two years afterwards, when they found themselves placer mining in the Boundary District of British Columbia.

Dick Burchell appeared to think it a good joke when Harry Lindsay related the adventure which had just befallen him, and declared there was no reason why they should not avail themselves of the voluntary services of the Indian woman. They had a spare tent which they could put up and place at her disposal, and then—if she agreed to do their cooking and washing for her 'grub' and perhaps a little money now and then—why, it would prove a most satisfactory arrangement for them, instead of having to start in and do it for themselves amidst their arduous duties of gold washing.

And so it came about that when Redwing arrived on the scene, with a dozen half-pound speckled trout, she was at once placed in charge of the culinary department of this bachelors' establishment.

These were the days when gold in large quantities was being taken out of Boundary Creek, and as the partners were able to pan out from twenty to twenty-five dollars a day, they were very well satisfied with the result of their labors—and also congratulated themselves upon the acquisition of their new 'help', as her fried fish, stewed venison and rabbit, as well as her

bannocks and flap-jacks, were worthy of an older and more experienced cook.

Her own age was about twenty-two, and she was good-looking—after the manner of her kind.

She possessed the usual taciturnity of the Indian, but took quite an interest in their work, and when one of the partners got his gun and wandered off over the hills in search of deer, grouse, prairie chicken or rabbits to replenish the empty larder, Redwing frequently helped the remaining one shovel in 'dirt' to the flume or move the riffles.

A month passed without any important event happening to change the quiet or mar the peace of this rural home, and the young men looked forward with regret to the time, drawing so near now, when heavy frosts and snows would arrive and prevent a continuance of their placer mining until the following spring.

It had got to the middle of October, and fierce blustery gales were sweeping through the canyon and warning them that the time was at hand when they must seek more sheltered quarters.

A kind of a reserve began to spring up between these old comrades, and, unless when working together at their gold-washing, each avoided the others company. Also they were both ready with excuses now to shirk going away into the hills in search of game when it became necessary, and somehow, if one found the other in close conversation with Redwing it immediately brought a sullen frown to the face of the observer.

'Twas the old story—a woman had come between them.

But this brown-faced source of discord appeared quite unaware of her disturbing influence, and apparently looked upon them both with equal indifference.

Still the jealousy of the partners made them suspicious of her and each other, and they watched closely for any evidence of secret understandings.

One evening, Harry Lindsay, returning with a bag of grouse, entered the tent so noiselessly in his moccasins that he did not disturb Dick Burchell and Redwing, who were sitting outside, close to the farther end of it, engaged in conversation.

"Dick go away to Spokane next week," he heard his partner remark, "Redwing come with him?"

"What for Dick go?" she answered. "Plenty gold here—plenty good food—water no freeze long time yet."

"Dick tired—work all the time is good. Suppose Redwing come with Dick to Spokane. Dick buy her 'hy yu' dresses, handkerchiefs, beads, get a house there—have plenty good time."

"Harry go too?" she asked

"No, Harry go to Vancouver. He got one 'kloochman' there."

"Ach," she said. And then there was silence for a moment.

"Me tell you by and by," she remarked.

And then Harry stumbled over a coal oil box in the dusk, and the others moved away.

Harry left the tent again and wandered off over the hills. It was an hour later when he came back, and the moon had risen and illuminated the whole landscape. The scene was so soothing in its quiet beauty that it might have calmed the rage that was seething in the young man's breast and exercised the devil which had taken possession of him.

Dick was sitting on a rock near the entrance to the tent, and the Indian woman was busy somewhere in the interior.

"I want to speak to you," Harry said, "but let's climb the rocks and walk to the head of the canyon. It is as light as day."

They scrambled over the boulders and up the rocks until they stood above the canyon, and then walked some distance away beside it.

Neither spoke until the light of their camp fire was only dimly visible in the far perspective, and then Harry turned suddenly and faced his companion.

"Why did you tell Redwing that I was going to Vancouver?" he asked, "and that I had a girl there?"

Dick was smoking a cigarette, and he puffed at it deliberately two or three times before replying.

"Well, you know Ellen Peters has come out from home to visit her brother there, so I thought you would be sure to go and see her."

"Why should I go and see Ellen Peters any more than yourself? You were the one she favored long ago."

"I don't think so," remarked Dick, resuming his cigarette.

"See here," said Harry, "we had better have this out and have done with it. That little mahogany devil has come between you and I, though I'll be damned if I can tell which of us she favors, so let's fight it out, as the brutes do, and the best man wins."

"All right," said Dick, removing his coat and waistcoat.

Harry followed his example.

They were both strong, well-made men and as well versed in the "science of the fists" as most young men of the English-speaking race are nowadays, so the exhibition of boxing which ensued, though it might probably have delighted many of the admirers of the "Prize Ring," was scarcely in harmony with its present surroundings. As the moon was at its full, and was bathing every boulder, tree and shrub with an effulgence of pale glory, and throwing out in bold relief the background of hills and rocky slopes, while, far below, the murmuring voice of the creek could be heard, as it babbled over its golden sands.

The moonbeams gleamed brightly for a few minutes on the hands and white uncovered arms of the combatants as they played about each others heads and shoulders, but Harry was the better man, and his opponent soon began to feel it, and, with the recklessness of the loser, struck wildly at his antagonist—retreating unconsciously before some of the punishment he was receiving.

Neither observed that they had got close to the edge of the canyon when Harry rushed in, dealing fierce blows with the evident intention of bringing the fight to a finish as soon as possible.

His fist came down on the side of Dick's head with the force of a sledge hammer, and, with a loud cry, he fell backwards over the edge of the canyon.

All the folly and brutality of his conduct was revealed in a flash to Harry as he stood alone on the brink of the chasm, and he flung himself on the ground and peered down the rocks—calling his old chum's name, again and again.

But, as no reply came back to him, he scrambled down to a ledge near the bottom of the canyon upon which he could make out something was lying. And there he found Dick—dead. He had

fallen on the back of his head upon a sharp, jagged piece of stone and broken his neck.

Harry sat there till morning with his old comrade's head lying on his knees, and all those hours he held converse with the dead upon their past life, from the time, as little boys, they had fought over a marble or tame rabbit until that fight, over a woman, which had just divided them forever.

The moon faded out and the sun came up once more over the Eastern mountains and looked down on the pitiful sight, and Harry climbed the rocks again and re-

turned to the tent before seeking help to bury his friend.

But, as he came opposite and prepared to descend the canyon, his eyes fell on two horses which were tethered on the opposite side, while Redwing and an Indian packed on to them blankets and provisions of all kinds, and he paused—in a half dazed condition—to watch them.

Presently they saw him, and both climbed upon their horses in front of their baggage and rode away.

But Redwing turned and waved her hand to him.

"Klahowya, tillicum," she cried. "Redwing go back with Jim."



THE FLOWERLESS PATH

A flowerless path, a path of gloom,
I tread alone each weary day;
Where shadows fall and dangers loom,
And all is grey.

It winds o'er rocks and arid plains,
Where ev'ry step is fraught with pain,
And leads where desolation reigns,
And naught to gain.

My courage flares and vainly tries
To guide my footsteps on the way;
And when at last it fails and dies,
I kneel and pray.

In some fair land the flowers bloom,
And sunshine falls and shadows cease,
I pray dear God dispel the gloom,
And give me peace.

—J. A.

Cards !

By

Nan Maury Lemmon

"**M**ONEY for cigarettes?" quavered the old banker.

"Money for *card debts*!" shouted his great-nephew, making a last superhuman effort to be heard.

"Shut up, sir! Don't yell so!" snapped the old gentleman. "Anybody would think I was deaf."

To conceal the fact that he had not yet understood, he took out his heavy gold watch, almost the size of a tea-saucer, held it with trembling fingers while he calculated the time, then, scrambling out of the wheel-chair, balanced himself precariously between two walking-canes and started down to the spring-house. Every morning at nine o'clock he set out on this tour, as punctually now as when the bank clerks could set the clock by the arrival of their president.

The very young man just back from college did not move to assist him, yet watched rather tenderly his slow progress down the hill. The sight of the queer top hat, the flowered dressing-gown lined with heavily quilted satin and flapping around thin, shaky knees, the white woollen socks and well-worn bedroom slippers, brought back vividly the day he had been spanked with one of those same slippers for stealing peaches, but the remembrance was more sentimental than resentful. Presently he rose leisurely, threw away a newly-lit cigarette, and followed his great-uncle down the hill.

A group of weeping willows shadowed the spring-house, and a little branch gurgled away from the milk-crocks set in the spring. On a stone bench, immovable save for restless eyes, sat the old banker. He greeted his nephew only with a resentful sniff.

The intruder approached warily this time and repeated as distinctly as possible:

"Uncle, did you ever help out a young man in debt?"

"Sell out a young man in debt? Why, time and again, the young fools!" came the quick response. "But the day Eugene Fontaine was twenty-four and his gambling debts amounted to twenty-three thousand dollars, our cashier was in a taking, I tell you! You see, he was old Fontaine's executor, and——"

"Yes, but about the money, sir, I——"

"Money? Why, he inherited most of it from his father. Old William Fontaine was a powerful rich man for those days. When he died he bequeathed two-thirds of his estate to his widow, and the River Bend plantation—where I've seen a hundred buck niggers worming tobacco—thirty thousand dollars, and a breed of fancy house-niggers, to his son, Eugene.

"Among those house-niggers was a pair of twins, Cynthia and Sylvia—fifteen years old, thirteen hands high, and weighed ninety-seven pounds apiece—and through some mistake in the management of the estate, in a big cattle deal, Sylvia was thrown in with some horses to even up a trade for a herd of steers, and so was missing when the property was divided up. Eugene spent hundreds of dollars the next year trying to find her, but couldn't get a trace of her—not a trace.

"Eugene Fontaine was as fine-looking a young fellow as you would find in a day's ride, and liberal—so liberal the boys around town nicknamed him 'His Lordship.' I saw him for the first time the day he came to the bank—I was under-clerk then—to see Mr. Carey, his father's executor, and receive his share of the es-

tate. The next week he married the beautiful Miss Paige, on her fifteenth birthday—an orphan and an heiress—and it was fortunate,” went on the old man, tapping on the moss-covered stones with his cane, “that he started out with a big bank account, for he didn’t have then—and never did have—the slightest idea of the value of money.

“Money! Why, he would lend it, give it, or throw it away to anybody he thought needed it! Then he had some crazy notion about niggers being human, and Lordy, Lordy—he let many a good trade slip between his fingers on account of such blame’ foolishness. Any man who got into trouble always found Eugene ready to help him out. Once Mr. Carey tried to stop this by refusing to advance his interest, but Eugene just went out and sold his riding horse for half its value and bought another one on credit, gave the money to the man who wanted to borrow it, and ‘thought he had done a mighty smart piece of business.

“In less than two years,” continued the old banker, without interruption, for his nephew had seen the hopelessness of breaking in, “Eugene Fontaine had run through every cent he had. Mr. Carey was powerful upset over it—I remember his telling me about it the week we rode over to the Springs to spend our bank holiday. There was time and a-plenty for talking, as we went all the way on horseback, with our saddle-bags behind us, stopping overnight at the tavern, and sending a trunk on ahead by the stage. Mr. Carey fretted over Eugene most of the way, but in the end he decided that though the blow was hard on the poor boy, having to stay at home and work hard and save every cent was the only way to make a man of him.

“‘Work hard,’ he put it, ‘and save every cent’—and the very next evening as we were sitting on the long hotel porch, a coach and four rounded the turn—the finest turnout seen there that year—and it was Eugene Fontaine and his family come to spend the summer at the Springs. I didn’t see him at first, but behind the boy leading at the riding horses was the wagon for the baggage and servants, and nobody could mistake that set of fancy house-niggers anywhere! There was the coachman and boy, two nurses for the

baby, his own body-servant, and the other twin, his wife’s maid—strangely enough, I was certain I had seen her in the hotel that morning already.

“That night, son, just as I was entering the ball-room, I heard a faint sort of musical laugh, and, looking round, saw the slave girl again. At that moment young Mrs. Fontaine came down the corridor and stopped in the dickens of a temper to see her own maid Cynthia, as she thought, standing at the door of the ladies’ dressing-room. She started to scold and question her, but in a second began to call out for her husband as if she’d found a mare’s nest, and, sure enough, the girl turned out to be the missing twin, Sylvia, who was there with the family of Villeneuve, the famous gambler from New Orleans.

“Eugene was greatly delighted over finding the girl. The next day he offered to buy her back, and her mistress, Villeneuve’s mother, seemed anxious to be rid of her. She had the girl weighed and examined by a doctor, as was the custom in those days to decide upon the value, and then called out in the side yard to be looked over.

“I remember to this day how that girl looked standing there by her sister—silky brown hair, creamy skin, and slim feet and ankles, the whole set of ‘em had. It’s a pity they couldn’t have been horses, those twins; they’d have made such a perfect match! But though they appeared alike, son, there seemed, too, some wide difference between ‘em: one of ‘em just looked like a pretty, young animal, but that girl Sylvia—why, you felt sure she had a soul—a genuine, unawakened soul! She stood there without a sign of sensitiveness, and her eyes, with a child-like ignorance of evil that was right pathetic, sought out unabashed the eyes of the men in the crowd, and she gave a faint sort of musical laugh. It sounded like somebody laughing in a dream!

“Well, just as the purchase was about to be concluded, Villeneuve, who had been absent, arrived unexpectedly and stopped the sale—stopped the sale, I tell you!—and though Eugene offered twice her value, he refused to part with the girl at any price.

“What say? Strange, eh? Well, I should say it *was* strange! The refusal

puzzled us all for a time, but no one suspected the reason until it was noised around among the slaves and finally reached Eugene through his body-servant, that Villeneuve was planning to carry Sylvia off with him to Louisville the next week and pretend she was a Creole. When young Fontaine heard this his quixotic sympathy, ever on the surface, was instantly aroused, and he vowed he would regain the girl and set her free if it took a million dollars.

"I wonder now I didn't guess what went on that next week. I might have known Villeneuve wanted to get Eugene in a card game and fleece him, and I used to meet the boy coming upstairs to bed in the mornings as I went down before breakfast for my walk. Still, it was an unknown thing to gamble for niggers among gentlemen in those days. Why, public opinion was against it! It was considered a thing nobody but a rowdy would do! So it never crossed my mind that Eugene had raised the money on his whole plantation—twenty-three thousand dollars—to play for Sylvia, and was losing it rapidly day by day.

"There was a deal going on at the Springs that week—a tournament, and a ball afterwards where the beautiful Mollie McIntyre was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty. I remember I made her an offer that very night, son, and she jilted me. I was mightily taken with her. She afterwards married Bob Singleton of South Carolina, and died of scarlet fever on her bridal tour. Once her sister——"

"But the card game?" interrupted his listener.

"Eh? What did you say?" inquired the old banker in a cracked voice.

"Go back to the card game!" yelled his nephew. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, how did it end?"

"Card game?" repeated the old fellow thoughtfully. "Tut, tut! Was I talking about a card game? Oh, yes. Why, to be sure! Well, when it finally came to light the tremendous sum young Fontaine had lost, there was a deal of talk among the guests at the Springs, and when it was whispered around that the two men were playing for the slave girl, the excitement spread like wildfire.

"It seems they had been playing on a little side porch, as it was hot July

weather, and, it being rumored the game would start again about midnight, a crowd gathered to watch it through the night.

"Fontaine was late in appearing. He had joined old Mr. Cecil, who had been haggling and hesitating over the price of a bottle of foreign wine in the bar outside, and it was characteristic of Eugene that he called back casually, 'Send him up the whole case of it, and charge it to me,' to the clerk as they left the room. This little act of generosity, done when his ward was on the edge of ruin, touched the old man to the end of his days — though he had the wine to pay for, as well as all young Fontaine's hotel bills, when we left for home the next day."

"Well, no sooner did he take his seat at the table than Eugene began to lose again, and lost on steadily for hours, for he was betting rashly, and with that utter carelessness which only those fools who have no idea of money values can keep up. Just before sunrise, at that ghastly hour they say people die, the game seemed to be nearing an end. The candles burning in the daylight threw vague, flickering shadows on the faces of the men. It was a period of depressing, anxious silence. Suddenly, a strange sort of musical laugh broke the stillness, making us all start nervously and turn in its direction, and, looking up, we saw the slave girl standing in the dawn.

"She had stepped out on a little balcony that was connected with the servants' wing opposite, and—well, I'm not one of those fools that think it's smart to use fancy language, but nothing else will express the picture that girl made as I can see it—as pretty a picture as any ever hung on a nail yet. She stood there unconscious of the crowd as any sleep walker and conscious that her destiny hung on the falling of a card. The rosy dawn light fell on her supple figure so that we could see clearly where her gown had slipped away from the rounded shoulder, and how her creamy skin blended with her lips, the color of crushed strawberries. A few wind-loosened, silky brown curls blew lightly in the breeze. She looked far away with an appealing, questioning gaze—the questioning of a bewildered child who cannot understand.

"Villeneuve flushed when he heard the

laugh, and turning his thick-set, muscular body, stared directly at Sylvia—directly and passionately. As he looked at her his dark, moody face, which until then had been like a block of stone, seemed to become alive, while over it played an expression of triumph and assured possession. Across the table, in striking contrast, sat Eugene, his youthful, refined face, with its almost divine look of constant sympathy for the tragedies of others, showing keen and pitiful distress at his failure to rescue the girl. For the moment the two seemed not men, but the embodiment of Good and Evil, while motionless above them stood the slave girl for whom they were playing—playing not only for her body, but for her immortal soul!

"Well, the instant Sylvia disappeared, quick as lightning the luck changed. Then Villeneuve commenced to get nervous and angry, and his betting grew rash. Presently Fontaine dealt—the usual five cards to each. His own hand, I remember, was three kings, an eight spot, and the deuce of clubs. The betting began at once—there was no discarding in those days. Yes, it was a kind of poker, but they called it 'Bluff.' The pile of chips grew larger and larger in the middle of the table, still the 'bluffing' kept up, until the men, crowding 'round, held their breath in astonishment. At last Eugene, flicking the ash from his cigarette, pushed forward his whole pile of chips and laid down his cards. There was a short silence, then a shout went up. Son, they say we waked up the people in

Lewisburg, ten miles away. Sylvia was won!

"And yet," added the old banker after a moment's pause, "in spite of his success, Eugene Fontaine sat there well-nigh bankrupt. But before he ever rose from his seat he called for pen and ink and sent for the magistrate, and there among the scattered cards and chips on table, with the sun lighting up his lofty, high-bred young face, he had Sylvia's manumission papers made out, setting the girl free."

The old man rose with difficulty on his stiff legs, and, reaching out cautiously with his canes, prepared to start back to the house.

"But the card debts, sir," bawled his nephew breathlessly—"did they sell out his place?"

"Oh, no, his mother paid 'em—just as I paid yours last week without telling you," the banker snapped out suddenly, returning to his usual irritable manner as he came back to the present, "only in Eugene's case he promised never to play cards again. Have you got grit enough to agree to that?"

"We'll call it a bargain, sir," the youth stammered joyously as he helped his uncle carefully up the hill. Then, after a few moments' thought, still unable to free himself from the vivid realism of the past, he questioned, "And what became of the slave girl, sir?"

"Sylvia?" queried the tale-teller sharply, letting himself down by slow degrees and with many groans into his chair. "Why, she eloped with Villeneuve the next week."

ON A FLY-LEAF

These are my blooms I send to you,
I kiss them ere they start.
My love is singing where they grew,
Deep down within my heart.

Unlike the blossoms bought and sold,
That live but for a day,
You cannot purchase them for gold,
Nor give one flower away.

The mystery behind their birth
Is far from human ken,
'Tis deeper than the springs of mirth,
Beyond the tears of men.

—By Frederick Truesdell.



What It Really Feels Like to be "Up in The Air"

By

James P. Haverson

THERE are two psychological stimulants under which a man may go up as a passenger in a flying machine should he be lucky enough to meet the opportunity. These are Courage and Confidence. Of the comfort and support to be had from the former I know little or nothing, but of the latter I can speak with authority, for it was under the sole support of confidence in the man that took me that I made — a long flight! No—a two-minute flight of about as many miles and as many hundred feet from the earth. It was with Charles F. Willard, at the recent aviation meet at Toronto.

I say that I may know a little of what it would be to go up under Courage for I waited two days at the Hamilton meet to fly with J. V. Martin in his Farman biplane. When I went to Hamilton to go up, I had never seen Martin, and, dur-

ing the two days which I waited to travel on that trip—which-was-never-made, I learned little or nothing of the man, so that when, for a few minutes, his decision to go up or stay down hung in the balance, I quaked. I had committed myself to the venture, but I did not like it a little bit. He did not go, and I was spared a ticklish decision of my own.

But while there I met Charles F. Willard, who promised that he would give me "a ride" at the Toronto meet. From then on, his shadow was with him a little less constantly than I was. Perhaps for this reason I came to know Willard pretty well. At all events, I grew to feel that he was not only the "daring aviator" of which the newspapers are so fond of telling, but also a minutely exacting watcher of the chances of a man in the air, a fellow who overlooked nothing, and took no unnecessary chances. So when, towards the close of the afternoon's flying on the Saturday

that closed the Toronto meet, he told his "boys" to make ready the seat upon which I was to ride, and when the pieces of McCurdy's broken machine, which I had seen splintered in a short fall of fifteen feet but two days before, were brought out and lashed into the machine, I did not worry. I knew Willard. I had Confidence, if not Courage.

I was seated and waiting to fly; there was a halt of about five minutes while a loose nut was tightened on the front running wheel, and it brought on an attack of the fidgets, due, however, more to a desire to get started and make sure of my trip than to any worry as to its outcome. It was now up to Willard.

At last the propeller was turned, and after a few coughing grunts settled down to that steady alert whirr as of a great beetle in a vast hurry. Willard took his seat and the machine rushed ahead as the men behind released their hold. We rolled up the runaway, and I was watching the bouncing forewheel for the moment when we should leave the ground. I cannot remember when it came. I cannot say that I saw it.

The first thing to indicate that we were at last in the air was a curious swaying lurch to the side. It was like the motion of a sailboat slipping over the edge of a wave. It was a boat sailing very close to a very big wind, for we were traveling then at about forty miles an hour and gaining speed. The wind brought the tears streaming from my eyes. But it brought a pulsing joy into the veins the like of which I had never known.

We lifted, lifted, lifted! We crossed a road about fifty feet up and sailed on over a field. Beside the fence, two men squatted on the ground. I saw their up-turned faces and pitied them, for a man in a flying machine is entitled to look down on the mere earth crawlers. We were out over another field and were approaching the brow of a hill. Over this we sped, and out over the middle of a field where a farmer had been reaping. His machine had been left where he had finished his day's work. That was as it should be, but up aloft there in the smother of glorious rushing air currents, we had nothing to do with days and times of day. It seemed as if that wonderful

flight should never stop. There were no aeroplanes when Browning wrote his "Last Ride Together."

Willard turned in his seat and laughed back at me. "How do you like it?"

"Fine," I shouted back, and I meant it. I meant just that, "Fine!" I meant that it was thrilling every nerve, bringing every fiber to a higher point of feeling than I had believed could be known. I was like the mouse in the jar of oxygen; I was living at a higher velocity than ever before.

Willard lifted his hands from the controlling wheel and lever, and then I found that I, too, had actually let go with one hand and was waving it at him.

Then we were turning. We banked up against the wind, and came around on a slant. I could feel the machine slip away about twenty feet toward the ground, but there was no sensation of falling. It was the boat slipping down the wave again, only more like it than before. We bore around with the great free air beating in our faces, and driving down to the last corners of our lungs. It is hard to try to describe a thing when it has advanced beyond the terms of all the things which you have known before. It was merely—wonderful.

We were on our way back to the field. We continued to bear down towards the earth. When we came back over the hill we were not more than a hundred feet up, and I remembered with regret that the "Betsy" would not climb *with* the wind. We rapidly drew up to the field. We were going very fast, but you had to *feel* it, for there is no ground close enough to enable you to *see* your speed.

At last we crossed over a line of telegraph wires, and with an easy swoop were back on the ground over which we rolled until we lost our speed and came to a stop. It was hours before I was sober after that. When I had gone up I had expected to meet fear somewhere on the way, but when we left the ground I had been too busy for every breathless second. I did not remember it again until someone asked me if I had not been afraid. One could say nothing. It seemed so hopeless to try to explain.

I had expected to be proud of the achievement. I had expected to walk loftily by my fellows who had never flown. I came down in a great humility. It was as though I had walked in great and holy places, in clean and untrodden ways. For a time malice, envy and hatred were as though they had never been. None of the petty human littlenesses can survive in the free, open ways of the air. With the return to earth they come about a man again, but they are not with him up There, and they cannot fasten on his heart after he alights—for a little while, at least.

When one has come down from the clouds, one walks softly. Perhaps if one keeps very still and hopes very hard, that

glorious thrill will come again. Flying will soon be far from the rare and half uncanny thing it is to-day. If there be doubters, let them fly, and they will doubt no more. You have heard of the faith which moveth mountains. Fly and you shall know it. I was formerly a skeptic, and watched the airmen as one looks at freaks of the circus. When I saw Ralph Johnstone really leave the ground some years ago only half of my mind believed it. When I walked about and talked with Charlie Willard, a quiet faith walked into my heart. When I rose into the air with him, I did not know why I had *believed*, but I knew that I had been right to believe. Men have flown, and men have died to fly. It is almost worth it.

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

"I am the Road; the Road am I!
Earth is my bed, my roof the sky—
So come, little Brother, come!"

On and on, and over the hill,
Ran the Road, but the Man stood still,
And pondered awhile, as every Man will,
'Ere he lists to the calls that come—

"I am the Road; the Road am I!
Earth for a bed, a roof the sky—
On and on to the ends of the earth,
Through lands of plenty and lands of dearth,
I run my winding, blinding way,
Out of the night and into the day—
Come, little Brother, come, I say.

For I am the Road; the Road am I!
With earth for my bed, a roof the sky,
And freedom of life ye cannot buy!—
So come, little Brother, come!"

On and on 'neath the white starlight,
Runs the Road, and the mothering night
Shelters a Man in his headlong flight,
As he follows the call—the Song of the Road.
—Otto F. Bond.

A Slip or a Fall

By

Thomas Le Breton

CHAPTER I.

THE SLIP.

JOHN ROMALEES was starving. A man of education, by no means a fool, not thirty years of age, tall and well looking, he was walking London's streets for the third day since his last meal.

He had tried to enlist, but his eyesight was defective; he had tried the labor exchanges, but no one wanted a man who could merely speak four languages and write B.A. after his name. He assured employers of labor that he was physically capable of doing manual work. They looked at him disapprovingly. They felt sure that there must be something wrong about such a man. They told him that the supply of casual labor far exceeded the demand.

He had been brought up to expect a fortune. He was in the wilds of Turkestan when his father died, and he discovered that all the money had been muddled away. Therefore he came to London, probably the most foolish thing a penniless man could have done. He received a considerable amount of sympathy from those who might have helped him, but nothing more, and he was too proud to disclose his real position. Then he had a belief that a man willing to turn his hand to any kind of work would never starve. Since then he had found out his mistake.

He passed up the busy Strand, leg weary and sick at heart, wondering how long his tough frame would hold out against death. What he most feared was

that he might fall from weakness and be taken to the workhouse, and this for his proud nature would be worse than death. So he decided to tramp into the country while he had still strength to walk. There were woods he knew of where a man might die decently and in privacy.

Languidly he noticed a young fellow stop and stare at him, and he flushed angrily. He tried to hold up his head and to walk erect. Already, he thought, he was attracting attention. The man was about his own age, and apparently a gentleman. Perhaps, thought Romalees, he wanted to give him a shilling, and the thought urged him away.

He passed Trafalgar Square and the Haymarket, and going up Regent Street reached Oxford Street. He felt that he was reeling like a drunken man now, so that he was forced to rest for a minute. The stream of the traffic turned him round, and then he saw the young fellow who had stared at him so brutally in the Strand. He, too, was stopping and watching him.

Forcing his dragging limbs to move again, he marched proudly on, and would not look back. At last the Park was reached, and he could only just stagger to the first disengaged seat. He almost fell upon it, for he was so dazed with faintness that he could hardly see or stand.

In five minutes he was better, and glancing up he saw his persecutor walk past, then turn and walk back, hesitatingly and evidently undecided about something. Of a sudden he came across and sat down beside Romalees, who rose at once, feebly, but in protest.

"One minute," the other man cried eagerly. "Do excuse me, but I've been looking for you for seven weeks, so do give me a minute to explain."

The man's tone was not offensive, Romalees judged. He also acknowledged to himself that his present position was making him super-sensitive. He sat down again without replying.

"Thank you awfully," the stranger said heartily, and then added, half laughingly, "Do you see how wonderfully like you I am? Might be your twin. Just have a look at me."

Romalees looked. He saw a frank, smiling face, deep-set blue eyes, a certain boyishness of expression that was very attractive, and a mouth that was almost womanly in its sweetness. A want of firmness and strength of character were expressed, but kindness was shown in abundance. He was certainly very like the reflection that John Romalees had so often seen in his shaving-glass.

"Yes, you are undoubtedly like what I was," he acknowledged stiffly. He was still suspicious of the stranger.

"I expect I'm still more like you when you're all right; but you look a bit run down now," the stranger said apologetically. "Don't think me a bounder if I say you look as if you'd had a rough time."

"You are mistaken, sir," Romalees answered angrily, and then, seeing a look of distress on the other's face, he changed his tone. "I'm the bounder," he said, "to hug my pride like that, I am right down on my luck. I want work, and I want it badly."

"My name's Havithang," said the stranger, introducing himself. "My dad's cousin and heir to the Earl of Tancaster. I'm in a hole, and I'm coming to you, a stranger, to help me out. Will you let me explain the affair? It might help you out at the same time."

"I'm in no hurry," Romalees said, coldly. That last sentence hurt his pride again, sore wounded as it was.

"That's good of you," Havithang went on briskly, "for it must seem like cheek on my part; yet I hope you'll forgive that later. I followed you right from the Strand. I wanted to speak to you all the time and funk'd it. Here I've been looking out for a chap resembling myself for

seven weeks, and then when I'd spotted him at last, I funk'd it."

"I'm not much to funk," Romalees said, bitterly. It was not so long ago when he was this man's equal in society and now he spoke of helping him.

"You know a bounder when you see one, the same as I do," observed the other, "and I could see that you thought me one, and perhaps I am. P'raps you'll think worse of me when I've told you all. But if you'll listen I've got to take my chance."

He was so ingenuous, so boyish, that Romalees smiled. "Go ahead," he said.

"Well, it's like this," Havithang began with some embarrassment. "My dad wasn't always heir to Tancaster. He was a younger son, and next door to being a beggar. He's an awfully good sort, the very best and dearest old chap in the world; and he'd been brought up to spend money; and when he hadn't got any he went on spending it all the same. Savvy?"

"He must be cleverer than I am," said Romalees laughingly. He felt more at ease now with his strangely acquired companion.

"But, of course, it's the sort of thing that can't go on forever," Havithang thought fit to explain, "and the dad, some years ago, got into the deuce of a hole. It was such a hole that I don't like to think about it. I never asked him exactly what it was, and he's never told me; but you may take it from me that it was a black hole."

"Then he got into the clutches of a bounder reeking with money. He's a Mr. Oliver Raynor, of Bradford. I don't know how he did it, because I don't like to ask; but he did. Old Raynor was the son of poor parents. You know the sort. One room for a whole family affair. But he grubbed on somehow and made a pile. He was awfully keen on being connected with the aristocracy. Not much to hanker after, but that was his hobby."

"So he told the dad that he'd got a niece, and if I would marry her when she became nineteen he'd give the dad back a lot of papers that the dear old chap is just dying to handle. They're something that will ruin him if they get into anyone else's hands, and so he must destroy them. The dad told me all this, years back, but



" 'Because I am here under false pretences,' he said."

I'd forgotten all about it until two months ago, and then he showed me a letter from Raynor, saying that his niece Olive is now nineteen, and he'd better send me to Bradford to complete the contract."

"Is she a nice girl?" asked Romalees, with a show of interest.

"Don't know—never saw her," Havithang answered with a laugh. "The old bounder knows me, but she doesn't. He always stops with the dad when he comes to London. However, whether she's nice or not she's not for me, for fact is," he laughed uneasily, "I'm married. Yes! Got spliced to the jolliest little girl in the world, and daren't tell the dad because of this bother."

Romalees had an idea of what was coming. Havithang was hesitating, so he gave him a lead.

"You think I might be mistaken for you?" he said.

"That's it," answered Havithang eagerly. "That's just it. Now, if you are not married—" He waited for a reply, and Romalees assured him that he was single.

"That's good," he said happily. "I dare say the girl's all right, and if you could take her off my hands, and get back the papers, on the wedding day as promised, I'll settle just as much of my allowance on you as you like. I've three thousand a year, but now I've got such a jolly little wife, I can live on less." He looked anxiously at Romalees, making figures on the gravel with his stick.

"So you want me to impersonate you," the other man said, thoughtfully, "and marry a girl who would think me a better man? Sounds criminal."

"Not it," cried Havithang heartily. "You're a better man than ever I was, because—well, I'm so easily led. Now you look a good sort who would make a girl happy, and so she'd gain by the exchange. And then you'd defeat the ends of a confounded old blackmailer who'd ruin the dearest old chap in the world. I'm asking you now for his sake. If you knew old Raynor you'd do it. If you knew my dad you'd do it. Perhaps, if you knew Miss Raynor you would. Who knows?"

"Since you've been so frank with me," Romalees said with a sigh, "I may as well

tell you that it's that or starvation with me. Starvation plays the deuce with conscience," he added bitterly.

"Good heavens, man!" cried the other, genuinely shocked. "I didn't think it was as bad as that. What a brute I am! Come and have dinner with me. At home," he added, with a glance at his companion's shabbiness; "and then I can fix you up. You'll have to use my tailor, you see. Old Raynor knows my style."

And so John Romalees dined with his newly-made acquaintance and the jolliest little wife in the world, and after dinner finally agreed to the adventure, so that the Egyptian might be spoiled.

A week was to be given to the study of John Percival Havithang and his family and connections, with illustrations from sundry albums. At the end of that time the real John Percival Havithang journeyed to an out-of-the-way corner of Lorraine, and the imposter took train for Bradford.

II.

THE FALL.

That same afternoon a slim, bright-faced girl entered the room where Oliver Raynor was entertaining the proposed bridegroom. Masses of dark, curly hair were piled above a smiling, oval face, looking fairer even than it was because of the contrast of big brown eyes with almost black lashes and lips that were scarlet.

"She's coming down," Raynor had told his guest a moment before, "and you must go a bit shy with her. If she was to think we'd fixed it up for you to marry her, she'd be off like a bird. She's got to be courted properly and all that."

"My friend, Mr. Havithang, the son of Colonel Havithang, with whom I stay when I am in London, you know," was the introduction, as Romalees came forward. The girl offered her hand frankly, and as he took it Romalees trembled. He had expected, from what Havithang had told him, to find her as vulgar as her uncle, and as set upon the match. In that case, he had decided she deserved to be taken in; but the sight of this innocent girl swept away the last excuses for his

conduct which he had been laying to heart. Then his hopes rallied again. Appearances are often deceitful, he told himself.

"I am glad to see you," she said, a little shyly; "we don't often see London people here." Small, even white teeth showed as she smiled, and he thought her expression charming.

"You know London, of course?" he asked her, already wondering how he was to get out of this dreadful scrape without prejudicing the Havithangs.

the best place in the world for them as has money; and if she's a good girl to her old uncle she'll never want for nothing."

"It must be dreadful to be poor," the girl said, with a sigh. "I'm afraid I have never realized it. But what an opportunity the rich people of London have!"

Romalees laughed so bitterly that the girl looked curiously at him as he replied.

"Rich folk don't know of one-tenth part of the misery about them, and they don't care."



"So you want me to impersonate you," the other man said thoughtfully.

"I have been at school in Belgium until lately," she answered, "and have never been to London. From what uncle tells me it must be like fairyland compared with Bradford."

"I am afraid you would not think so," he told her, with a shivering recollection of his own experiences. "It is a place so big that misery can hide itself, and it is full of poverty and sorrow."

"Oh; come now, Havithang," Oliver Raynor's coarse voice broke in. "Don't go setting my niece against London. It's

"They can't be all alike," she said, "and I suppose you've only read about this. At least I hope so."

Romalees thought of a possible return to his poverty and this very soon. The long days without food, the cold nights that seemed endless. It was still very real with him.

"You may well hope so," he said gravely, "only I do know that things are worse than you could possibly imagine."

"Now then, Havithang!" cried Mr. Raynor irritably. "What's wrong with

you? You ain't a bit like yourself. At your time of life I never thought o' talking horrors to young ladies."

"Pardon me," Romalees said, turning to Miss Raynor, "but the thoughts of London brings back to me many scenes I wish I could forget."

"But I like to know the truth," she cried earnestly. "Perhaps, some day—I don't know—but perhaps I shall be able to do some good in the world."

"Here! let's have dinner," Raynor broke in quickly. "You give me the blues, Havithang. Blest if I ever thought you were that sort. Here! Olive, you ask him about the theatres. That's more in his line."

Soon after dinner Mr. Raynor found that business demanded his attention, and Romalees was left alone in the big drawing-room with Olive. At her uncle's request she sang a few songs in an unaffected style, and then, turning round, she faced the visitor.

"I can't sing well," she said, laughingly; "only it pleases uncle."

"It pleased me," he said, and smiled. Then, seeing her frank eyes looking straight into his, shame overcame him, and he moved away.

"You hear such good singing in London," she said, "and I am sure you are too honest to flatter. I haven't a good voice for singing, have I?"

"You have a nice voice for speaking," he told her, smiling again, and then she laughed. It was impossible to be dull in her presence.

"There! that is honest," she declared in her unconventional way. "If you had insisted that I sang well I should not have trusted you again. Because uncle tells everyone that I shall be rich, I feel that people are not generally honest with me. It is a dreadful thought. I wish I could trust someone."

Romalees was on the point of telling her that she could trust him, and then the recollection of his mission silenced him. Already he saw that he had undertaken the impossible. Now he had to get out of the tangle the best way he could.

"Do tell me more about London and its poor people," she asked, breaking a moment's silence. "I am so interested. I know so little of the world. At school we are only told what our teachers con-

sider is nice for us to know. They think poverty horrid."

Romalees had thought her beautiful directly he saw her. He began to think her more beautiful than he had thought at first. As she sat upon the music-stool, her slim white hands crossed over one knee, her eyes, deep and full of light, shining with her earnestness, he believed that he saw a mind as beautiful as her outward self.

He described London as he had seen it in his days of want. Somehow he began to tell the tale of his own trouble, speaking of it as though it was that of some man whom he had come across. Then he suddenly stopped.

"But there is a bright side," he said abruptly. "London has others than the miserable."

"I can guess the bright side," she said with a sigh; "so do please tell me more about the poor fellow you spoke of. Is he still so poor? And a gentleman too! Couldn't I help him without his knowing it? Oh! do let me do so through you."

A gush of tears came into his eyes, so that he had to rise and turn away and furtively dry them. He despised emotional men, and yet for once in his life he could not control his feelings.

"Ah! I believe you've done it!" she cried enthusiastically. "Somehow, I can see that it is just what you would do. Do you know that you are quite different from what uncle described you? I thought you'd be rather frivolous."

"I don't think I'm frivolous; I'm learning," he said slowly. "I'm still learning a lot about myself that I never knew before, and what I'm learning—" He stopped abruptly, and went to the window.

There were gardens beyond, laid out in small beds cut out of velvety lawns, and these were gay with flowers. The sun was just setting, and peace was coming with the night, but it had no balm for his troubled spirit.

He must escape at once, he decided, for it was sufficient degradation that he had consented to become an impostor. In the morning he would make an excuse and disappear.

The horrors of the inhospitable streets came freshly to his mind, but now they did not daunt him. The memory of Olive

Raynor would help him to bear his trials, and, besides, he was strong again now. Perhaps in this part of the country he might obtain work on a farm, or, as he knew something of horses, he might become a groom. If ever he met Olive again it should be as an honest man.

He told her more about London, since she was persistent in her inquiries. He described the miseries of the arches on a wet night, with the wind driving in among the ill-clad refugees there. He told her of the crowded streets, and of sympathetic policemen forced to unpleasant duties. He was still full of the subject when Mr. Raynor came in, and it had to be shelved.

"How are you getting on, my boy?" Raynor asked, after Olive had retired for the night. "She's all right, ain't she?"

"She deserves the best of husbands," Romalees answered shortly. "You will have some trouble in finding one good enough."

"Oh! I've found him right enough," the elder man cried boisterously, slapping his guest on the back. "And it strikes me she's of the same opinion already." He laughed boisterously, his coarseness making Romalees wince.

He kept up this style of conversation until bedtime brought relief, and then Romalees was glad to be alone with his thoughts. He decided that it would not be fair to Havithang to tell Raynor the truth. If he did so Colonel Havithang would certainly suffer, and he thought that Raynor could be very hard on a man when it pleased him to be so. So he settled to write and inform Havithang that he must throw up the business, and at the same time he meant to explain that Olive was not the sort of girl Havithang believed her to be.

But what of Olive's future, he wondered. Would she find a husband who would thoroughly appreciate her as he was sure he would have done? Her uncle would never understand her nature. He thought too much of money. He would probably compel her to marry some fortune-hunter. The thought was maddening, but it would not leave him. All night long he lay awake, planning and scheming, and always to find a way by which Olive should not be the worse because of his deceit.

He was up early next morning, tired and hopeless. Life seemed harder than ever now. He realized that he had had a glimpse into paradise, and that, being unworthy, he could never enter therein.

The mist was rising from the hills, and settling over the valleys like a great white sea of moving billows, when he went into the garden, to try once more to think out an excuse for leaving that morning. He would receive no post, and the only chance he saw was to go to the village post office and there to make belief to 'phone to town, and to find himself recalled.

He strolled in to the long straight road, and began walking down it, with eyes lowered, as he pondered miserably over his fall. In the days when he was starving he was an honest man. What would Olive think of him now, if she knew the truth? And he would give anything so that he might win her good opinion.

He was still looking down drearily when he heard her speak.

"Why, Mr. Havithang," she cried in surprise, "you are out early this morning." A basket was on her arm, and she blushed prettily as her eyes met his. She had been on an errand of mercy, and was confused to think that he had discovered it.

"You have your poor here as well as in London, I can see," he said as he stopped to talk to her; and she nodded assent, laughing a little.

"There's an old woman here who would starve if I did not help her. And yet I know she has money, but won't spend it. Of course, she says she has none. Oh! Mr. Havithang, I do hate deceit. Don't you?" And her frank eyes sought his.

He flushed like a schoolboy, with the knowledge of his own deceit heavy upon him. It was cruel that he had met her under circumstances which must for ever divide them. Fate had not yet done with her tortures for him, he thought bitterly.

"You hate deceit, don't you?" she repeated her question, a little surprised at his silence. Then he made an effort.

"I do," he said with feeling. "I loathe and detest it. Those who deceive such as you are unspeakable criminals."

She was surprised at the tone of his speech. There was something about him

that she could not understand. He was so different from what her uncle had led her to expect; but better—much better.

They walked in silence for a little way. He dreaded to show himself in his true colors. He was not brave enough to encounter her scorn, and yet she must sooner or later know everything. Those honest eyes of hers would then turn away from the man who had sold his soul for bread. He gave up the idea of going to the post-office and making pretence to be called to town. It seemed to him that he could not tell this lie to her without her finding it out, and then she would learn that he was full of lies. Therefore he walked back with her, and postponed his flight until some happy opportunity enabled him to get away without more deceit.

So the day passed, and another and another; and although he determined that each one must be the last, yet he lingered on, unable to tear himself away, and dreading the parting more and more.

On the tenth morning he rose earlier than usual and packed his portmanteau. He was desperate now, and his departure could no longer be stayed. He decided not to say good-bye to Olive or to make any excuse. They must think what they liked about him, and whatever they thought would not be as bad as he deserved. At least, there should be no more deceit—that he had settled with himself.

When he reached the hall the first servants, only just come down, were starting dusting and sweeping. They hardly noticed him as he opened the front door and went out. He knew that he had left all happiness behind him now, but he did not falter. He was half-way down the garden when from an upper window Olive called to him. His first impulse was to run, but his training compelled courtesy. He turned and raised his hat. Olive was dressed for walking, looking fresh and charming as she stood there framed by the window.

"Are you going way?" she asked, seeing his portmanteau.

"I must," he answered; and her look of dismay aroused in him a feeling of satisfaction which he found it impossible to suppress.

"Won't you say good-bye to me? I'm coming down."

She disappeared, and he wondered whether he ought not to run away while there was yet time; but before he could make up his mind she was by his side.

"You did not tell me you were going," she said, a little show of fear in her eyes. "Why didn't you want me to know?"

"Because——" He hesitated for a moment, and then a sudden impulse forced a confession from him. "Because I am here under false pretences," he blurted out. "Because I came here on a disgraceful mission."

"A disgraceful mission?" she repeated, paling. He saw her lips tremble and her hands clench upon a stick that she was carrying. "I can't believe that. What do you mean?"

He steadied himself now, knowing that there was no escape. He began by explaining that he was the man whom he had described to her as starving in the streets of London. He saw her sympathy in her eyes, and encouraged by it he went on to tell her of his temptation, making little of his desire to help Colonel Havithang. He tried to slur over this matter, lest she should fear her uncle; yet he felt that he must mention it in order that she might be upon her guard.

"Surely my uncle would not be so cruel?" she said brokenly at last. She had questioned him so that he had been compelled to tell more than he had meant to.

"It is probably a mere threat," he answered. They walked on through the garden in silence, and turned into the road. He hardly dared to look at her now; he felt his shame so deeply.

"I should not have told you about your uncle," he said at last, "only I feared that you might be tricked into marrying someone unworthy of you."

"There must be some truth in it," she said, after another pause; "for once I heard my uncle say that he had Colonel Havithang under his thumb. I thought it a joke then, but now——" She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, but in a moment she was mistress of herself again.

"I feel sure that you wouldn't have tried to deceive me had you not wanted to save the colonel," she said quietly. She

was quite calm now, but Romalees could guess some of the emotions that disturbed her.

"I cannot even adopt that excuse," he answered, still afraid to look straight at her. "I was starving and mad. I did not know then that there are worse things than starvation.

They were well down the road by this time, and of a sudden she stopped.

"You mustn't go from here yet," she said earnestly. "I must find a way to save the colonel first. Now that I know all, there can be no hurry for you."

"I will do what you tell me to," he replied sadly. "That is the least thing I can do. Yet my shame will make my stay a heavier punishment than I have ever borne before."

She sighed, and made no answer, and as he followed her back to the house they did not speak again.

III.

THE RECOVERY

The day passed drearily. The mill-owner's jests jarred upon Romalees and the girl, and Olive's attempt to conceal her trouble would have been noticed by anyone less self-satisfied than Mr. Raynor.

After dinner he ostentatiously left the young people together in the drawing-room, where Olive sat at the piano, playing some plaintive melody which sounded inexpressibly sad to the man who knew that he had put a gulf between them.

He noticed that she had been weeping, and he longed to make atonement, but he had nothing to offer. He had sinned, and his sin had found him out.

At last she turned upon the stool and faced him. She was very pale, but her eyes were steady now, and they looked straight into his.

"I have been questioning uncle," she said, choking back a little sob, "and I find that he has some papers which give him a hold over Colonel Havithang. I hope—I think—that his threat to use them would never be carried out"—she held up a slim hand warningly. "Please let me think so, at any rate, and don't tell me otherwise."

"I am glad you think so," he answered. "I hope and trust you are right."

"He has been very good and kind to

me," she went on, catching her breath, "and if he would do wrong it is with the mistaken idea of benefiting me. Still, the colonel must not remain under such dread as oppresses him now. If it was not that uncle wants me to marry well, there would be no trouble, I am sure. It is horrible enough without that. It is terrible to think that I was to be foisted on a man who never wanted me, and who would regard me as a burden." She clenched her hands as she spoke, and her face flushed angrily. "Could anything be more degrading for a woman?" she cried, panting in an agony of grief.

"If only——," he began, and then was silent. For a moment he had forgotten that he had placed himself outside the pale.

"And so——," she continued, and then stopped as suddenly as he had done. There was silence for a minute, and he bent his head so that he might not see her face when she gave her verdict. "The anxiety must be blighting the colonel's life," she added with a sigh.

"I should say it was," he replied, echoing her sigh.

"There is only one way out, so far as I can see," she said, almost in a whisper, turning the stool so that she looked away from him. "I must marry you."

He sprang to his feet with a cry, but she motioned him to sit down again.

"Wait," she said faintly, as though the scene was overpowering her, "wait until I have explained all. I do not see any other way to get the papers, and they must be got, not only for the colonel's sake, but also to save uncle from doing so wicked a thing as he has threatened. He will give up the papers the morning we are married, and then we shall say good-bye." He watched her struggle to appear composed, not daring to speak.

"If ever you should want money then——" she began, but he sprang to his feet and interrupted her.

"Do not think me as mean as that," he said, hoarse with emotion.

"You will have to obtain a special licence," she told him, calming herself by an effort, "and we shall be obliged to get married without telling uncle, because of your name. I shall leave you to make all necessary arrangements."

"I will do everything," he agreed quietly. She glanced at him quickly and then looked down again.

"I will write to you in about a month. I want you to go away now. I will tell uncle we are engaged. I am sure you will make it all as easy for me as you can. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand; it was cold and lifeless. Half an hour later he had left the house without having to bid farewell to his host.

A month later he met her at a little church near Bradford. No confidences passed between them, and their meeting had more formality about it than when he had gone out the first morning after he had seen her and found her in the road near her uncle's house. They walked straight up to the altar, and two witnesses were sent for.

Then began the solemn service that was to make the twain one, and his heart seemed to swell and swell until he could hardly breathe. His sin had reached a climax, now that this mockery was forcing her, whom he had learned to love so dearly, to tell lies that must be for ever recorded against her. He glanced at her, and saw how pale her face was. Her lips were set, and he could not see into her eyes. Her hand trembled when he held it, with the ring upon it, which should have given them endless happiness.

The clergyman, an old man, gave them some good advice before they rose, and every word cut into John Romalees' heart, and was graven there. A motor-car was in waiting, and Mr. Raynor had been warned, so that when they reached his house they found him radiant with delight and quite ready to excuse the secrecy that had been practised.

"Young folks have their whims and fancies these days," was all he said. "And, after all, so long as it's done proper, what does it matter? Olive, my dear, I'm a very happy man. Now I know you've got a husband to look after you as will never forsake you, whatever happens. I've something for him." He turned away abruptly and went to his study, while Romalees asked his young wife for guidance.

"Tell me what I am to do next," he asked in desperation, "and forgive me before we part."

"I am coming as far as London with you," she answered, still keeping her face away from him. "I shall write to uncle from there and confess. He will forgive me, I am certain."

He did not dare to comment lest he betrayed his feelings, nor was he sure whether he would have the blow of parting fall at once or whether he was glad to have it postponed. Then Mr. Raynor came hurriedly in and placed a bundle of papers in his hand. His face was flushed and his eyes moist, so that he seemed little like a villain.

"Give these to the dad, my boy," he said, "and just call his attention to the fact that I cut off his signatures long ago. Tell him that it was only because I wanted to make sure of my girl marrying a gentleman that I kept them at all, and didn't tell him they were harmless. Ask him to forgive and forget for his new daughter's sake. She's worth it, my boy; she is indeed." He blew his nose violently, and Romalees wished a thousand times that he had never deceived the old fellow. His own love for Olive made Raynor's fault less in his eyes, for he was sure that he would have done anything in his power to make her happy, even though he sinned against others in so doing.

There was no breakfast after this strange marriage. Olive made an excuse that they had a train to catch, and half an hour later they were again in the motor hurrying to the railway station. They did not speak, and Romalees sat watching the treasure that had been lent to him for so short a time, trying to make up his mind to accept the inevitable without delay. The train was just coming in, and by this time he had quite made up his plans. He obtained a ticket for Olive, saw her comfortably placed in a corner seat, and then waited on the platform for the end of all things, so far as hope and happiness were concerned.

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked, looking frightened.

"No; I am going back to tell your uncle what a blackguard I am," he answered, trying to show a calmness that he was far from feeling. "Then he will go after you and take care of you. Wire where he can find you."

She sprang from her seat, and, opening the carriage door with nervous hands,

jumped out just as the train was moving. He had to catch her in his arms to save her from falling.

"I am coming back with you," she declared shakily, nor could his arguments alter her decision. The journey by road was again passed in silence until they had almost reached the house.

"I want you to stay while I see him first," she said.

He bowed his head gravely; he had no further arguments to offer. Then he sat in the car while she went indoors, and added to his torments as only a repentant man can. It seemed hours before Raynor came to the door and quietly asked him to come in.

"I am the chief one to blame," the mill-owner said, when they were within the library. "Olive has told me all. It's hurt me more than I can tell you, and the kindest thing that you can do for me is to say nothing."

"But Olive!" Romalees said. "I have ruined her life."

"She'll speak for herself," was the reply. "And now you and me can shake hands," and he offered his hand.

Romalees took it mechanically, his thoughts centred on the wife who was ever to be a stranger to him.

Then Raynor left, and Olive slowly came into the room. She looked anxious, and yet not as sad as she had done.

"Husband," she whispered. He started, moving a little way toward her, and then stopping, lest he had mistaken. "John, we are forgiven," she said, and with a cry of joy ran to his arms, and sobbed while he held her to him as though he were afraid of losing her.

"I never meant to leave you," she said softly, "but I did so want you to beg me not to go from you."

Then he told all that he had with such efforts kept to himself, and she was satisfied.



HOW FIRST SHE CAME

When first she came, the month was May,
A robin whistled far away;
She stood beside the door a while,
Her lips half parted in a smile;
My shabby room, I feared, looked gray.

I hardly knew just what to say,—
My study was not meant for style,
The books lay round in many a pile,

When first she came.

She would not read, but said she'd stay
And be a fairy for the day,
Creating beauty to beguile
The castaway on learning's isle;
She brought some flowers to make things gay,

Thus first she came.

—Fred Jacob.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

How Germany Went to Morocco

A fascinating little story touching international politics, and one incidentally which is all the more interesting in view of the continued strained relations between France and Germany, is told in the English Review.

People have often asked, says the article, why Germany ever departed from her attitude of watchful aloofness towards that country. Her best statesman regarded the land of the Moors as an apple of discord wherewith to set England and France by the ears, just as Persia and Afghanistan seemed to him peculiarly adapted for the purpose of keeping mistrust and hatred between Russia and Britain continually simmering. That is one of the methods of German diplomacy. The answer commonly given to this question is that Prince Bulow struck out a line of policy very different from that of Prince Bismarck. He discerned the advantage of direct interference as a means of putting pressure upon France sufficient to make her pliant. In other words, Germany's present policy is part of a cleverly laid plan conceived by a statesman who saw things clearly and looked far ahead.

As a matter of fact, Germany's present attitude on the Morocco question is the result of a casual trip made very unwillingly by his majesty, the Kaiser, which in its origin and conception had as little to do with politics as had Tenterden steeple to do with Goodwin Sands.

When France, in virtue of her agreement with Great Britain, formally assumed a preponderant political part in Moroc-

co, Germany had acquiesced, confining her pre-occupation to her commercial interests, and had accepted France's readily given assurance that these would be respected religiously. That was the first act of the drama.

After this the curtain was rung up on a bit of romance which seems oddly out of place in a serious political drama. But it is truth—truth of the kind that sounds stranger than fiction, and is often much less credible. The month of March was well advanced. In Berlin, balmy breezes were just beginning to awaken thoughts and feelings of spring in the minds and hearts of ordinary citizens, and Court officials were planning the Kaiser's Lenten cruise in the Mediterranean. Only the outline now needed filling in. What places should his Majesty touch at? "Why not pay a visit to Algiers?" asked one. "An excellent plan," remarked another, "it will give his Majesty an opportunity of . . . " "Tangier is the place the Emperor ought to call at; it offers many advantages," suggested another. This idea was new, bold, Wilhelmesque, so to say, and after a little discussion it was adopted. But with the advent of a critical geographer came doubts and misgivings, and the plan was seriously called in question. This gentleman's objection was grave. "Tangier cannot be included among the places of call," he said, "because there is not water enough in the roadstead to allow the Hohenzollern to anchor there." Here was a difficulty with a vengeance. It would never do to send the Imperial

yacht to a place where the water was too shallow to enable it to enter. "But is it a fact that the water is not deep enough?" another inquired. Nobody could answer authentically. Finally, it was decided to address the question to some one on the spot.

From Berlin an urgent telegram was despatched to the German representative at Tangier, inquiring whether there was water enough in the roadstead to enable the Imperial yacht to anchor there. As this official possessed no cypher, the message was despatched *en clair*, and could be read by everyone in the telegraph office. The official, replying in the same way, stated that there was quite enough water to accommodate the Imperial yacht. That settled the matter. The plan was approved definitely; the Kaiser would visit Tangier. As yet, however, Wilhelm II. knew nothing about it. He had not been consulted. But it was assumed that he would raise no objection. In any case they would approach him on the subject.

Meanwhile the contents of the telegram had leaked out at Tangier, as all secrets are wont to do in such little places in the East. Ill-natured foreigners say it was the English who revealed them. More accurate observers set it down to people of another nationality. But the relevant point is that a journalist got hold of the news, and the *Times* was enabled to publish a telegram from Tangier announcing as imminent a visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to Tangier. The sensation was world-wide. Kaiser Wilhelm among the Moors! Vernal madness! This visit, politicians said, would be a much more disturbing factor in European politics than his Majesty's solemn entry on a white charger into Jerusalem or his symposium with Abdul Hamid had been. It would be a wanton provocation, said the French. Brief, the project seemed so freighted with dubious consequences that many doubted whether it would be carried out.

Among the personages to whom the announcement came as a stunning surprise were the Imperial Chancellor and his august master, to whom the principal role in the political adventure was assigned. And the Kaiser's astonishment was tinged with annoyance. He resented the liberty taken. He had given no thought to poli-

tics in connection with his coming cruise, certainly none to *la haute politique*. It was to be a cruise and nothing more. Individuals, French, American, or others, he might, of course, receive, as he had done so often before, and enjoy a quiet chat *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. But to turn a much-needed holiday into an international demonstration and cause a flutter of trepidation among the friends of peace throughout the world! No, this was too much. He would not join two aims so desperate as private pleasure and international politics.

Besides, he had disinterested himself and his Government politically in Morocco. Had he not charged Prince von Bulow to declare that Germany acquiesced in the Anglo-French agreement on the international status of that realm? This important declaration had been made only a few days ago. How could he now embark on an undertaking which would belie all this, and perhaps jeopardise the peace of Europe? In truth, he had gone much further. France had received positive encouragement from Germany to go ahead. The Kaiser had often alluded to Morocco as French, doing it deliberately and with a purpose. In conversation with the military attache of the Republic, for example, he had employed the phrase "Votre Maroc," with emphasis, and gazing intently into his hearer's sparkling eyes the while. The Emperor knew, could not but know, that these words which were honey-drops to a French officer were reported to the Government of the Republic, and had been taken to heart by the President and the Ministers. And could he now unsay and undo all this? Evidently not. *Noblesse oblige*. Besides, why should he? His views had undergone no change. Nothing had happened to modify them. His court officials had gone too far. They had acted with zeal unweighted with discretion. It was rash on their part to venture into the sphere of politics without taking a competent guide. They ought to have consulted somebody—Herr von Schoen, for example. True, Herr von Schoen was absent. . . . Well, in any case the Emperor's mind was made up. He would set his face against the project. The cruise would be nothing but a cruise, as it professed to be. He would touch

only at harmless ports and steer clear of Tangier.

At this conjuncture Prince von Bulow enters on the scene. Having learned from the *Times* telegram that the Kaiser had decided to see Morocco for himself, the Imperial Chancellor asked for an audience. He was received. "I have come," he said, "to offer my loyal and respectful congratulations to your Majesty on the brilliant idea you have conceived of affording the Moslems of Morocco an opportunity of doing homage to the powerful friend of the Caliph of all Islam. They will appreciate it thoroughly, and so will your Majesty's subjects at home, for it will do more to raise the prestige of the Empire than anything your Majesty's Government could have suggested. It is in truth a brilliant *coup*."

But the Kaiser knitted his brows, listened coldly to his Chancellor, and responded in a different key. He replied that the idea was nowise his. He had neither originated nor approved it. Neither would he carry it out. He would not go to Tangier. Such a visit would do more harm than good. It would run counter to the Imperial policy announced and pursued heretofore. In a word, the Kaiser showed himself resolutely adverse to the scheme. The Chancellor insisted, giving reasons for his view and endeavoring to weaken those adduced by his sovereign. The Emperor, however, turned the conversation, and soon after the Chancellor departed. But Prince Bulow did not let the matter drop. He spoke of it to several courtiers who had frequent intercourse with his Majesty, and he urged them to recommend it. Patriotism prompted his action and would warrant theirs. Some of them mentioned the subject to the Kaiser, but stopped short when they found that they were knocking at a closed door. None of them received encouragement, and some met with rebuffs. The Emperor seemed determined not to reconsider his refusal.

Meanwhile, preparations, official and unofficial, for the cruise went on apace. Abroad it was assumed that the Kaiser's visit had been decided upon. But this was an error. Even those who were to accompany his Majesty, and who met in Berlin, had to admit among themselves that the programme was an unknown

quantity. Would they or would they not touch at Tangier. Apparently not. Comparing notes, they elicited the fact that the Emperor had not said or done aught that could be construed as a token that he had changed his mind. And there was not the slightest reason for assuming that he had been won over to the plan but was keeping his conversion secret. Presumably, they would not land in Morocco. The scheme was given up. It was with this conviction that they quitted Berlin and started on their journey. All this time the monarch had been reading with intense interest the leaders and special articles which the tidings of his intended visit to Tangier called forth at home and abroad. Prince von Bulow took care that his Majesty should see every note and comment calculated to convince him of the wisdom of going to Morocco, and he had but to wish for such articles and they filled the papers forthwith like flowers called into existence by the wand of a magician. But the Emperor read in silence.

The cruise began well, but brought no change. The subject of Tangier was tabooed on board. The Imperial yacht touched at Lisbon and anchored there. But there was no symptom pointing to an intention on his Majesty's part to land on the soil of Morocco. At last the time allotted to Lisbon was up. The Hohenzollen weighed anchor. The vessel began to move out of the Tagus, slowly at first, then more rapidly, and all at once the news spread: "The Emperor has given orders to make for Tangier. We are going to Morocco, then, after all." What had influenced the Kaiser to forego his resolve and do the bidding of his Chancellor? Was it the arguments marshalled by Prince von Bulow? Was it the advocacy of the courtiers, or the approval lavished in advance by the Press? Probably no one will ever know.

Was the Kaiser then really converted to the plan he had so resolutely opposed? No, not yet. At least not wholly. He was entertaining it, weighing pros and cons, peering ahead and looking backwards, counting up the cost. But he still wavered. He had not yet fully made up his mind. The Hohenzollen was meanwhile bearing him rapidly nearer to Moorish waters. The critical moment was ap-

proaching. The vessel steamed into the roadstead of Tangier. Here, at last, was Morocco. What would the next step be? The weather was unfavorable on the last day of March, 1905. The water was the reverse of smooth, foam-crested waves caused the lighter craft to rise and fall, and the wind was freshening. The Kaiser still hesitated whether to land or to return without setting foot on the territory of the Sultan. He watched and waited. Meanwhile, the foreign vessels stationed at Tangier saluted the Hohenzollern and the commanders went on board to pay their respects to the Imperial visitor.

And now comes one of the cruellest strokes of irony in the story. The French commander received a superlatively warm welcome from the Kaiser. He was a genuine, rough sea-dog, a latter-day Jean Bart, whose breezy, seamanlike frankness could at a moment's notice be transformed into dare-devil prowess. The Kaiser plied him with questions on naval subjects, and seemed delighted with his pithy replies and the way in which they were given. Then suddenly came the fateful query. Pointing to the roughening water the monarch asked: "Is it possible to land to-day without danger?" The answer was an emphatic affirmative, an affirmative that came with the cheery tones of an incentive that whets desire. And it was that reply which settled the matter. Thereupon, the Kaiser issued the order to man the launch and prepare to go ashore. In this way the cause was set operative of all the subsequent international trouble which brought Europe in sight of war, and still trails its slow length along. The irony of fate willed it that it should be an honest Frenchman devoid of political guile who turned the scale with his "*Possible? Mais assurance. Pourquoi pas?*"

The Kaiser went ashore, and Tangier was transfigured. The streets appeared clean—for this occasion only. From the balconies hung many-colored flags, crowds of graceful figures in flowing draperies of white filled the narrow thoroughfares. Si Abdul Malek Mulai Hassan, the Sultan's uncle, appeared to welcome the Imperial visitor, and brought gifts of horses, oxen, sheep, and other offerings galore. The Emperor mounts his charger. As he moves forward a French lady throws a

tricolor bouquet to which a long train of crape is attached—a reminder of the lost provinces. The Imperial charger, startled, rears on his hind legs. At last the Kaiser starts on his two hours' visit. It was during those two hours that he declared that the Sultan of Morocco is "an absolutely independent sovereign," and that he, Kaiser Wilhelm, would treat directly with him. The semi-official Press in Berlin took their cue from these words, and an anti-French campaign was inaugurated which led to the fall of M. Delcasse, the diplomatic conflict with M. Rouvier, the conference of Algeciras, and the present entanglements.

Such is the genesis of Germany's Moroccan policy. The German nation, as a whole, are entirely ignorant of its origin, and we, of course, regard it as part of the Emperor's genial statesmanship, whereas in reality it was as sudden and accidental as was the famous telegram to President Kruger. They call it "*Plotzlichkeitspolitik*" in German. It may be styled the policy of the unexpected.

And when people ask, "What is Germany seeking in Morocco, what deep-laid plot of demarcation or expropriation has she laid there, is it a port she wants, a coaling station, mines, land, or what?" the true answer is quite as simple and, to the general, quite as unexpected. As it was chance that took the Emperor to Morocco, so now he uses it in exactly similar fashion, suddenly, unexpectedly, at hap-hazard, as a pawn in the *Kriegspiel* of diplomacy, for this and that purpose.

He sticks to it because out of the medley of international condominium something assuredly will issue. It may be a port, a concession, an actual demarcation of sphere of influences. That is not the question. The question is that some good, some benefit must inevitably accrue to Germany. It must, because with her power, and her recent *rapprochement* with Russia, the German and Austrian armies are the controlling influence on the Continent. It has been well said that Germany occupies the same position in Europe to-day as did Napoleon after Jena. And it is the key to the whole situation. That being so, the Moroccan question may be viewed quietly. Neither France nor Germany desires a war about Morocco. The entire situation is one of diplomatic

bluff, out of which Germany, with her major power, confidently anticipates some substantial compensation.

Nor, from our point of view—from the military point of view, of course—would it seriously matter to us if France agreed to present Germany with a port, or, indeed, gave her such sphere of influence as she might please. A port in Morocco would decentralize the German Navy. It would be a source of weakness to Germany in time of naval war. From the English standpoint it is ludicrous to pretend that we have any reason to complain if the defensible area of Germany is extended. The very contrary is the case. The more Germany enlarges her line of defence, the more vulnerable, in time of warfare, would she be to us. It may be said outright that Germany's ensconcement at Agadir would materially weaken her naval arm.

The really serious part in the Moroccan affair is this disposition of Germany to

invalidate international treaties at will and pleasure, for here the ethical side of diplomacy is offended, and things that are inherently immaterial in themselves assume the gravity of serious crises. On three occasions Germany solemnly entered into agreement with France regarding the problems and respective rights in Morocco, accepting the principle of international control, and three times now she has cast her agreement to the winds. On each occasion the Moroccan question has become a grave international concern, because there are other signatories to the agreements, and if treaties are to have any value at all it is considered wise to adhere to them. The question arises: Why does Germany enter, apparently loyally, into agreements if she reserves the right to break them? And the corollary presents itself: What is the use, therefore, of entering into agreements with Germany if she has no intention to respect them? And that is, in fine, the problem.

As an East Indian Sees America

IF people are sufficiently courageous they may wish to see themselves as others see them. But it would take courage to face some peoples' opinions of some of us. It is especially so in the certain instance we have in mind wherein, as shown in the article which we reprint herewith, an East Indian tells how *he* saw the United States.

His article does not mention Canada, and indeed we are anxious to believe that although we do live side by side the average Canadian is a more mannerly animal than the average American. There is, however, no doubt that, had Mr. Singh extended his visit to this country he would have had something to say of us too—probably not complimentary. Mr. Singh in effect states that he was treated with abominable rudeness in the United States. Reading his article one is compelled to admit that in *our* eyes more of his experiences were quite commonplace, but through *his* eyes, we see them differently.

Even, he says, writing in *The Hindustan Review*,—even though the stranger may dress himself as does the American of his standing, if his features are of a slightly different cast, his hair of a somewhat different hue, he is liable to be singled out and stared at. The street gamins are apt to insultingly call him a "nigger," if his complexion happens to be a little bit dark. I have known American boys and girls, of various ages, to follow me in droves as I walked along on the sidewalks of American metropolises; these urchins yelling and screaming and calling me all manner of names as they went along, their number being constantly reinforced. The very first hour I spent on the American continent, and before I had become callous to American impudence, was about the most miserable hour I have spent in my life. I was walking down from the wharf, where I had landed, to the city of Seattle, Washington, leisurely taking in the sights, which then appeared to me to be wonderful in the sense of being new. I

had gone but a short distance when a crowd of boys and girls, some shabbily, some stylishly dressed, formed a ring around me and sped on as I did. It is the fashion in the United States for men to shave the face clean. My beard and long hair attracted the attention of the gamins. "Mr., there is a barber shop around the corner. You better get a shave," yelled one of the boys. "Yes. And get a hair cut while you are about it," shouted another. "Better get two hair cuts while you are about it," called out a third. Amidst this yelling, impudent crowd, I, an utter stranger in the country and continent, felt as does a Negro who is being taken to a tree to be lynched by an infuriated American mob. Surrounded by this conglomerate procession as I went on my way, the urchins would yell "Skidoo," "23 for you!" These happened to be the current phrases which were the rage of the time when I landed on the continent about four years ago, and I had to bear the brunt of them. I did not know what the terms meant as they were yelled at me; and it was good that I was ignorant of their significance, for, translated into plain, everyday English, these phrases meant no less than: "Get ye gone," and, to be sure, if I had fathomed their meaning I certainly would have been inexpressibly dejected, harassed and discomfited as I was by the little brutes who were hectoring me.

"Get ye gone!" That was the welcome America gave me when I landed on the continent; but that was not the last of that kind of welcome that the people of the United States were to accord me during my extended sojourn in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The very first impression I formed of America was its rudeness to strangers of different appearance from the citizens of the land. The very first conclusion I arrived at in the United States was the fact that I would have to put up with a great deal of impertinent notice. It was providential that the very first day of my arrival on the continent, I registered a vow not to permit myself to be tormented by the ungentlemanly and lo! the ungentlewomanly attention paid to my brown visage and raven-black hair: for had I allowed myself to be discomfited by American rudeness, I certainly would have seen the in-

side of a lunatic asylum within the first six months of my residence in the United States.

As I open the flood-gates of my memory, reminiscences of American unmannerliness force themselves on me. I was in Chicago at the time the last Republican convention was held at which the Honorable William Howard Taft was nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States. I wanted to go to the Convention to see what it was like, and I went to the office of the Secretary of the Convention Committee to endeavour to obtain a ticket of admittance. On the second floor of the Coliseum—a mammoth building, containing one of the largest halls in the world—was the office of the man whom I had to see in order to obtain what I was after. The corridor in front of this office was packed with men. A newspaper man I knew volunteered the information that amongst the crowd were prominent political bosses, also Senators and Congressmen and newspaper correspondents from the large metropolitan daily papers of the continent. The Secretary of the Reception Committee of the Convention was engaged, and I had to wait ten minutes before being admitted into his presence. I leaned back against a wall and began to take in what was going on around me.

As I stood watching the men standing about me in small knots, talking to one another, apparently about some absorbing topic, a man tapped me on the shoulder. He was a great deal taller than I was, and as I looked up I found that he was faultlessly dressed in expensive clothes. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles. A massive gold chain bridged his two lower waist-coat pockets and from this hung a huge gold fob. He had on his fingers two or three rings set with sparkling diamonds, and carried in his hand a gold-headed cane. A diamond stud adorned his stiff-bosomed boiled shirt. These details impressed me and as I scanned this man's face, which was blacker than my boots (he was an Afro-American) he spoke to me in elegant English:

"Beg your pardon, Mister, but will you tell me who you are?"

I knew what my questioner wanted to find out. He wished to know whether

or not I was a Negro. But in order to have some fun at his expense, I said unhesitatingly, "I am a newspaper man. Does he (meaning the Secretary whom I was to see) want me to come in now?" I asked him, carrying the joke farther and making him feel that, despite the gold and diamonds on his person, I regarded him as the office boy of the Secretary.

"Oh! I am not an office boy. I should think you could have seen that," he rejoined sarcastically.

"Then, pray, why bother me with the question?" I asked mischievously.

Rebuffed, the "colored" gentleman walked off with an air of injured pride. What he thought of me, I never learned, save what I scanned from his angry face. No sooner was I alone than another man—this time a "white" man—who stood beside men, volunteered:

"Bravo! Well done! I am glad you squelched that *nigger*. He controls a few colored votes and feels that he is the boss of everybody. We toady to him at election time, but after November 3rd we will not hesitate to show him his place. It certainly was a mistake to make the nigger the white man's equal. The colored man was made to take orders from the white man, and no matter how much you may whitewash him, he still remains a nigger."

This man was a Southerner. His accent and sentiment revealed beyond mistake his identity. After he had finished his diatribe on the inferiority of the colored races, I said:

"Well, I am a *colored* man myself—not a Negro, but still a colored man. But so far as impudence is concerned, the white man can't be beat." Then I told him what happened to me a few mornings previously. I had my Indian head-dress on, and when I boarded a street-car I walked down the aisle looking for a seat and found there was just one seat available in the car, half of it being occupied by a woman. No sooner had I sat down when she turned around and began to boldly stare at my face. It was my turban that most interested her. Presently she said:

"Is it not too bad to have your head bandaged so? What kind of an accident did you have?"

"The accident of being born in India, madam, and traveling in a curiosity cursed land. I don't need sympathy, since my head does not hurt me."

What monumental ignorance did this question reveal, I thought to myself.

I remember a somewhat analogous incident. An oldish American woman brought a wet towel and began to rub my forehead with it, as hard as she could. When asked to explain why she did so, she said she was trying to see if she could rub off the brownish-black stain from my face. She declared I spoke English like an American, and she was trying to discover if I was merely masquerading as an (East) Indian for some ulterior motive. I was fearfully enraged at the performance; but the woman went about it in such solemn earnestness that to this day I have never been able to decide whether she was cracking a joke at my expense, or was in earnest, actuated by prejudice and ignorance.

It is this daring of the American women that irritates an Oriental sojourner in America. Your Yankee friend is likely to coolly ask you to lay bare the innermost secrets of your soul—and to do it in the most *nonchalant* manner, disguising it under the cloak of a joke. An Indian friend of mine had resided for a long time in an eastern (Eastern United States) city, and had formed many valuable friendships. One evening he called with me on two sisters and their mother. As we were sitting idly gossiping, the conversation turned on marriage in India. One of the sisters suddenly asked my friend:

"How about your wife, Mr. —?"

"She is all right," he replied, just as hastily as the query was put to him.

"Why, Mr.—, you said you were not married at all," triumphantly put in the other sister, with a touch of grim humor. The discomfiture of my friend is easier imagined than described. Yet the young American woman was actuated by "smartness"—probably jocoseness—to ask such a question: or maybe the mind of the American woman, like that of the woman of other countries, works in devious grooves and perhaps there was a deeper motive for this query than I divined. All the same, it was the bold, *nonchalant* manner of the woman that impressed me most, and it

certainly was illustrative of a similar trait in the average American woman — and eke man.

This spirit of *nonchalance* in the American is so well cultivated that you cannot rebuff it. At least, such has been my experience. More than anything else, you cannot whip an American at argument so that he will stay whipped. He never acknowledges his defeat, and the minute you get off his breast he rises, forgets his bruises, and begins to charge you once again, trying to down you if he can. Many a time this conclusion has forced itself on me until now it has become part of my working philosophy in America. As an instance of how impossible it is to rebuff an American, I will cite a personal incident. Wherever I go in America, whether it be a crowded metropolis, or a slimly-settled country site— whoever I meet in America, be the person man or woman, rich or poor, cultivated or illiterate—sooner or later, directly or indirectly, I am asked the question: "How old are you?" Poor John Chinaman gets the brunt of the blame for asking such an impertinent question: but I can swear to it that I have found the American to be absolutely the limit in this respect. I do not know whether other people have had the same experience or not; but I have. As a rule, this question is asked me in all frankness and sincerity. It is the editor of a newspaper who has hurriedly looked through my scrap-book and seen the articles I have contributed to newspapers and magazines of various lands. The editor looks at my face, which is minus a single furrow of care or anxiety. He then shifts his eyes to my hair, which has been, until recently, unstreaked with silver. Then comes the question: "By the way, you are not very old—are you?" Now when the question is asked, the only thing to do is to simply state the case. Evasion will not avail. I have tried it—without success. For instance, I may say: "I am not a hundred thousand years old." Quick as a flash comes reply from the editor. "I knew *that*; but how old are you, anyway?" If it is a society leader, a woman with money and power (whatever that word may mean) she asks you this question more politely and she repeats her query less brusquely; but the insistence is

there, the same quality, the same quantity of insistence. The young woman will say, for instance: "So you have been away from home for — years?" and you will say "Yes." She will talk for an hour about what you saw in foreign lands, and then will come the query: "And how old were you when you left home?" When she has the answers to her two questions, your age is just a matter of simple arithmetic. If you somewhat hesitate to state just how old you are, you will be condescendingly told: "My question may sound impolite, but we are interested (this word is drawled out, in-ter-est-ed) in *you*." Funny interest, you may say to yourself, that hinges on one's age: but you cannot put off your friend by any adventitious means. She wants to know — she has made up her mind to know—she will know—and the best course you can adopt is to let her know. Otherwise there is a divorce between you and your peace of mind. I once tested the ingenuity of a woman friend as to her ability to find opportunities and ways to pick out of me just how old I was. She asked me a half dozen times, not once putting to me a direct question. A half dozen different ages I gave her, and each time she laughed. At last came my birthday, and she, unembarrassed, asked me how many times she must "spank" me, explaining that in her part of the country it was the custom to spank a friend or relative on his birthday, as many times as he was years old. This was really ingenious—at least it appeared so to me—and I rewarded her stick-to-it-iveness and patience by honestly answering her question.

This pestering perseverance and impertinent audacity in the American are truly galling to a foreigner, especially so during the initial stage of his sojourn in the country. Equally discomfiting is the fact that the average American feels that there is no one who is of so fine a calibre as the citizen of the United States. He considers himself to be by far the highest evolved—the flower of creation. The United States and the American are *it* (to use an Americanism)—all else is second-rate or good for nothing. As to the Asiatic, his head is filled with mashed potatoes instead of brains. The orthodox American regards the Oriental as a huge joke. All kinds of fun

are had at his expense. I remember the case of a young Chinese, a very bright fellow, who came to the United States some time ago to study political economy. He spoke English imperfectly, and, as is the case with most Chinamen, he would say "I" where he ought to say "r." Consequently he would call "rice," "lice," and "Mr. Lice" was the name by which he became popularly known. A young American boarding in the same family as did the Chinaman, taught the Celestial to drink his tea with a tablespoon, to eat his pie with a knife, saw his bread with his teaspoon, eat his soup with a fork, and other ludicrous things, telling him that they were essentially high-bred table manners in America. I had the painful experience of seeing the Chinaman make a fool of himself at an important function. Every one present enjoyed the joke, except the Celestial, who was utterly oblivious of the fun that was being had at his expense.

The Chinaman had cut off his queue and dressed like an American college man. His eyes were but slightly oblique. In fact, there was nothing but a very slight suggestion about his features of his Mongolian origin. One Sunday he went to the Post Office to get his mail. Nearly everybody, men, women, boys and girls, in the larger American cities, goes to the Post Office to get mail on Sunday, there being no carrier delivery on the Sabbath. In the rotunda of the Post Office my Celestial friend met a crowd of people, all waiting for the doors to open. As he stood there he heard a knot of three young women talking. One said: "Look at the Chink!" The second interjected, "Why, Isabel! He is a right handsome fellow." The third articulated, "Yes, Isabel, you ought to marry the yellow beast." "No!

Excuse me!" rejoined Isabel, shuddering as if the suggestion was contaminating.

My friend from China was greatly wrought up over this incident. He was hyper-sensitive, on the one hand, and without a sense of humour, on the other. Naturally he took the insult to heart and was grieving over it. "Isn't there any way of stopping this nonsense?" he asked me in all earnestness. "Couldn't I call an officer to my help?" he continued impassionately. "You certainly could call a policeman, if you wish," I told him, "but he will not succour you—he will simply laugh at you." Then I showed the Chinaman a little excerpt that I had clipped from a Chicago newspaper, and which was so typical of the unmannerliness of a certain type of Americans that I had pasted it in my note book. It ran as follows:

"Not many years ago, walking in Clark Street, I saw a young American brute spit a mouthful of tobacco juice into an open package of candy which a Chinaman was carrying in his hand."

"Are such things possible in civilized America?" was the only comment John Chinaman made. "Yes," said I, "they are possible in half-civilized America. The country is young: it has much to learn. Refinement, one could not expect to look for in men and women whose parents were backwoods people, cut off from communication with the world, engaged in rudimentary farming in a fierce struggle with Nature; and who, themselves, have no time for anything else save chasing madly after the almighty dollar. When Americans have a little leisure and some inclination to be introspective, they doubtless will outgrow their burly manners, but not before." This is a simple proposition and constitutes more than ample excuse for American rudeness to strangers.



Canada's Great Fair

By

N. B. Johnson

IF a man were to spend year after year of his life endeavoring to perfect a certain device, or some great product—if he had spent almost all his energy in studying the means of overcoming the problems of making a certain article—and if, after he had done this, he invited men and women to see the work, only to have them look at it hurriedly and pass out without half understanding the cunning workmanship, the unwearying endeavor, the everlasting patience of the man who perfected the article, it would be one of the usual ironies of life. And it happens every day.

For instance, at the Toronto Exhibition, what were the really interesting things? A man on a tight wire? A fat woman? A Grand Stand Performance? A man who cut your likeness in black paper or made rapid cartoons of your profile while the crowd stood around and wondered? No. The things which are a real means of seeing the progress of the country, were the exhibits of manufactured and natural products, as set forth in the various booths

in the great buildings. People hurried through these buildings either because they wished to hurry, or because they were compelled to hurry by the souvenir-seeking crowds. They naturally would not take the time to study each new invention, each new machine and new mechanical construction as shown there. The exhibition was, it is true, an advertisement for the various firms who exhibited there. But it was also a means whereby intelligent men and women might see the great progress which had been made in the past year in the various trades and handicrafts.

Many a man who would have spent more time among the exhibits was compelled to make his visit short, or not to go at all, because he had not the time. The account of the various leading exhibits as contained in the following pages will give any reader a good idea of some of the best things which were shown at the fair. They draw attention to the products of the respective exhibitors, and are instructive and informing.

PENMAN'S LIMITED.

Have you ever noticed a youngster squirm when you made him change from summer to winter underwear? Have you never heard him claim that it was uncomfortable?

Well it *was* uncomfortable, but we grown-ups, in our superior way, and with our great knowledge have always assured the little beggar that it was only because he was not used to the heavier material and that the feeling would soon wear off.

Now as a matter of fact we only told the youngster that because we knew that

Take for example the "combination" suit of underwear. There is no denying that fact that "combinations" are the only sensible sort of under-clothing, provided they can be made properly. This has been one of the problems which has faced manufacturers for years. Some of them gave up the problem and went on making the old kind of combination, others didn't make anything but the old stand-by, separate drawers and separate under-vests.

It is all very well when you have become used to wearing the two-piece under-



the underwear really was not perhaps as pleasant to wear as it should be, but then we thought that all underwear was like that and that the best thing to do was to let the child get used to it. Which of course the youngster did in time.

Now the first point we want to make about Pen Angle goods is the fact that they are comfortable; whether it be our underwear or hosiery or knitted goods for exterior wear. They are comfortable. That is the first point, though not the most important one. The others come presently.

wear, just like becoming used to the roughly finished woolen garment. You have a bundle of cloth about your hips that is absolutely unnecessary. The drawers over-lap the undervest. You have to tuck one into the other. Unless your underwear is made to measure or unless you are a very easy person to fit there are apt to be all sorts of creases and folds in the garments. And right next to the skin too. The combination garment, on the other hand, is smooth from top to bottom. It fits like a glove, except—and this is where the rub comes.

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.



The puzzle has been to make the openings in the combination garment so that they would be at once convenient and comfortable. As we have already said, that has been too big a problem for most of the manufacturers to tackle. Hitherto these "combination" or "Union" Suits have been made with an opening from the throat down the front and all the way round to the seat. This made a gaping crotch and discomfort was unavoidable.

The Penman's designers were set at the problem and this is the result: A union suit is now turned out by the Penman's people which has all the advantage and none of the disadvantages of the old-time Union suit. In this suit the crotch is closed like a pair of drawers. The opening down the front of the body is separate from the opening in the seat. Between the two the crotch is entirely closed. The garment is comfortable at every point: no gaping open no binding or chafing, no buttons between the limbs. Although the opening at the seat is closed by means of a button, this is so placed as to be conveniently reached, and is never in the way of the person when seated; of course, there will always be those who prefer the Pen Angle two-piece underwear. The same excellence of design, workmanship and material characterizes

these two-piece suits, as the other Pen Angle products.

The nights are beginning to get cool. Pretty soon one will need more covers on the bed. In a little while the hunting season will be on and the men of the house will be wanting sweaters and socks. Big wooly sweaters with collars and cuffs so made to keep out the wind and the cold and yet so as not to hamper the movements of the body. Or for the girl of the house. Cool evenings if she wants to take a walk or pay a call there is nothing better than the sweater coat. The trouble is to get one that has the proper natty style and finish. Almost anyone can wear the ordinary sweater coat, which, while it may be of good quality, is ill-fitting and unbecoming. But the pretty sweater-coat, the sweater-coat which sits snugly around the figure and looks as though it really was meant for street wear, are PEN ANGLE coats, just take a peep inside the collar at the label.

As a matter of fact it is almost superfluous to tell anybody about the uses of sweater coats and sweaters now-a-days. The sweater, the sweater coat, the knitted cap and knitted gloves are recent developments in the history of clothing. Time was when nobody but the boy of the family owned a sweater. He used it for

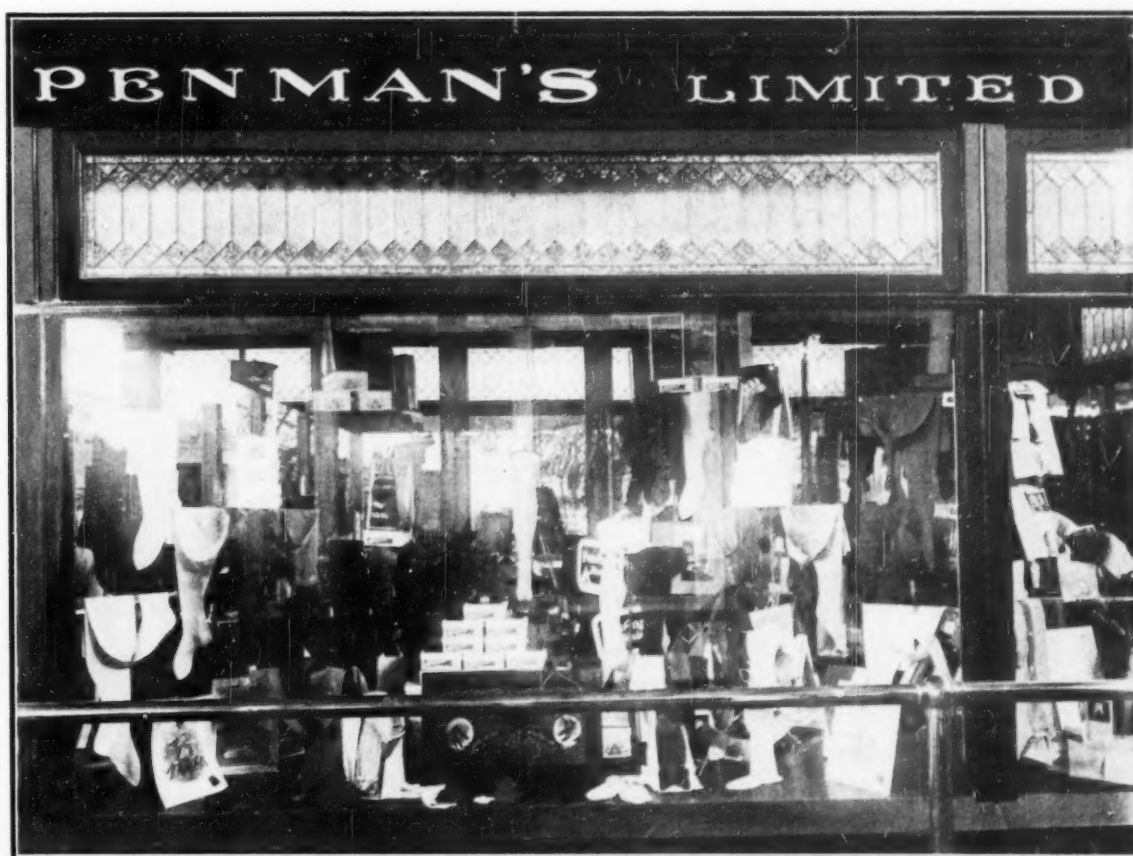
football, or hockey or any other mortal game like that. A boy bought a sweater and kept it in his wardrobe just as a woman would keep a dress for evening wear. And *now*, the same is true of the women of the house and head of the house himself. The man of the family uses a sweater coat when he goes out to clear up the garden before winter sets in, when he goes bowling, or, as we said before, shooting. The mother of the family finds it a good thing to have a sweater coat which she can slip on in the fall days before the furnace is lighted and when the nights are a little cool. Then when winter comes, for driving or walking, snow-shoeing or ski-ing, who can do without a sweater coat in some form or other?

The thing is not to get a good sweater coat but to get a Pen Angle coat, made by the Penman People. Take two sweaters, one made by one firm and one by the Penman firm, both the same price. Feel the springiness of the wool in one. Feel the elasticity of it, the way it stretches and

comes back into shape. Look how pretty the stitches are, how snowy the wool is. That is the Penman product.

There is a reason. Examine the threads. Probably the thread in the anonymous sweater is,—well it is just a thread, a bit of yarn that is all. But the Pen Angle thread is different. There is a certain twist in it, a certain way it is combined with other threads which make a strong, long-wearing thread, and yet one which is soft and springy to the touch. Instead of one thread carrying the strain, the wear and tear, there are two or three of them doing it in Pen-Angle goods. This is a point worth considering. Think of it, when you come, as you are bound to come—to buying a sweater-coat or a sweater. There are all shapes, styles and sizes, but they are all—Pen-Angle quality.

Even the comfort of ordinary silk hosiery has been improved upon and perfected by Penman's Manufacturing Company, Limited. This product has been introduced recently and is meeting with



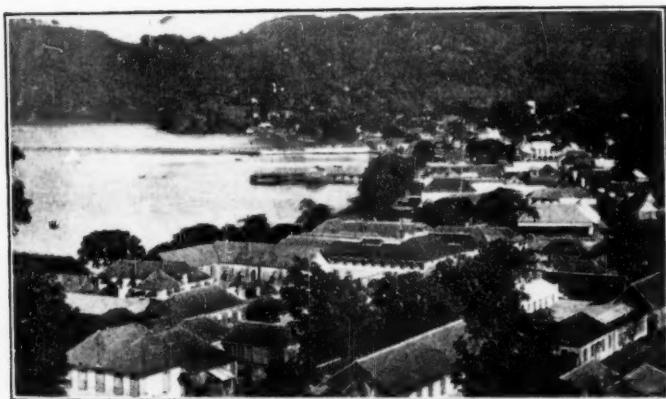


Illustrations of these Coats are now appearing on billboards throughout the country.

great favor from the public. There is no other hose of this kind being manufactured in Canada. No other Canadian concern can supply it. They are full-fashioned seamless. They come in different colors, for men, women and children. They fit perfectly. Some people have always worn wool or cotton or lisle. Let them wear Penman's silk—seamless, flawless and durable—and they would never go back to the old style hosiery. Comfort, elegance and even economy itself, is to be found in wearing Penman's silk hosiery. They fit. They wear. They are comfortable.

ST. VINCENT ARROWROOT ASSOCIATION.

An exhibit which has always proved a strong attraction is that of the products of the British West Indies. This year proved no exception. Both the variety and quality of the exhibits were decidedly in advance of former years. The interest which the visitors manifested in the display of Arrowroot was indeed noticeable. They wanted to know more about this food which is fast finding its way to our tables.



A view of Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I. The home of St. Vincent Arrowroot.

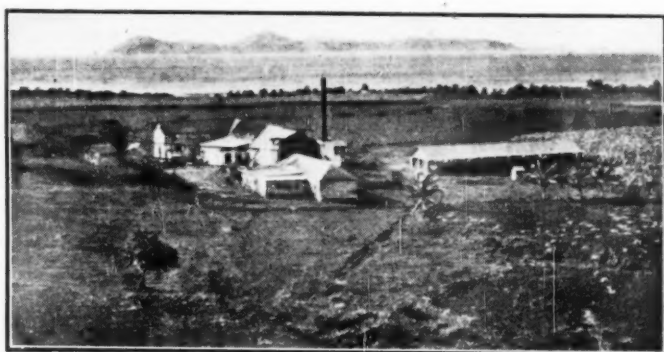
Hundreds of years ago, some native of the island of St. Vincent, in the Caribbean Sea, discovered a plant from the roots of which he could make a curious sort of flour or meal. He ate it and found it delicious. Other natives tried it and approved. The new food proved to be one which stimulated the best of health. The islanders flourished. Ever since they have been eating it.



Unmanufactured Arrowroot in field, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

To-day, the whole world knows of Arrowroot, although it is only beginning to learn all the uses it can be put to, and how superior it is as an article of everyday food to the old staple cereals. Scientists have given an outlandish name to the plant which the original native discovered; they call it *Maranta Arundinacea*. White planters have flocked to the beautiful tropical island of St. Vincent and are producing "Arrow-root" for the consumption of the whole world. Whereas the native method of production was perhaps crude and wasteful, the planters of St. Vincent have perfected the processes

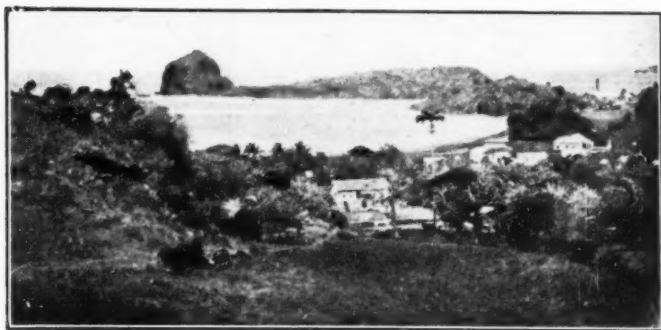


Arrowroot Works, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

so that the product as now offered is in the best form.

Arrowroot is not just a dish for children and invalids. It is a dish for healthy people who want a delicious and wholesome food. Arrowroot is a delightful cereal, an exquisite ingredient in custards, puddings, blanc manges and other dishes. It makes an excellent breakfast dish for the workingman or woman and a dainty food for the sick. It builds up strong constitutions in children and can be taken by the weakest digestion.

The St. Vincent Arrowroot Growers' and Exporters', of St. Vincent, B.W.I., will gladly send a charming little booklet telling of the recipes in which Arrowroot



Calliaqua Harbor, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

can be used, on receipt of a post-card asking for the same. This useful book should be in every home. Send for it, then purchase Arrowroot from your grocer. Your family will be delighted with it.

SALADA TEA COMPANY.

There ought not to be anything more to say about Salada Tea and yet there is. New tea drinkers grow up every day. New housewives blossom forth in new homes and are faced with the responsibility of buying for the new home. Nearly everybody knows "Salada"—millions drink it every day—and yet there are, of course, those who may, perhaps, need to have it explained to them why it is that so many people use it, and why it is as much a part of any household's equipment as is the kitchen stove itself.

Fifty years ago India knew nothing, or next to nothing about the production of tea. Thirty years ago Ceylon was in the same position. China and Japan had dominated the tea trade of the world, supplying in 1870, 92 per cent. of the total amount of tea consumed. But in 1892 the centre of the tea trade had changed so greatly that India and Ceylon supplied 81 per cent. of the world's tea. This was an astounding change in trade currents. The explanation lay in the fact that the Europeans had opened up the fields of India and Ceylon and that by combining the superior methods of the European tea planter with the superior soil and climatic conditions, succeeded in producing tea better than the original Chinese and Japanese tea.

Now there is this difference between teas: good tea grows at a considerable elevation above the sea-level; poorer tea grows at sea-level, and the best tea plant is that which, generally speaking, grows highest above sea-level. "Salada" Tea is high altitude tea, that is one explanation of its goodness. It comes from the Ceylon tea-gardens, that is another point; and then, in the matter of growing the actual plants, picking the leaves, treating and handling them, "Salada" is again the high-grade tea. "Salada" gardens are the best that can be had. The little tea plants are planted and tended with the



greatest care and when the crop is ready a staff of expert pickers strip the little branches of its luscious leaves.

Once "Salada" Tea is plucked it is not touched by human hands again until the housewife opens the end of the sealed lead package. From the sunny tea fields of Ceylon to the thousands of homes in Canada, "Salada" travels without coming in contact with human hands. Once picked, the rest is done by machinery.

If "Salada" were not the best tea, why do so many housewives continue to use it? Why do they omit saying even the word "tea" and just say "Salada, please." Because "*Salada, please, Mr. Grocer,*" means "Tea," the best, the most delicious, the most economical sort to use.

One day a peddler comes to the door and the young matron, opening it, is told

of a wonderful tea which the peddler offers her at a lower price than usual. It is "bargain tea." The housewife tries it. It tasted well enough, perhaps, and because it costs less per pound, she may perhaps be willing to forego the little flavor in her old tea, of which she is so fond. But she soon discovers the difference between the bulk tea which the peddler sold and the genuine tea which she has been accustomed to buying in the lead packets. There is not the flavor of "Salada" and—it takes more tea to supply the household. When she has made this discovery she recalls to mind the delicate flavor of the old tea, its exquisite color, as it stood in her cup, its refreshing quality and—

She goes back to the corner grocer and, as the clerk waits with his order pad open, says, "*Salada, please.*"

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

TOASTED CORN FLAKES COMPANY

Hundreds of little boxes of Toasted Corn Flakes — "The Sweetheart of the corn"—were given away free at the Exhibition. Small boys and girls, and even the oldest of old men were on hand to obtain free samples of this favorite breakfast dish. In addition to the cunning little packets which the visitors carried away with them, many were served with the Corn Flakes at the booth, white-capped and aproned maids dispensing it with cream and sugar to any that asked.

That corn is one of the healthiest cereal foods has long been admitted. The difficulty in the past has been to present the ripened corn to the consumer in a

pleasant form. The Toasted Corn Flakes Company have certainly found the proper method. There is no breakfast food so delightfully crisp, so appetizing, so full of sweetness and nutriment as this — Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

One point about this product must always be borne in mind. Toasted Corn Flakes come from a clean factory. Cleanliness and conscientiousness is the motto of the manufacturers of this product. Perhaps this has had something to do with the marvellous growth in the sales of this company. Within the last two years the Canadian plant at London, Ontario, has been forced to double its capacity. Although the new machines and additional



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employees work up to full capacity, it has sometimes been a problem for the Company to know just how to meet the ever-increasing demand.

The phrase, "The Sweetheart of the Corn," together with the well-known picture which accompanies it has become very popular, and many people passing through the Manufacturers' Building exclaimed when they caught sight of the booth, "Oh, here it is! Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—The Sweetheart of the Corn."

The Toasted Corn Flakes Company is broadly known for its scrupulous dealings with all those with whom it comes in contact. The grocer is given the best of treatment. Big dealers are given no advantage over the smaller men. All fare alike. When it comes to the actual consumer the Toasted Corn Flakes Company sees that the quality of their product is always above standard and that everything, from the keeping clean of the factory to the sealing of the great big packages, is done with a view to maintaining the high reputation of this company and its famous product.

WAGSTAFFE'S LIMITED.

Two fine, old-fashioned wives were crossing the Exhibition Grounds. They wore bonnets on their grey hair and shawls on their shoulders. They carried baskets filled with souvenirs—fans, folders, catalogues, samples. They had been watching the carpet weaving in the Process Building and now, crossing a piece of lawn, they searched out a bench, sat down, and proceeded to eat the lunches which had been concealed in their baskets.

"Martha," said one, "I don't see how ever you do make that jam?"

"What's that Lizzie," returned the other, pretending not to have heard the compliment.

"That there Rasp'bry jam! However do you make it? I can't. Mine's always different from that. Not half so good."

Martha looked pleased but uneasy. She was at a loss to know how to answer the flattering remark.

"O Law!" she exclaimed at last, "that ain't good jam. That's just ordnery jam.

I don't mind sayin' to you, Lizzie, that I am a good hand at preservin'. I do like a nice jam, or preserves, an' I always thought I knew how to do it. But ——"

"But what?"

"Well, I tell you, it just seems to me the world ain't half s' smart as it used t' be. Take my mother now! Mean to say y' ever can get jam 'r preserves like your own mother'd make? I can remember 'em! My, but that was real jam. And once, one fair time, I did get a taste of the kind ma used to make. But I guess it was a fake, or maybe I just thought it was the same."

"Where'd you get it?"

"Don't know. It was last year, in one of those big buildings. Pa and I were just wanderin' around and we got lost down in one of the side alleys like, in the Manufacturers' Building. Anyway, there was a big crowd around one place and Pa, he shoved his way in. Pretty soon he came out again with two little mites of sody biscuits with a bit of peach jam on each one. He gave me one and ate the other. The minute I tasted mine I looked back to see the name of the man that was makin' it. But I couldn't see. I asked Pa an' he said there was such a crowd he'd not noticed, but he thought the place was to advertise some sort of biscuits maybe. All he'd seen was a woman with a white cap an' apron.

"I tell you that jam on that little mite of a sody biscuit was Mother's jam. I'd give a lot t' know where they got it and mind you, to think of them giving it away on sody biscuits, jam like that, Mother's jam!"

Sadness fell upon the two old ladies as they sat on the bench munching sandwiches with jam in between the bread.

The policeman at the west-end entrance to the Manufacturers' Building smiled to see the courage of two fine old ladies who had enough nerve and enterprise to venture into the maelstrom of humanity, just inside those doors. Side by side, holding hands, they let the current carry them down the great side aisle, past the pianos and the organs and the extract of beef booths. Martha was just falling into pleasant conversation with a handsome young man who was telling her all about

a reed organ which he wanted to sell, when Lizzie tugged at her skirt and called to her to "come on!"

"Wait," answered Martha, "I've always said when Pa got money enough I'd buy one of these here organs. Now Lizzie—"

"Yes, but here's your jam! Here's the place you and Pa were to. Come on."

The pair, like school girls, fled from the organ seller, down a cross-aisle. To be sure, there was the crowd, there was a white-capped and white-aproned maid and she was handing out little "sody-biscuits" with jam on them—little glistening mountains of jam.

Lizzie took one and ate it slowly, suspiciously tasting it carefully and judiciously. She squinted up her old blue eyes as though trying to recall where she had tasted jam like that before.

Martha didn't even want to take off her silk gloves. She accepted the biscuit, looked at it, looked again, squinted suspiciously at the woman in the booth and sniffed.

Then she ate. When the biscuit had vanished she turned to Lizzie.

"Lizzie," she said, "I'm goin' to find out what these people are advertisin' and

where'd they get that jam. I'm the best jam-maker in Wellington County and I can't make that jam. That's my Mother's recipe. I lost it. Now I know. Somebody's stolen it!"

She bristled up to the booth.

"Young woman!"

"Yes."

"Where'd you get that jam?"

"That jam! That's our jam."

"Which?"

"Our jam. We make it."

For a quarter of a minute the older woman gazed up and down the younger one. Cold disbelief was in her eyes. Bitter sarcasm in her voice as she spoke.

"You!" she said, "You! A bit of a girl like you makin' jam like that. My Mother's jam! Better'n the best in our country! No ma'am you can't, as they say, put one over on me."

"But it is. It's our jam—Wagstaffe's."

"Who, Wagstaffe?"

"Our Company, the man who runs our factories."

"Factory!"

"Yes."

"Y'mean you sell that!"



"Yes."

"Then I'll buy some right off. Can y'—" sidling up a bit closer and putting on a coaxing smile. "You—ahem—I say you couldn't manage to get me the recipe—er—could you?"

"Fraid not," replied the girl. "It's secret."

"Humph! Well give me some and some of those strawberry preserves, too. Yes. Slip 'em to Mrs. Martha—" and so on.

The secret of Martha's mother's jams and preserves was just this: She probably had a good housewife's instinct for judging the proper amount of sugar to be used with fruit of a certain amount of acidity. For instance, with strawberries she used so much, raspberries so much, and so on.

Sometimes, however, Martha's mother made mistakes. Although the fruit probably came from the home farm, still, from year to year, the acidity of the fruit from the same plants might vary, and if the variation were very marked, Martha's mother's preserves might not be quite up to the standard unless she had varied the proportion of sugar accordingly.

There was no secret about the jam that her daughter tasted at the fair. The Wagstaffe factories employ chemists to determine exactly the acidity of the fruit before the recipe is made out. From the chemical analysis is determined the amount of sugar to be used for that batch. In Martha's case she probably did not know the right proportion of sugar to use, and perhaps she failed in the cooking of it, too. In her mother's case she did not always get the right proportion. With Wagstaffe jams and preserves the makers always know.

The city house-wife secured fruit from the market or from her grocery, which is very varied in the percentages of acidity. After it is made up into jam it tastes, undoubtedly very good, but if you wish to know just how good it might taste, try Wagstaffe's.

The Wagstaffe Company, of course, caters to the most particular buyers. It takes the utmost care that the fruit which is used in the factory is the best, that the other ingredients are the best, that no un-

healthy thing is used in the making, such as harmful preservatives, etc., that everything is spotlessly clean, and finally, that the jars and pails, used for the fruit, are the very best and most convenient.

After the fruit has been cleaned in the Wagstaffe factory in Hamilton, it is not touched by human hand again until it comes to your table. Your preserves and your jams, madam, may be excellent. We have no doubt they are. Taste Wagstaffe's and you will find how much good mere fruit can be made to taste or if you find that your own is quite as good, then you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are indeed equal to the best preserver in the country.

After all, does a woman save money by doing her own preserving? When you count up time, and trouble, the cost of heating, the cost of buying sugar and fruit at retail prices, and jars, too—is it worth it? In Wagstaffe's factory, expenses are reduced to a minimum. The goods are sold at a minimum price. Try them and learn just how good a cook you are, or how far short your recipes are from real recipes. Write to the Wagstaffe, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM.

There was a crowd standing round the booth in the Manufacturers' Building staring at a sign. The sign said: "Sealshipt Oysters are the only Oysters that can look a Pure Food Inspector in the Face." It was a clever sign. It made the people laugh first and think secondly. The sign was being displayed by the Producer's Sales Company of Sealshipt Oyster fame.

The Sealshipt System is to-day easily the largest producer and shipper of oysters in the world.

Thirty thousand acres of producing and maturing oysters are owned outright by the Sealshipt System. Practically all of the famous Blue Point oyster beds in the Great South Bay are owned by the Sealshipt System.

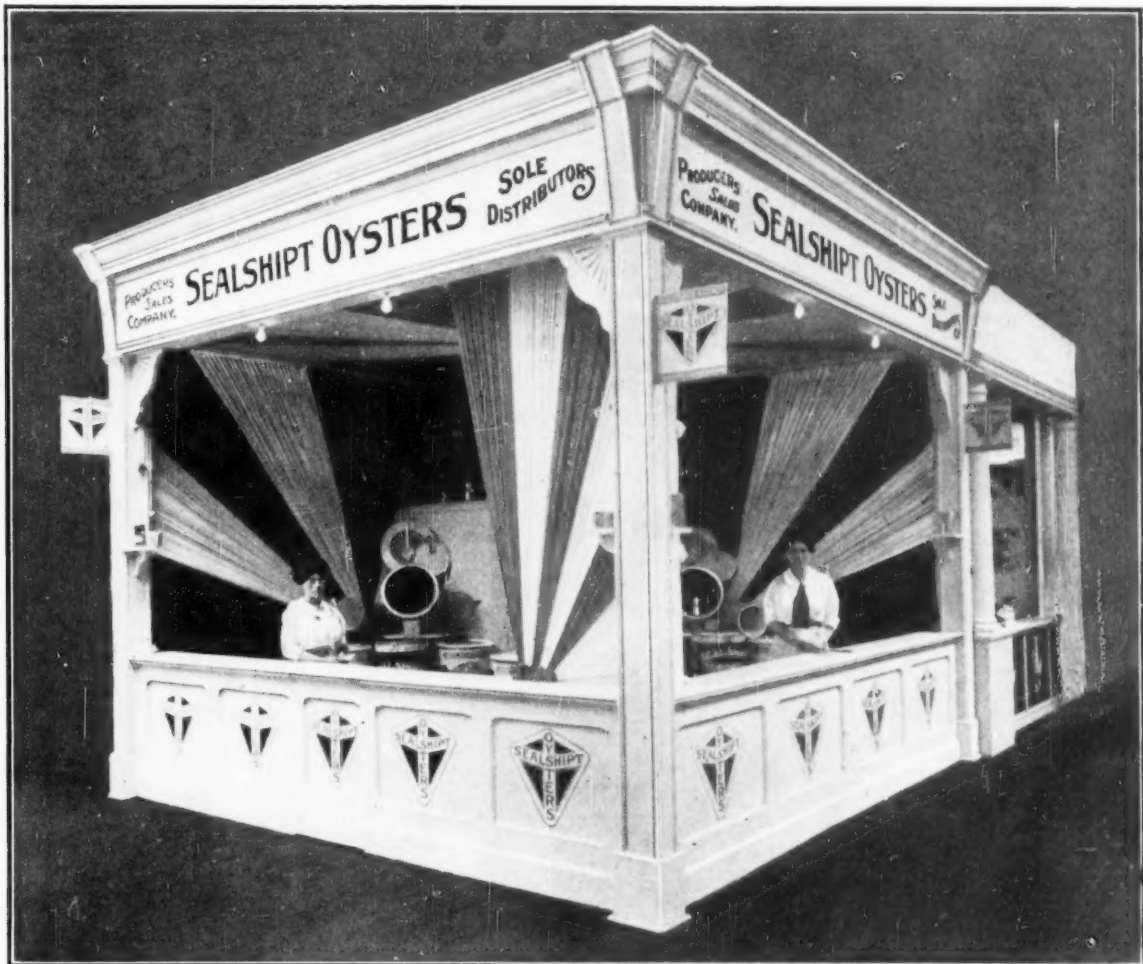
Until last May, the Blue Point beds remained the property of private owners, on a grant from King George III. These beds have long been considered the most valuable in the world.

This season a large part of, and hereafter nearly the entire production and sale of Blue Point oysters will be handled by the Sealshipt System, and grown, packed and shipped under the Sealshipt methods, thus increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the immensely popular Blue Point.

In addition to the enormous yield of this vast oyster growing territory, the Sealshipt System controls the output of the best growers and shippers of all the

sure the delivery of oysters to the table with the same delightful taste and perfect purity as when they were drawn from the deep sea, and without additional liquid.

In other words, the Sealshipt Oyster System set itself the task of delivering to a consumer anywhere in Canada or America, oysters that would taste as good as the Blue Point taken from the beds of Great South Bay, opened and eaten on the spot. The Sealshipt Oyster System anticipated the action that many Provinces



beds from Narragansett clear down the coast, including Chesapeake Bay to Florida, and the Gulf Coast to Texas. This section embraces the finest oyster beds in the world, including all the famous varieties.

The originators and present owners of the Sealshipt Oyster System realized years ago that there was a growing sentiment in favor of pure food and the square deal, and having this ideal in mind, they went to work to devise a package that would in-

and States took, and which the Canadian and United States Federal authorities have now taken, that oysters should not be shipped in open tubs.

The Sealshipt System insures consumers everywhere oysters of perfect freshness and quality by packing the oysters fresh from the shell in a patent Sealshiptor—a shipping refrigerator consisting of a metal cylindrical outer case and an inner case or container. The container holds the solid oyster meats and, when filled, is pro-

ected absolutely by an air-tight parchment-lined cover, which is sealed at the sea-coast shipping point and is not opened until it reaches the retail dealer. The container, holding five gallons, fits inside the outer case and is surrounded by cracked ice. A felted cover is clamped over the whole and the Sealshiptor is ready for its trans-continental journey. When necessary fresh ice is packed en route without disturbing the oyster container. The use of the Sealshiptor insures the delivery of the oysters in perfect condition to the retail dealer.

In order to sell Sealshipt oysters, retail dealers must sign contracts with the Sealshipt System, binding themselves to promote the Sealshipt policy of protection to the consumer. And in order to properly keep and display the oysters and identify the brand to the consumer, each dealer is required by his contract to lease a store refrigerator—made on the same principle as the Sealshiptor—and called the Sealshipticase. This is a blue and white porcelain fixture bearing the trade mark and name of the Sealshipt Oyster System. When the Registered Sealshipt Agent receives his order of Sealshipt Oysters, he immediately transfers the consignment from the Sealshiptor to the Sealshipticase, from which refrigerator the oysters are delivered to the consumer, thus carrying out the principle of cleanliness and perfection to the utmost. A specially devised wax-lined package, impervious to moisture and perfectly sanitary, is provided to carry the oysters from the dealer's to the consumer's door. Thus every foot of the journey from the sea bed to the table is guarded. Every Sealshiptor, Sealshipticase and paper carton bears the Sealshipt brand or trade mark—a guarantee of good, wholesome oysters wherever it is seen.

A recent innovation of the System is the packing at its selling agency, The Producers Sales Company, in Toronto, of Sealshipt Oysters in small tins, holding 13 and 26 ounces, and designed for family use. These are called No. 1 and No. 2 Sealshiptens, and may be procured from any registered Sealshipt agent in Canada. Each Sealshipten bears the trade mark and guarantee of the Sealshipt Oyster System, and this in itself will insure for them a favorable reception by the public.

"ALCA" VACUUM CLEANER.

No woman would now think of doing all her sewing by hand, as by the use of the sewing machine she can do much better work and more rapidly. Vacuum cleaners are even farther ahead of the old method of cleaning with a broom. The "Alca" Vacuum Cleaner, which was effectively demonstrated in the Manufacturers' Annex at the Exhibition, is one of the most effective hand cleaners made, although it sells for only \$6.00, and it is as efficient as any vacuum cleaner selling for four times the price. The most delicate woman or even a child can operate it with ease.

The "Alca" has no complicated parts—nothing to get out of order, and with the use of it you can restore your rugs and carpets to a condition like new and keep them in that state. It does away with the necessity of taking up carpets and



"Alca" Vacuum Cleaner.

beating them. The "Alca" Cleaner removes dirt and germs from beneath the surface. It does not scatter dust and microbes, as they are carried into the Cleaner by powerful suction.

The nozzle of the "Alca" Cleaner is nine inches wide, therefore, it cleans a greater surface with each stroke than any other hand-operated cleaner. Think what this cleaner would mean to any woman. She could do her work ten times quicker,

easier and better than by the old method. The rugs and carpets are cleaned on the floor, and the furniture is not shifted about or covered with dust—no germs sent flying through the house. Every room spotlessly clean and free from the odor of dust, etc.

Who would be without a vacuum cleaner when one can obtain for the small sum of \$6.00 the "Alca," which is positively guaranteed to be satisfactory in every way? Mr. A. Hills, 1039 College Street, Toronto, manufactures these cleaners, and will personally stand behind every one that is sold. He has a booklet which explains further the merits of these cleaners, and every reader should write for a copy.

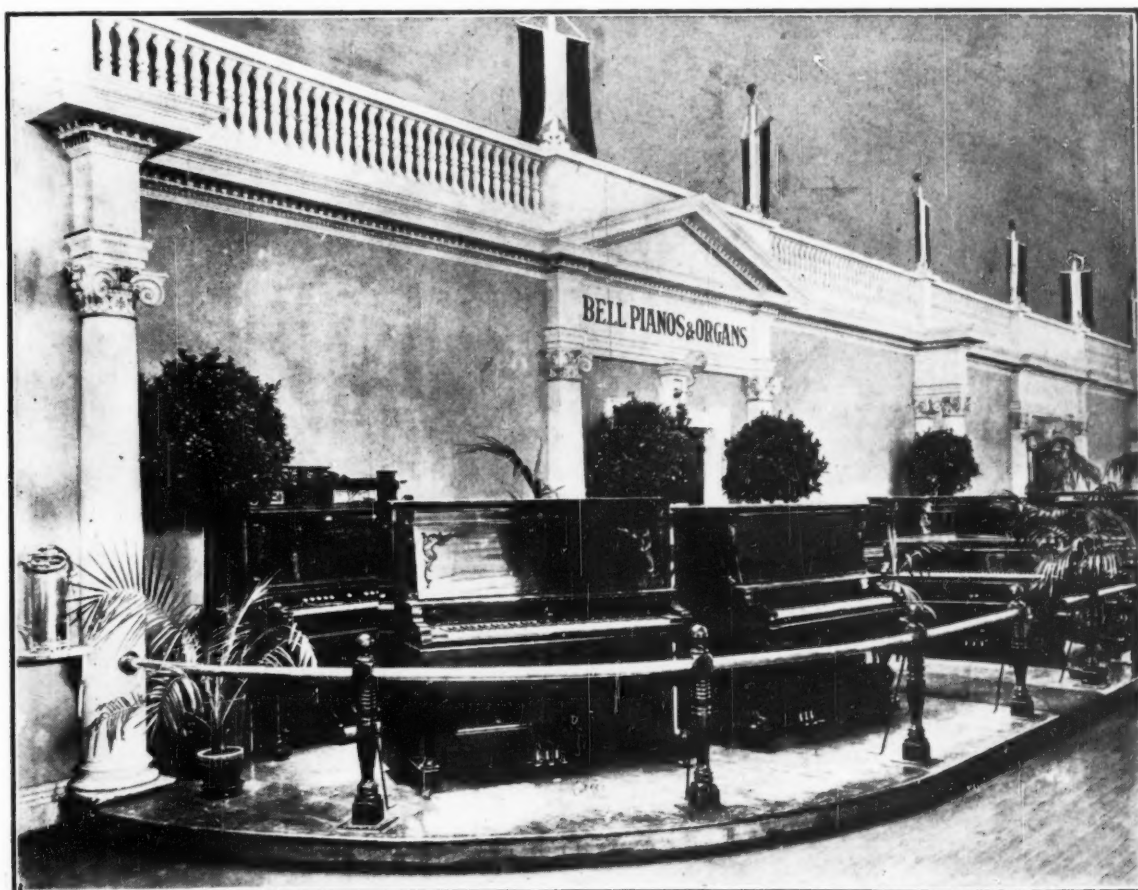
BELL PIANO COMPANY.

There is no monopoly in the Art of piano making. There are many men who know all that is necessary of the construction of a piano. They know where to get the tools and the materials. But

there is a difference: Scientific knowledge, study, research and conscientiousness are necessary in the making of the best pianos.

It is scientific knowledge, study, research and conscientiousness that have made the Bell piano what it is. The name Bell has for forty-five years been widely known in association with musical instruments of the highest type. The Bell Piano Company of Guelph, Ont. (whose trade is world-wide) prizes this reputation, this high position. Each year it studies how to make still better the pianos which go out to music lovers all over the world. The Bell Company observes all new inventions, all means of bettering the product.

As for tone and action, of course, nothing further need be said for the Bell Piano than is already known. The tone quality of this piano is of the standard of excellence. There is, however, another remarkable feature about the Bell piano: its illimitable quick repeating action. The technicalities of this delicate piece of mechanism are too intricate to be explained here, but it may be sufficient to say that



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no matter how rapidly the Bell piano is played, no matter how fine a trill, or rapid a repetition of one note is played, the Bell will respond where other pianos would fail utterly. The Bell is the only piano possessing this feature, and is truly a musician's piano.

The Bell-toned steel sustaining frame is another feature which ought to be mentioned. The Bell patented steel frame or back not only improves upon the tone of an ordinary piano, but renders the construction more rigid and durable. On the whole it is a most up-to-date piano.

The Bell Autonola Player-piano is, of course, well known throughout Canada. For those who cannot themselves master the technique of the piano there is nothing better. The great masters are at their finger tips, even if they do not know one note from another, and not only that, the Autonola allows for expression in the rendering of music, which probably none but a great master could obtain.

The booklet which the Bell Piano Company publishes, a copy of which will be sent to your address on receipt of a request, cannot fail to be of interest to all lovers of music. Even though they may have their own pianos, there is much to be discovered in the Bell catalogue, showing the newest inventions, newest designs, styles, finishes, etc.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

This very afternoon or morning, while you are reading this Magazine, hundreds of coolies in China are busy picking queer little black nuts from a certain kind of Chinese tree, just in order that the largest varnish company in the world, a company whose Canadian and American factories turned out, last year, ten million tins of Jap-a-Lac besides other varnish products, may be supplied with the oil which is the basis of this company's enormous business and which is absolutely essential to the making of the best varnish—Glidden Varnish.

After the nuts are picked, the coolies take them to a mill where they are crushed and the oil extracted from the little white centres of the nuts. Then a long procession of coolies will start out for the

nearest sea port, carrying skins on their backs, full of this oil, which skins will be deposited at the wharves of the great steamer companies, pending the transshipment of this material to the Glidden factories in Cleveland and Toronto.

This oil, called China Wood Oil, is the basis of good varnish. Linseed oil is no longer accepted as the best ingredient. There is, however, a difficulty in the treatment of this China Wood Oil, which prevents most varnish makers from using it, successfully. The oil must be heated to a very high temperature, and unless this is done skillfully and with knowledge of certain chemical rules in connection with the treatment of it, the oil turns into a solid material somewhat like rubber. Because of this difficulty in refining the oil a great many varnish makers are compelled to use Linseed Oil.

Linseed Oil dries from the outside inwards. China Wood Oil dries from the inside outwards. This is the really important difference between the two. Varnish made from Linseed Oil dries on the outside first and is liable after a time to crack, when the inside varnish shrinks. China Wood Oil varnish will not crack. It is flexible and tough.

The Glidden Varnish Company had a most interesting and instructive exhibit at the Exhibition and thousands were made aware of the superior qualities of Jap-a-Lac and the other products of this firm.

The Glidden Varnish Company has been making varnish for about fifty years. In that time it has become absolutely the master of the art of treating China Wood Oil and has, therefore, been able to make the very best varnish—perfectly waterproof—that can be obtained anywhere. Of all the pianos that are made in the United States fifty per cent. are covered with Glidden Varnish. Almost all the great railroad and steamship companies and large manufacturers use Glidden products.

Jap-a-Lac is perhaps better known to the general public than any of the other Glidden Varnish Company's products. As we have said before, millions of tins of Jap-a-Lac alone were sold by the Glidden Company in Canada, the United States, and all the rest of the varnish using world last year. Thousands of house-

wives use it. In fact Jap-a-Lac is primarily intended as something which the woman of the house can use without practical experience. It is made in twenty-one colors, including all the wood colors, gold and aluminum. Jap-a-Lac is used on floors, furniture, wood-work, carriages, or in fact anything that can be improved by varnish. It is a means of renewing your old furniture and will be found use-

Let us repeat: The Glidden Company is the most expert company in the handling of China Wood Oil. China Wood Oil is the best ingredient for varnishes. Add to these two facts the fact that nothing but the best of gums and colors are used in Glidden products and you will see why it is that the Glidden factories are larger than any others in the world. For

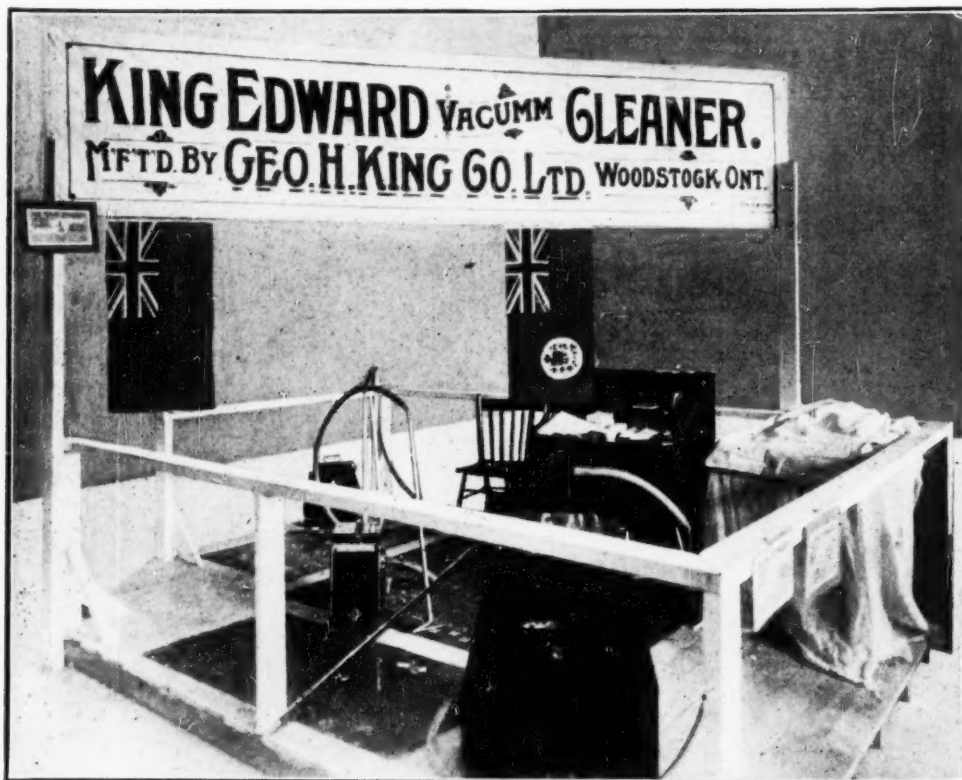


ful in a hundred ways in improving the appearance of various things from cellar to garret.

In this regard it is well to observe that the Glidden Varnish Company manufactures also a flat interior wall finish, which can be washed. With this and with Jap-a-Lac your house should never need to look in a neglected condition.

example, Jap-a-lac contains, in addition to the China Wood Oil, Kauri Gum from New Zealand, and pigment coloring from Germany. These are the best that can be obtained.

They have a booklet which should be very interesting and instructive for housewives. Copy will be mailed to anyone writing them.



GEORGE H. KING COMPANY.

The Dominion Government at Ottawa and the Provincial Government of Ontario have adopted the King Edward Vacuum Cleaner. These two Governments have their problems of actual house-cleaning just as any household has, only that the problem with them is larger. There is, therefore, much significance in the fact that both of them use the King Edward Cleaner in preference to all others.

The George H. King Company, of Woodstock, Ont., manufactures these cleaners either for hand, electric or gasoline power. The apparatus is very light and can be operated with the greatest of ease by even a boy. The suction is created by a double system of pneumatics which makes the action of the machine most satisfactory. The suction is, of course, even and powerful. It takes out all the dust and yet will not injure any fabric to which the instrument may be applied.

It should scarcely be necessary to enlarge upon the advantages of vacuum cleaners over the old-fashioned methods of cleaning. As compared with the work of the broom, stirring up the dust and allowing the germs to settle everywhere in the room, the Vacuum cleaner should be re-

garded as priceless in any household. The King Edward Cleaner cannot claim to have a *monopoly* of all the good ideas in making vacuum cleaners, but it *does* claim to have the best ideas and the latest, and that it has some features which none of the others can claim.

The machine was invented and patented by the present General Manager of the Company, Mr. George H. King. They have their own plant in Woodstock, Ontario. Their machine is one of the lightest vacuum cleaners manufactured at the present time, and a child ten years of age can carry it without energy.

Their catalogue gives full particulars as to the reliability and durability of the machines, and it would be in the interests of every housewife to send for a copy.

SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO COMPANY.

A piece of wire will make a beautiful sound if you know what to do with it. String several of them across a board and stretch them at different tensions, and the various wires, thus stretched will give different tones, according to the way they are strung. Experiment a little and you can make a complete scale. Study it and

you can make a set of wires that will give forth all the series of half tones which occur in a piano.

But this does not make a piano — at least, not a Sherlock-Manning Piano.

An ordinary wire will make an ordinary sound. A piece of steel wire—some wound with copper—made in a certain way, will give you a wonderfully rich sound, a sound that is as pure and sweet as the tone of a perfect bell.

This is what the Sherlock-Manning Piano Company, of London, Ontario, have done.

But even when you have secured the set of wires and insured the quality of those wires, there are a thousand details to be considered. Even the best of wires, poorly mounted, on an improper frame, will give only ordinary tone. Or, perhaps, although the frame may be a good one at present, it won't last, won't endure the strain which the wire-tension places upon it.

The Sherlock-Manning Piano has one of the best frames and sounding boards that can be obtained. More than that, the wires are mounted with bushings

which prevent the contact of "metal with metal"—the sort of construction which makes a "tinny" piano.

But even with all these things, the problem of making a good piano is not solved. The question remains, how are you to set the strings "singing?" How can one devise an action which will answer any sort of a touch?

The Sherlock-Manning Piano Company did not put a single piano on the market until it secured the best obtainable action.

The result is a piano of wonderfully mellow and rich tone with an action which responds to anything. It carries the lightest touch of the most delicate player to the wires in such a way that they vibrate. And if the touch be strong and heavy the great wires and the sounding board of the Sherlock-Manning Piano respond magnificently.

These features all tend to make the Sherlock-Manning 20th Century piano the quality instrument that it is. Considering quality, the price is surprisingly reasonable and worthy of investigation.



Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

GUNDY, CLAPPERTON COMPANY.

At an interesting exhibit in the Process Building, a thin disk of stone was whirling around and around on the lathe in front of a glass cutter. The glass cutter, sitting on his high stool, poised the rough-looking piece of glass which he held in his hand, close to the keen edge of the wheel. It was a punch bowl in the rough, being cut by a Gundy, Clapperton Company expert.

Slowly and deliberately the glass cutter pressed the bowl in against the edge of the

of the pattern—a Gundy, Clapperton pattern—would have been marred.

Thousands watched the Gundy, Clapperton cut glass artists working. Other thousands exclaimed with delight, when they saw the Gundy, Clapperton exhibit of finished glass in the Manufacturers' Building.

The Gundy, Clapperton Company aims to supply the best cut glass that can be obtained anywhere. Their watchword is "Quality First." The firm has been established five years and has been always faithful to that motto. Anything which



disk. He held it a minute or two and then withdrew it. There was a groove in the surface of the glass where there had formerly been just one of those etched lines. Little by little he pressed other parts of the rough bowl against the revolving disk. If his hand had trembled as he held the bowl, the whole piece, with all his work on it, might have been shattered. If he had pressed the bowl too heavily, the groove might have been made too deep, or the bowl broken. Had he failed to hold the bowl just so, the grooves might not have been exactly straight and the beauty

would hurt the Gundy, Clapperton reputation for "Quality First" has been avoided. That is why Gundy, Clapperton goods have already become recognized as the best obtainable.

Outside the regular line, this firm carries an interesting range of novelty pieces and they are the only firm in Canada producing the new "Intaglio work," or "Stone Engraving," in natural designs, such as roses, acorn and fruit patterns.

"Quality First" Cut Glass can be obtained from the best dealers and those purchasing it may rest assured that they are

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.

getting glass of extraordinary value as the Gundy, Clapperton Company stands behind all their goods. They will forward one of their illustrated catalogues to any dealer writing them for a copy.

This firm has just extended its factory and doubled its floor space, which has been made necessary by the enormous growth of the business due to the fact that the public has come to realize that the Gundy, Clapperton name means "Quality First" in everything—design, material and workmanship.

discriminating and particular people as the best that can be obtained anywhere.

The Jaeger Sanitary Woollen System was founded upon the study which Dr. Jaeger made of the problem of hygienic clothing. The manufacture of Jaeger garments is based upon the use of absolutely Pure Wool, Camelhair, and other animal fibres; nothing goes into Jaeger garments but the very best material and workmanship obtainable. These two points—Dr. Jaeger's years of study, and the fact that no vegetable fibre or adulter-



DR. JAEGER'S CO., LTD.

Every expedition of importance during the last twenty years has carried a Jaeger Pure Wool outfit. When Stanley went into Equatorial Africa he was equipped with Jaeger clothing and bedding. When Dr. Nansen set out for the North Pole he carried Jaeger clothing and bedding. The Jackson-Harmsworth Arctic Expedition, the Wellman Polar Expedition, the Argentine Antarctic Expedition, the Shackleton Expedition—and so on, down to the present when the great aviators do not find their equipment complete without Jaeger Aviation Suits. Jaeger Pure Wool garments and bedding are recognized by

ation of any kind is used in the manufacture of Jaeger garments, explain why Jaeger clothing and bedding have come to be so highly thought of, why Jaeger outfits have been carried in all the expeditions named above, and why the Jaeger name is a household word all over the world.

Wherewith shall a man be clothed?

Wool is the one material which keeps the body at an even temperature, and protects it from sudden changes; because it allows a proper ventilation of the body, permitting the healthy operation of the pores. It does not absorb water readily, and therefore does not become clammy and chill the body, but it assists the rapid



evaporation of moisture, and promotes healthy surface circulation. Anyone interested in this important question of Hygienic Clothing will be supplied with a copy of Dr. Jaeger's book on "Health Culture" on writing to the Canadian head office of the company in Montreal.

In addition to the points of hygiene and comfort which are so inseparately attached to the name "Jaeger," there are other noteworthy features—the products of the company being characterized by good taste, good fit, and good workmanship. The unswerving attention to these details has borne fruit, and now the wearer of Jaeger is looked upon as a person of discriminating taste, and one who knows what is best.

The large and ever increasing business which is being done by the Jaeger agents throughout the Dominion is ample proof that the people of Canada know and appreciate "Jaeger."

THE LONDON FEATHER COMPANY LIMITED.

A feather should be purchased with great care. A willow plume, long and graceful, is almost like a jewel. It may have flaws which the purchaser may not at first detect but which will show in the end. And, like a diamond, these tiny flaws are known only to the expert, to the man who is selling the goods. The purchaser of a diamond is more or less in the hands of the jeweller. The same is true of feathers. You must *know* from whom you are buying. Much depends upon this.

The London Feather Company Limited, of Toronto and Montreal, not only guarantees the quality of the feathers which it sells, but may be relied upon in every way to treat its patrons to the benefit of its wide experience and excellent taste. In addition to this it is worth bearing in mind that the Lon-

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don Feather Company, Limited, imports its feathers from its own farms in the world's greatest ostrich farms of South Africa. It prepares these feathers for the market and sells them direct to the person who wishes to wear them. In this way the profit which ordinarily goes to the middleman is saved to the consumer. The quality of the feathers is, of course, beyond the need of comment or explanation. The London Feather Company, Limited, guarantees its feathers to be of the highest quality and satisfactory in every way. In the event of dissatisfaction the General Manager, Mr. Chas. Hall, gives his personal attention. Buying a feather from this company you may rely upon its being exactly as it is represented.

Their illustrated catalogue should be in every house in Canada, and they will forward one to any address on receipt of request to Mail Order Department, London Feather Co., Limited, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. New Canadian Retail Branch store at 569 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal, Que. Offices in London, Eng., Paris and New York.

WM. E. ORR & COMPANY.

An exhibit that prompted more than ordinary interest in the Manufacturers' Building was that of the Wm. E. Orr & Co., fine furs. The artistically decorated booth and the excellent quality of the furs displayed, fully justified the interest shown and the favorable comments which were passed.

Enclosed in and upon the show cases and floor space within their compartments were articles of handsome style in ladies' coats, muffs, stoles, made of Mink, Persian Lamb, Seal, Hudson Bay Sable; besides which the firm are makers of men's coats in coon and beaver.

The Wm. E. Orr Company are specialists in the fur maker's art, besides being buyers of skins in large quantities for wholesale and retail sale. The absolute surety of reliability of the quality of material is reduced to a minimum by buying off this firm.

All skins used in the manufacture are selected, and every garment made under the personal supervision of Mr. Orr, who



Reading advertisements is profitable to you.

has over thirty years' experience, and assumes the responsibility of the product, a fact which enables the customer to buy quality goods with confidence that whatsoever the price may have been, you are thoroughly assured you are getting value for your money by buying at the Orr store.

Other essential factors contribute to the satisfaction provided by fine furs. Suitability of the fur for the service expected of it, quality of the skins, style of making and details of finish, should be considered. These are but some of the details carried out by Wm. E. Orr & Company in the manufacture of their quality garments.

In all products a high degree of excellence is maintained, not only by close watch on all branches, but also by enthusiastic interest shown by all the staff. These are prominent facts which have given the Wm. E. Orr & Co. a steady growth of business, and now may well be said they are making goods that hold the field in their line.

Their office and show rooms are located at 245 Yonge Street, Toronto, where an invitation always awaits you to inspect a line of furs, high in quality of material and workmanship, but reasonable in prices.

Their catalogue containing illustrations of the latest designs in Furs, will be sent to anyone who writes for a copy.

MURRAY-KAY COMPANY, LIMITED

If a strange man walked into your house while you were away for the summer, he could tell a great deal about your character just by looking over your furniture. He would need to be a man of ordinary intelligence and ordinary powers of observation. But he could do it.

He would know by your drawing-room suite whether you were fond of showy things and things in which quality counted. It would not so much matter whether your house was the house of a poor man or a rich man. He could tell by your furniture whether or not you knew how to get the most for your money; and whether or not you had good taste in your

selections. Of course, the pictures on the walls would tell him stories, too. The curtains would tell him whether you understood just what makes a pretty curtain and a good one. The carpet on the floor might incidentally inform him whether you had much company or not, and whether they were always different people or regular comers — old friends who walked straight into the room and took a chair without hesitating and waiting at the doorway. In short, the shades on your lamps, the fringe on your blinds, the wall-paper and the thousand and one little points about your drawing-room, your dining-room or the bed-rooms, would reveal to a man who had never seen you nor heard of you, what sort of a person you were.

A man could tell by looking over the books of the Murray-Kay Company, Toronto, who were the people of taste in Toronto; who were the people who furnish their houses tastefully, not showily; who were the people who thought more of a well-designed piece of furniture, executed carefully and in proper materials, than they did of having a vulgar sideboard or a vulgar drawing-room suite. The Murray-Kay stores handle some very costly goods, but costliness is not the key to their success in business. Their success is due to the fact that they have known how to produce or import things to please people of good taste, rich or poor, people who like the home, however simply it is furnished, furnished with a sense of its dignity.

There is nothing more overlooked by some people than this one fact of dignity of his house. A sensible, thoughtful man will not wear things which detract from his dignity, which lessen him in the eyes of others; he will not allow his wife to do so, nor his children. He says: "I may not be wealthy, but even a poor man can afford simple things made of good materials." And as with the man, so should it be with his house. When people marry they sometimes talk of "domestic altars" and that sort of thing. Then they should treat the house as the domestic temple, a place worthy of only good things. The Murray-Kay Company believe in the art of house furnishing.



Their exhibit this year was one of unusual interest. It comprises four rooms, a drawing-room, a cut of which is shown on this page, a dining-room, a hall and a bed-room, in addition to an imposing enclosure devoted to a magnificent display of Parisian fashions for autumn in costumes, millinery, furs, etc.

Each of the apartments presented a charming picture of harmony in decorations, draperies and furnishings, and illustrated the happy results attained when the company is given a free hand in the decorating and furnishing of rooms or entire houses.

Murray-Kay, Limited, invite correspondence from residents anywhere in Canada in regard to work of this kind, and when necessary will send a competent representative for consultation.

Their handsomely illustrated catalogue, which can be obtained by mail, merely upon application, proves this. Whether a man wishes to have a dining-room set done in true Elizabethan style, in fumed oak, at say, eight hundred dollars a set, or a simpler equipment, this firm stands at the service of the beauty-loving public.

GOWANS, KENT COMPANY.

Take a single beam of white light, plain ordinary light, from the sun perhaps, or an electric bulb, or an oil lamp—and shatter it. Split it up into a thousand different parts and observe the beauties it contains of which perhaps you never dreamed. A mere prism will do it for you to a small extent, but if you take the many prisms of a piece of real cut glass, and pass through it that same beam of ordinary light—you will know then why high-class cut-glass is considered such a beautiful thing to have in one's home.

There was, at the Canadian National Exhibition, one piece of cut-glass in particular, which was, in itself, worth the trouble of attending the Fair. It was in the Manufacturers' Building, in the display of Elite Cut-Glass, made by the famous cut-glass and china firm, Messrs. Gowans, Kent Company, Ltd. It consisted of a huge punch bowl, with pedestal, or stand. As it stood there under the light from the incandescent lamps in the Gowans, Kent booth, it seemed to be almost as though a few million sunbeams of every



hue had been caught and imprisoned in a snowy white ball of crystal, through which one could see them gleaming and winking, shifting, twinkling and be-dazzling the eyes with their mischievous light.

Yet when one's attention had thus been once attracted to the wonderful display, one could see hundreds of other pieces in the same booth just as beautiful except that they were smaller. Examining them closely—fruit bowls, vases, butter bowls, all sorts of beautiful things—one could not but admire the exquisite designs, the intricacies of the tiny lines and facets and the cunning with which the glass cutters had wrought upon the face of the glass such rare and charming designs.

Cut-Glass to have real merit must have the best of Crystal in the Blanks from which it is made. No amount of labor expended by the cutter can produce the brilliancy and richness looked for in high-grade cut-glass unless the blank is right. Only one grade of blanks are used in the manufacture of "Elite" Cut Glass. These are the world famous Blanks made by the historic Val St. Lambert Glass Factory in France, recognized by all practical cut-glass experts as the acme of perfection in Crystal Blanks. Given a Val St. Lambert Blank, a first-class workman can produce effects at once beautiful, useful and pleas-

ing and Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., in their "Elite" Glass, show all these qualities.

The market has of late been flooded by a cheap grade of Cut-Glass, the Blanks for which are made in a mould and the whole pattern pressed in the Blank. All the cutting done on this class of goods is a little polishing. The buying public cannot be too careful in selecting Cut-Glass, as unscrupulous dealers offer this inferior glass at prices much below real Cut-Glass, but at the same time, far in excess of the value of the ware. The protection the buyer can always secure is to buy only Cut-Glass bearing the stamp of a respectable manufacturer, and as every piece of "Elite" Glass bears the "Elite" trade mark, no mistake is ever made when this grade of Glass is secured. No Pressed Blanks *are ever* used by Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., and few, *if any*, other manufacturers of Cut-Glass in America can truthfully say the same.

The lover of fine Cut-Glass will be welcomed at the factory of Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., 16 Front Street, E., Toronto, and the whole process of cutting shown, also a full explanation given as to how to recognize the inferior *pressed Blank* grade of goods. What could be more annoying to anyone who has purchased what

they were led to believe was a piece of really good Cut-Glass to afterwards find it only *Press Cut*. Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co. aim to educate the public as to the value and difference in Real Cut-Glass and Pressed Blank Goods, hence this invitation to call at their factory.

Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co. will forward their large Catalogue to any dealer on request.

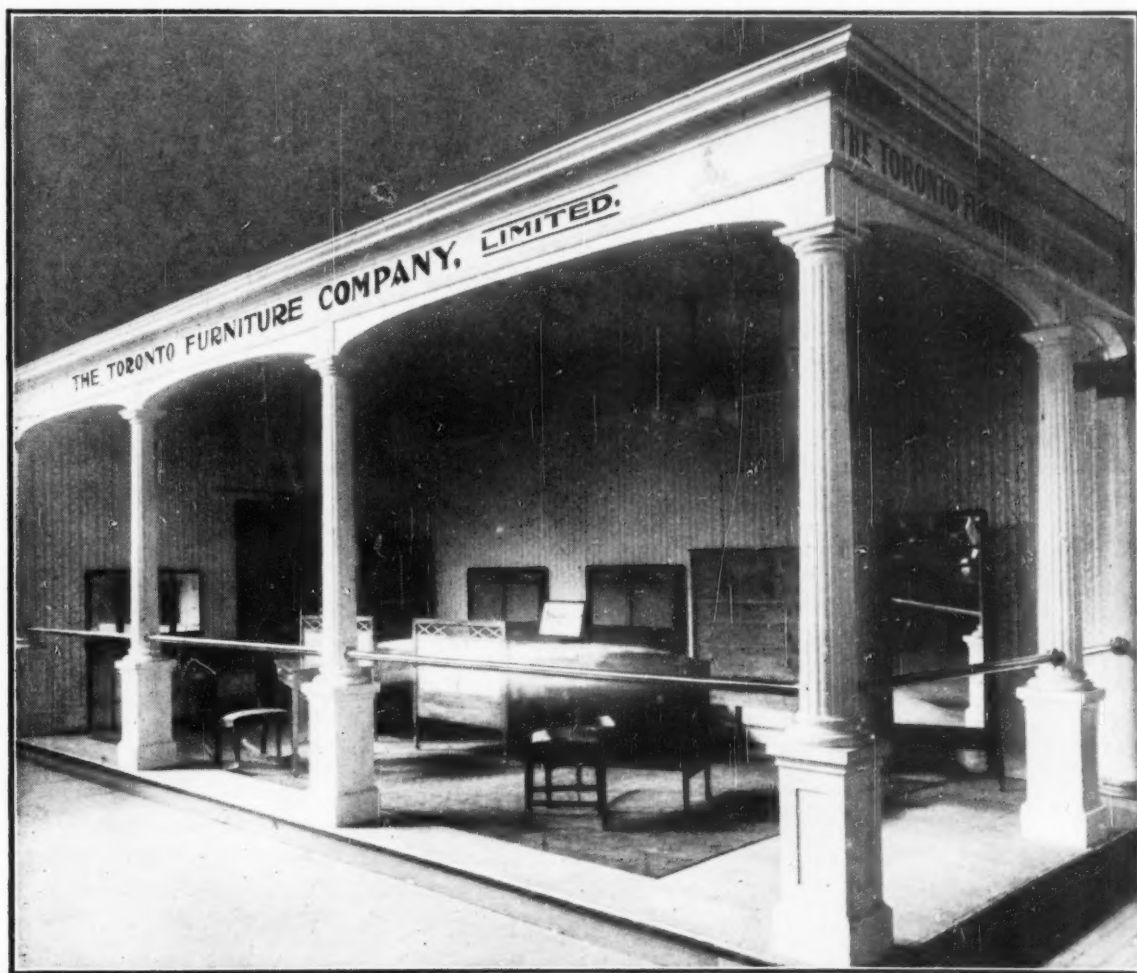
TORONTO FURNITURE COMPANY.

A singular feature that marks the progressiveness of Canada, is the desire and demand shown for the better class of furniture. The authenticity of that statement lies in the fact of the steady growth made by the Toronto Furniture Company in the supplying to the wholesale trade, furniture articles for useful and decorative purposes for the home.

The accompanying illustration will serve to give an idea of the neatness and

good taste of display shown by this firm, whose exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building caused many words of admiration from all who saw it. The excellent quality and design of the furniture exhibited, even to the man with no artistic taste, would cause a halt in his march, and on his further inspection, its genuineness would win him also as an admirer of its better quality. The furniture shown in the exhibit is a mahogany dining room suite, Chippendale design; and a bedroom suite of Prima Vera (white mahogany) design.

This firm specializes in the production of furniture of different periods. Their show-room is replete with dining room suites of Elizabethan period; dining room and bedroom suites of Sheraton design, this furniture is all trimmed with genuine Sheraton trimmings, which adds greatly to its handsomeness; bedroom suites of William and Mary period; these are made in old brown mahogany and in Italian walnut; bedroom suites, Colonial design, with four poster beds, made of



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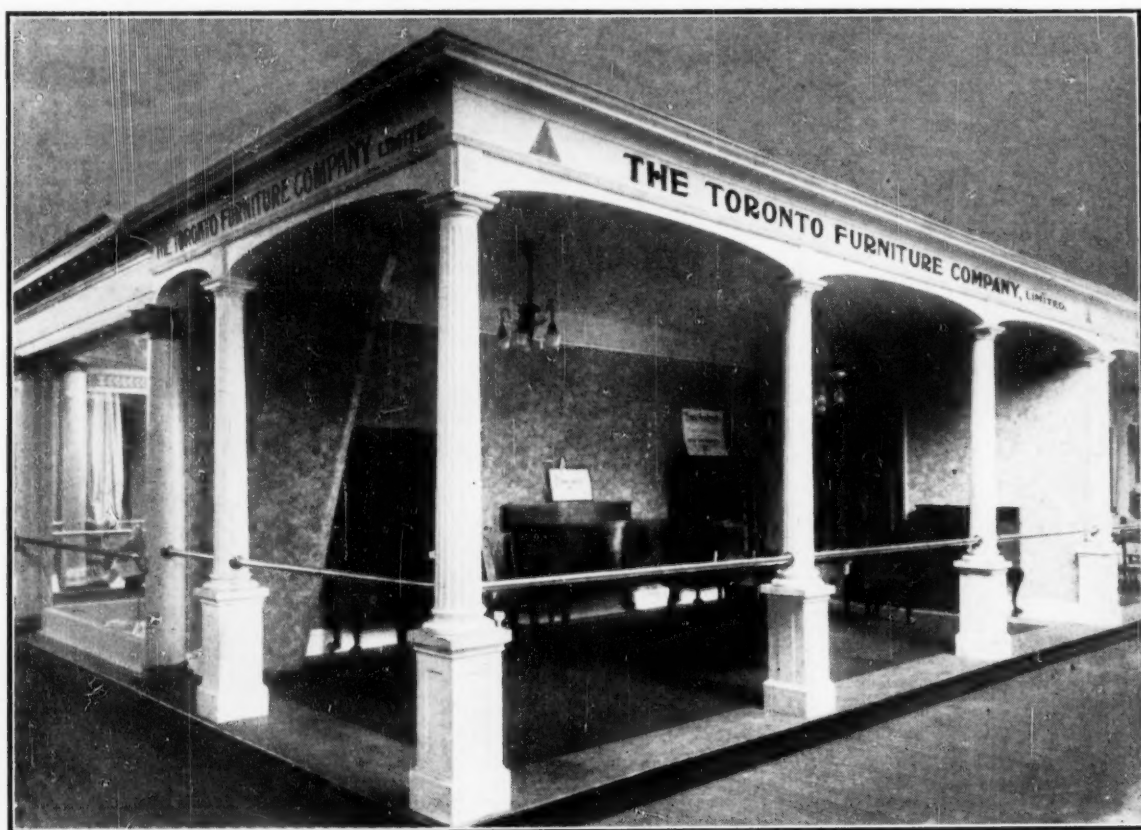
solid Honduras mahogany; bedroom furniture in Kyonx and satin walnut, besides all finishes in enamel furniture, made in Louis XVI pattern.

Sewing tables in Napoleon, Sheraton, Lady Minto, Martha Washington, Colonial and Imperial; card tables, pedestals, parlor tables; library furniture in Chipendale, Colonial and Sheraton inlaid, are all made by this firm and are in keeping with their sole object of making furniture of best quality and periods.

Almost at the main entrance to the Exhibition Grounds, on Dufferin Street, stands the handsome new factory of the

lends significance to the home wherein it stands.

When you are buying anything in the better make of furniture, ask your dealer to show you the products of this company, which always bears their name and shop-mark. Should he not be able to show you samples of their goods, a card addressed to them, will bring you illustrations of their furniture and information that will help you to know where you can purchase articles of furniture that bear their shop-mark and that means "Specialists in furniture of the best quality and all periods modernized."



Toronto Furniture Company. The size of this modern structure indicates the wonderful growth of this progressive firm and great credit is due the executive heads of this firm, for the marvelous strides made by them during the few years they have been doing business in Canada.

Good furniture in the home, tends to leave an extremely pleasant impression in the mind of your guest. A feature of Toronto Furniture Company, which will add to this impression, is that it is made in numerous periods, a fact alone which

THE ZIMMER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY.

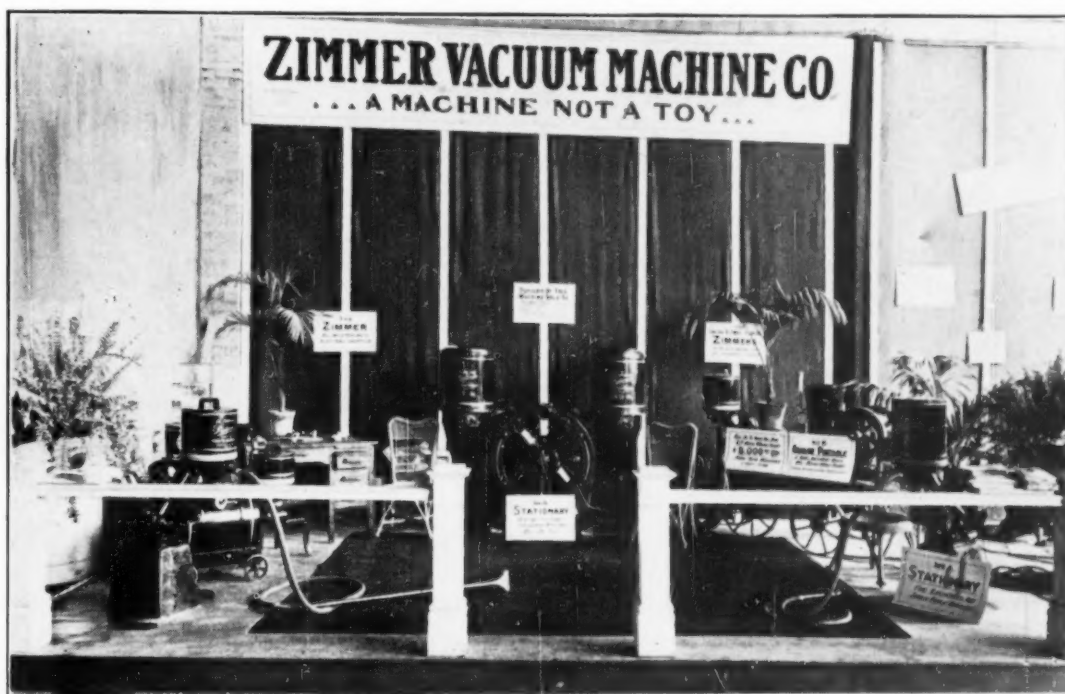
Primitive methods in household work cause hours of unnecessary labor. Perfect cleanliness, which is the pride of every good housekeeper, is not attained by such ordinary methods as broom or duster, which merely stir up the dust to settle again on every article in the house. It would be folly for us to condemn these old-time methods, were there no remedy, but modern science has supplied us with

a machine that greatly simplifies housecleaning through the merits of the Zimmer Vacuum Cleaner.

The public are fast becoming educated to the fact that disease germs lurk in dust and dirt and that carpets and furniture are lodging-places for all manner of germs. With a Zimmer Vacuum plant you destroy the germ and escape disease.

An appreciable device is our patent Germicide or Perfumigator, which is attached to the machine, just below the dust receptacle, and marks the farthest stride

Being the only safe way of ridding the house of not only dirt and dust, but also all manner of disease germs which are the primary cause of disease. With the sale of the machine, the following attachments are supplied free: 25 feet of special vacuum hose, 1 only long nickel-plated steel handle, 1 only short nickel-plated steel handle, 1 only nine-inch aluminum carpet nozzle, 1 only five-inch carpet nozzle, 1 only five-inch aluminum drapery nozzle, 1 only two-inch aluminum up-



yet made toward a perfectly sanitary home. All the air handled by this machine passes through this before going back into the house, and whereas the ordinary machine allows the air to return laden with any germs that may be in it, we effectually kill them.

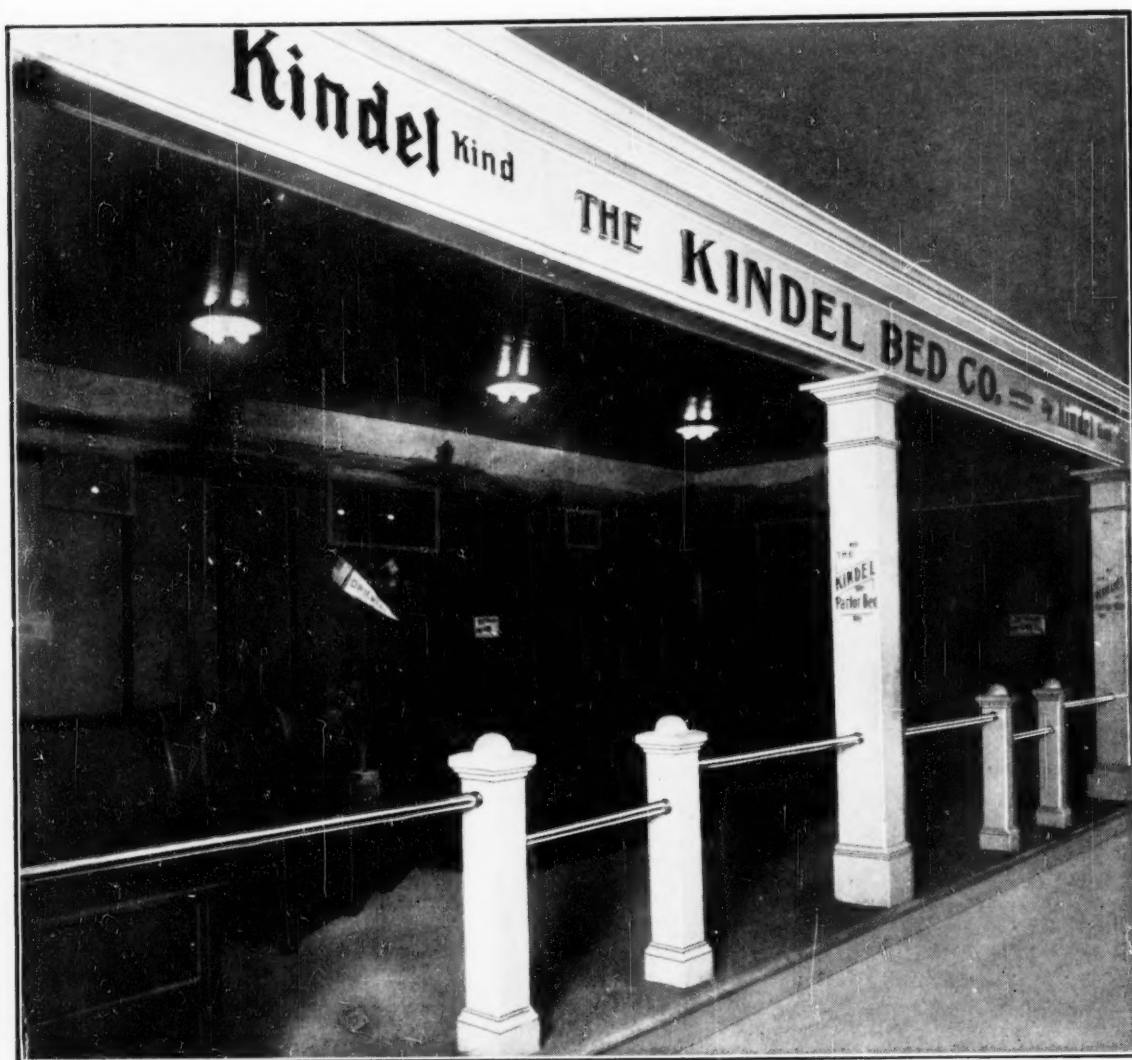
As a mark of thorough appreciation some of Toronto's most prominent doctors recommend and endorse the Zimmer above all others.

The exhibit of the Zimmer Vacuum Cleaner in the Manufacturers' Annex attracted large crowds of interested visitors, many of whom were using the machine in their homes, and had nothing but praise for its work in turning the drudgery of housecleaning into a pleasure.

holstery nozzle, 1 only one-inch aluminum blow pipe and button nozzle, 1 only ten-inch aluminum wall brush, 1 only four-inch aluminum dusting brush, 1 only face and body massage attachment.

The Zimmer stationary vacuum plant can be installed in houses already built and occupied equally as well as houses in course of erection.

Agencies in all parts of Canada enable us to give free demonstrations to all who are interested in this, the strongest vacuum machine on the market. A catalogue showing photo reproductions of all designs of the Zimmer machine and attachments, explaining its uses and benefits, will gladly be sent you upon request by addressing the Zimmer Vacuum Machine Co., 94 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.



THE KINDEL BED CO.

The "KINDEL" display of Parlor Davenport Beds in the Process Building was particularly attractive both in arrangement of booth and splendid quality of furniture shown.

This company specialize in the manufacture of high-class Davenports which may be used as beds. In addition to the famous "Parlor Bed" and "Divanette," the "Morris Chair" shown for the first time this year was exceedingly interesting. Covered with Spanish Leather or Mohair it appears to be an ordinary, very luxurious chair, but being fitted with the "Kindel" somersaultic mechanism—on the same principle as that in the larger Davenports—it is readily opened out into a stunning little couch, with mattress and sheets

in readiness for sleeping. Cut of the new chair is shown on this page.



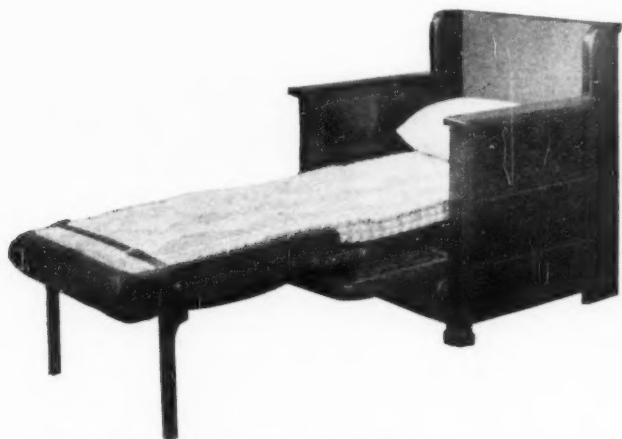
Kindel Chair.

The Davenport Beds are finding great favor among the hotels and high-class

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

rooming houses, where a good appearance counts largely, and in private houses where room is needed and an easily manipulated bed is essential. As the mattress is part of the bed, there is no trouble in making it up quickly when required.

For the crowded "Flat" dwellers, and those in houses who must provide for the unexpected guest, the new Morris Chair will come as a great relief.



Kindel Chair as comfortable Couch or Bed.

Catalog "K" contains illustrations of the different lines manufactured by the Kindel Bed Company in Toronto and may be had upon application to the Company who would be glad to offer any information desired in connection with their Davenports.

THE BERLIN BEDDING COMPANY.

Do you sleep efficiently? In the eight or perhaps ten hours that you spend in sleep out of every twenty-four, do you really get a full measure of rest?

Many a man has waked in the morning and said he felt as though he hadn't been in bed at all. Feels just as stale and stiff as when he went to bed the night before, tired out after the day's work. Many a woman the same way.

And they blame all sorts of things for it. They think of the things they ate the night before and say perhaps something disagreed with them. They say perhaps their bed-rooms were too hot, or the covers

weren't right. In short, they blame everything—but the mattress.

The Berlin Bedding Company, of Berlin and Toronto, is in the business, of supplying goods to people who believe in sleeping "efficiently." To that end it is making a special mattress. It is a mattress which, when you rest upon it at night, will support you evenly and comfortably, give where it should give and, in short, answer your every movement.

The Berlin Bedding Company believes also in clean mattresses. In the exhibit of this company's products in the Process Building at the Exhibition, the public was shown the layers of clean white cotton inside the dust-proof sheeting, which contains the mattress; and between the outer layers of cotton, a thick layer of fine springy hair. This cotton is bought specially for the Berlin Bedding Company in the Southern States. It is the best that can be obtained. It is specially cleaned and prepared before being used in the mattress. The hair is the best obtainable and is never used without special treatment to insure that it shall retain its springiness and that it can never serve as a resting place for germs.

This company's mattress is built upon scientific principles by a web process. Machinery, specially constructed, cards the cotton into clean buoyant elastic sheets which are built, layer upon layer, until the required weight is reached. These layers stand two and a half feet high before they are compressed to a thickness of five inches, making the mattress soft, yet firm enough to sustain the body comfortably.

The Berlin Bedding Company agrees to deliver one of their mattresses to your home all transportation charges prepaid; you can sleep on it sixty nights and if it doesn't prove satisfactory to you in every way, so that you can recommend it to your friends and neighbors, return it to them in good order and they will refund your money by return of mail.

Then, too, the Berlin Bedding Company's mattress is made with a lace end. This is a special feature which enables the purchaser to open the end of the mattress and see the filling inside. There can be no better evidence of the good faith of this

company than this. In addition to this, there are also strap handles on the mattress which facilitate turning in and moving it. Hundreds looked at this mattress during the Exhibition and were impressed with the high quality and the reasonable prices which the Berlin Bedding Company offers to the public of Canada.

The company is glad to send catalogues, showing prices and the various sizes and sorts of mattresses they make. These catalogues contain valuable information.

The Red Cedar from which they are built is of the Southern variety, a small tree found nestling among the mountains of the Southland. The peculiar characteristic of the wood which makes it especially valuable is its fragrant, pungent, spicy odor. The perfume from which, while always deliciously fresh and pleasing is highly obnoxious to moths, mice and all forms of insect life. Moths simply abhor the cedary atmosphere.

As an article of furniture the Red Ce-



WIDESPREAD IMPLEMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Bill Jones went to his wardrobe the other day to get out his winter clothes. But oh! such a sight as met his gaze. Moths had eaten them. They were full of holes. His tailor bill the following month and his bill for new underwear amounted to over fifty dollars.

He went down town and met a friend who was wearing his last year's suit. After telling him his troubles, his friend said with a superior air, "Say Bill, why didn't you use camphor balls?" "What?" replied Jones, "and smell like that, not on your life. I'd rather lose the clothes."

A third friend passed whose clothes had not the smell of camphor and yet they had not been attacked by moths. He had kept his clothes in a Red Cedar Chest. Widespread Implement Company, of Port Dover, Ontario, build these Chests.

dar Chest cannot be improved upon. They are built in several different sizes and designs and are highly finished and polished. The thought ever being to retain the rich, elegant hue so peculiar to Red Cedar. They are handsomely trimmed and bound in either old copper, bright copper or brass and are fitted throughout with locks, handles, lid stays and ball bearing casters. No efforts being spared to make them not only useful but a piece of furniture fit to adorn the very best room.

The Red Cedar Chest is the one article in the home that pays for itself, because it affords absolute protection to furs, fine clothing, woollens and robes. It has solved in a most pleasant way the ever perplexing problem of keeping out moths.

In addition to being insect proof, the Chests are dust and damp proof. A special moulding placed around the cover gives this protection. One is thus able to store furs and delicate clothing at home

without having the trouble and expense of sending them to storage.

The Company guarantee every Chest to be exactly as represented. Otherwise it may be returned at their expense.

They are Red Cedar specialists, furnishing closet linings and fitting up to order

of camels filing sleepily across the sandy plain, Arabs, the shadow of a distant pyramid and in the sky the light of an Egyptian sunset. The picture was vivacious with light and shadow and yet at the same time soft and mellow in tone. One could imagine, looking at it, that one



the "RED CEDAR ROOM" now found so frequently in the modern home.

Their booklet contains illustrations of the different kinds of chests that they build and will gladly send a copy to anyone writing them.

CANADIAN KODAK COMPANY.

The shutter clicked. The Egyptian light flashed through the lens. The man with the kodak tilted back his sun-helmet and rolled up the film. Three weeks later, a group of his friends back in Winnipeg were admiring a photograph which they held in their hands and which had come in, in the European mail.

The scene which the photograph represented was a stretch of desert, a procession

could hear the bells of the camels, the cries of the drivers, softened by the distance,—and the soft whisper of the sand, as it fell in against one's boot tops. "Do you mean to tell me Harry took that photograph?" asked one of the group of friends.

"He did" returned another. "Don't you remember the kodak he bought before he left?"

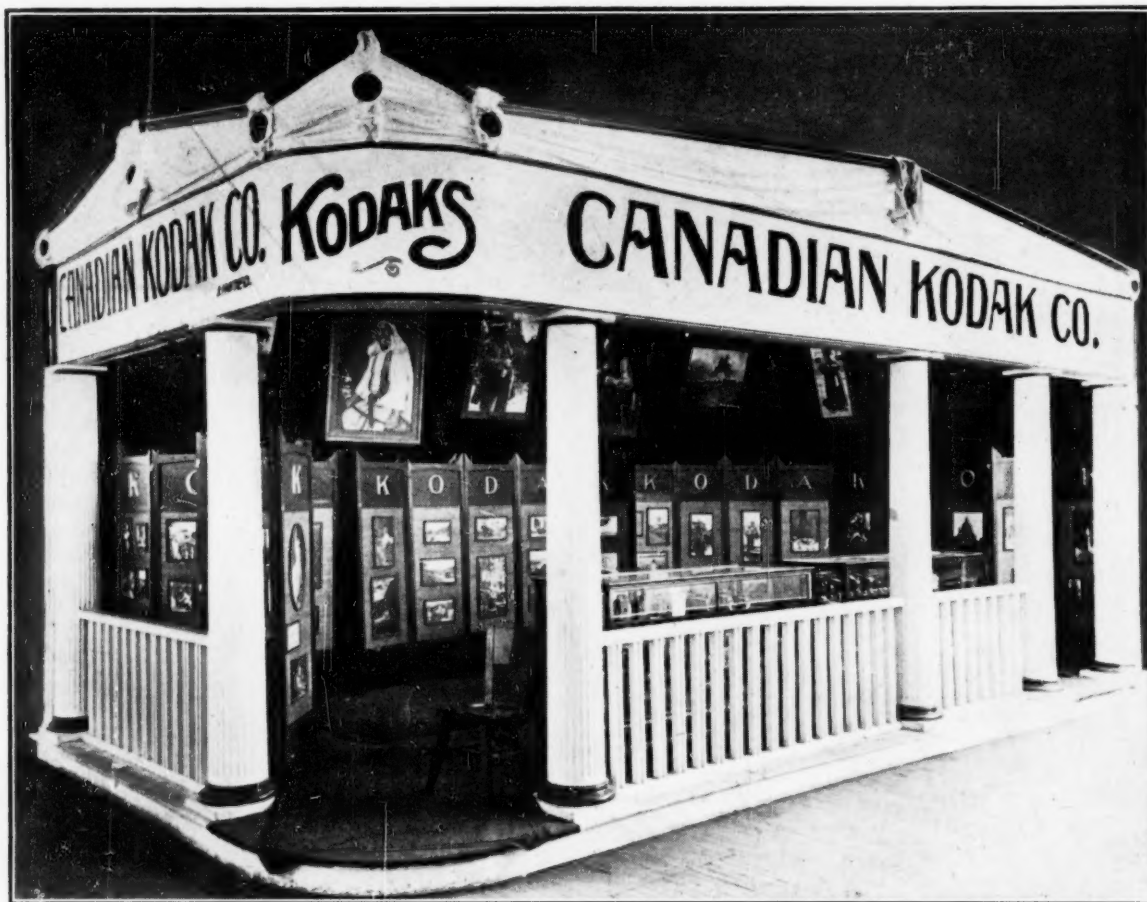
* * *

All around the world this man with the kodak went. And everywhere he went he took pictures: that is to say the shutter in the little flat box clicked, the light flashed in the lens, and, because he was a fairly careful and thoughtful man, he added picture after picture to his collection of kodak negatives.

For instance in Alexandria he secured a rare picture of a group of dancing girls;

in Cairo he secured a collection of street scenes, of buildings, and people; and out in the desert, or in the oasis many a beautiful landscape or sunset was added to his collection. He went to India and secured more pictures. To the Malay Peninsula, to Australia, to the Fiji Islands, to China and Japan, finally he crossed to Victoria and Vancouver, and from the swaying platform at the end of the observation car, photographed the mountains, as they loomed up beside the hurrying train.

And yet one does not need to travel abroad in order to make use of the kodak. Take it with you when you go walking or motoring, or on a canoe trip, or a fishing trip. It is always invaluable. This fact was very well demonstrated at the Canadian National Exhibition, where the Canadian Kodak Company, Limited, displayed their wonderful collection of photographs taken by the kodak and developed, printed and enlarged by kodak chemi-



That was five years ago. To-day the men who accompanied him on that trip have only very vague recollections of the things that they saw and the different places which they visited. And when they wish to secure some more vivid idea of the things they saw and have forgotten, they go over to the house of the man who had carried the kodak, and there, in his photograph album, or in the pictures with which his smoking-room is hung, they find records of the scenes which they have been unable to remember, but which have been made permanent by the kodak.

cals and apparatus. Some people thought at first that these pictures must be the work of experts, or of very clever people at all events, they were wrong, they were merely the work of a clever camera, the "Kodak." Even though you may know nothing whatever about the operation of a kodak, you will find interesting and valuable information in the attractive little booklet entitled, "At home with the Kodak," which is issued by the Canadian Kodak Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario, and will be mailed on request.

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.



A HOUSEKEEPER'S PARADISE.

Home folks who went to Toronto during the Exhibition and failed to visit the Adams Store missed one of the most interesting and educative treats the Queen City possesses.

The Adams Furniture Company, who are next door neighbors to the big City Hall, are proud possessors of the reputation of being the largest Home Furnishing Institution in Canada; the immense establishment requiring over one hundred thousand square feet of floor space for the display and sale of their goods. From one spacious department to another you can go, always seeing things of comfort and beauty for the home. The great section given over to Parlor Furniture contains elegant three piece suites of Modern and Period designs, pretty odd pieces, Rockers, Reception Chairs, etc., luxurious Davenports which can be changed into comfortable full sized beds at a moment's notice, another floor devoted exclusively to Dining Room Furniture, another to Bedroom Furniture with a large Annex containing

samples of Bedding, Mattresses, Pillows, Springs, etc. One division of the store, which is naturally very beautiful and attractive, is occupied by the Drapery Department, showing all the latest fabrics for the making of door and window hangings—here is seen also the daintiest of Lace Curtains that one's fancy might desire. Not the least interesting of all the departments in this wonderful store is the Kitchen Furnishing Section, where the famous "Treasure" line of ranges and heaters are exhibited all the year round. "Hoosier" Kitchen Cabinets and "Caloric" Fireless Cookers being sold exclusively by the Adams Company. Here every Modern Home Labor-Saving Device is found as quickly as it proves its worth.

A large illustrated catalogue containing about 500 photographic cuts of well selected furniture and other lines of home furnishings—which this firm will gladly send to anyone free—for the asking—should be in every home where one cannot conveniently reach the Adams Store. With this catalogue the out of town homekeeper is placed on an equal footing with those who

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

live in close touch with the store. Readers of this magazine are urged to write for the catalogue which will prove a most valuable aid in learning what is really new and nice in Home Furnishings.

THE D. MOORE COMPANY.

Situated in the Stove Building in a large and prominent position was the exhibit of the D. Moore Company, of Hamilton, a firm of national fame, brought about through the genuinely good qualities of their products. The exhibit this year tended to show the number of lines they are making—all of which bear the name of the "Treasure." One stove, in particular, that brought forth such admiration, was the Sovereign Treasure, out of which we reproduce here.

The Sovereign Treasure is a very handsome stove, chiefly because of the maker's innovation of tile backs. These can be made in any color or design to match the wall covering, besides giving the housekeeper less attention to cleanliness. Other features adding to the appearance of Sovereign Treasure Ranges is the entire elimination of bolts from the exterior of the oven door; and the steel high closet, with interior tile back.

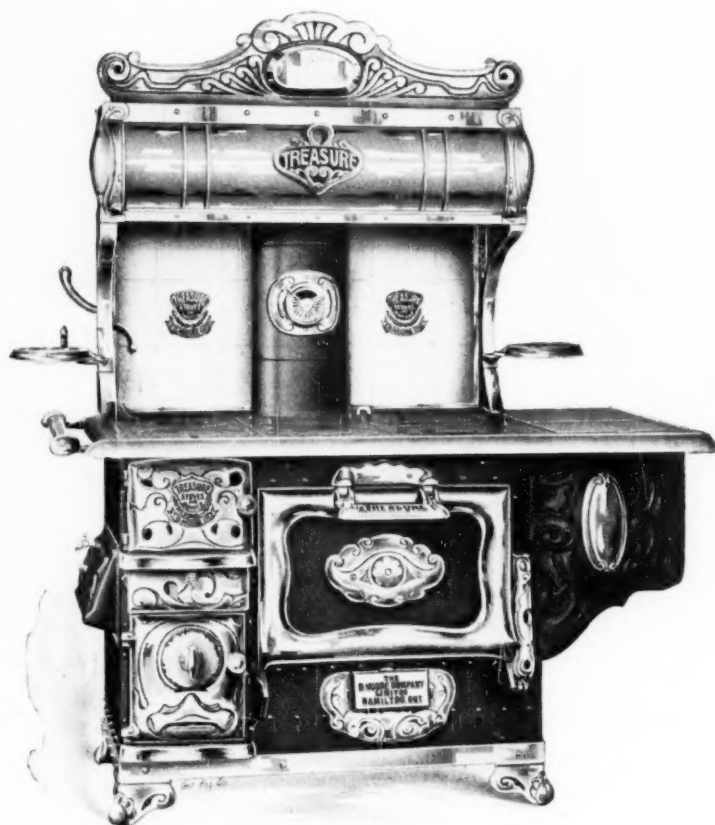
The cooking qualities of a range are equally as essential as beauty in appearance. Many points combine in making the Sovereign Treasure as a cooking range unbeatable. Being well supplied with drafts, this range will hold a fire for forty-eight hours, without replenishing, by being properly "checked." The fire box, if wood is used, will permit of 28 inches length, the ash pan is extra deep and full length.

Every point of attractive usefulness is carried out. Beautiful nickel towel bar is fitted on end of each range, and with the other nickel edges, will permit of easy removal. The modern housewife would do well to look into the qualities of this range, before purchasing a cooking stove of any description.

The steel ranges on exhibit were Premier, Western and Domestic. The exhibit of cast iron ranges, were stoves bearing

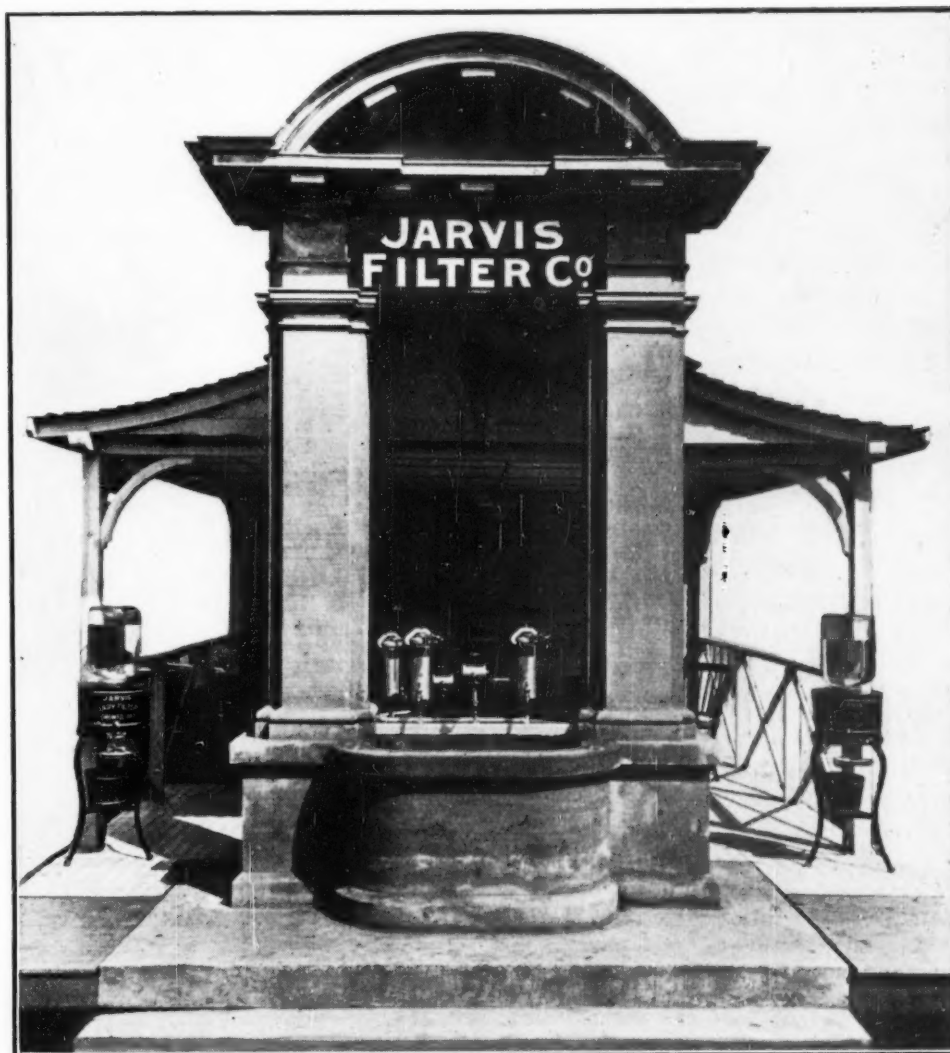
nameplates of Happy Home and British Treasure. The latter is made in two finishes, semi-plain and plain, and is considered the best cast iron range of its size in Canada. A line that commanded considerable interest was City Treasure and I.X.L. Treasure, the latter are fitted with gas attachment.

The D. Moore Company well know the wants of the public at this season, and had in their exhibit, a large line of stoves for heating purposes, all standard makes, and lines that can be seen at the stores of any



of their agents in all parts of Canada. Among them were: Treasure Base Burner, Art Treasure, Empire Treasure, Crown Treasure, Ruby Treasure, Treasure Heater, Oak Treasure, Cheap Oak.

All stoves bear the maker's guarantee, and are not made to meet competition. A card addressed to The D. Moore Company, Hamilton, Ont., or their agents in any city or town in Canada requesting booklet "Mrs. Tom's Treasure" will receive this valuable edition that should be of interest to every housewife.



JARVIS SANITARY FILTER CO.

Good health is maintained by careful attention given to the purity of the water we drink, and the food we eat. Water drawn from the lakes, mountain springs, or whatever source is to a certain extent impure. This means that it contains myriads of bacteria, which may endanger your health, and that of your family. The only safe way is to filter every drop of water you use right in your home and as close to your table as is possible.

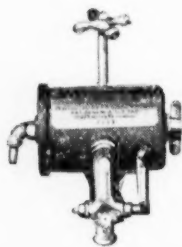
In an artistically shaped building, specially designed for the display of pure water systems, the exhibit of the Jarvis Sanitary Filter Co., Ltd., attracted large crowds and unusual interest. The filters were attached to the regular city water supply pipes. The vast difference in the color and taste of the filtered water compared with a glassful of raw city water was most conclusive evidence of thorough perfect filtration through a Jarvis Sanitary Filter.

Simple in construction, its natural stone cylinder is quickly, easily cleaned and sterilized in a few minutes, thus renewing the purity and sweetness of the filtering medium. Simply brushing and washing the exterior surface of the filter stone from slime, dirt, vegetable and other suspended organisms (found in all waters) is not a sanitary process, because while water is passing through the filter stone it is certain to carry small minute impurities beneath its surface. Ordinary methods of cleaning are not sufficient to entirely rid the filtering medium of all germs and impurities trapped upon and within its surface, and for that reason the Jarvis Co. supply a strong air forcing pump to force out all injurious impurities, thus thoroughly cleansing the filtering stone by compressed air, the only means which makes it possible to thoroughly sterilize the cylinder.

So important is this unique cleaning process that the Governments of all the

leading nations have granted patents protecting it. It is only the "JARVIS" that thoroughly removes the impurities collected in the filtering process and because of such thorough cleaning methods it has been approved by medical men, and adopted for use in hospitals, sanitariums, and many public buildings. The School Board of the City of Toronto purchased 70 of their model No. 2, providing pure sparkling water for 47,000 pupils. Their use by such institutions and other large manufacturing concerns is evidence of their merits not to be found in any other process of purifying water.

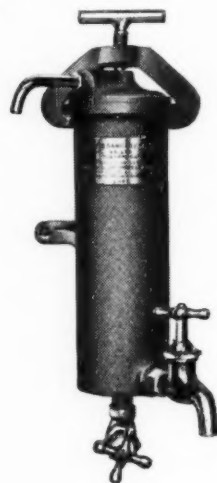
The Jarvis is made in different models and sizes, ranging in price from \$15 to \$40. Model No. 1 is the Home Filter, which will furnish from 10 to 15 gallons of crystal clear, pure water every day, an ample supply for the ordinary family. It is especially treated non-rusting and finished silver bronze. Extra quality is given in full hard brass, highly polished and nickel-plated. When finished in white porcelain, matching bathroom or kitchen furnishings this model makes a



Model No. 1. The Home Filter

very handsome, useful safeguard in the home. Ultimately every well furnished home will have its water filter just as much a part of the fittings as a chair or a table. People of refinement and culture will no longer accept any standard of water purity drawn direct from city taps, Model No. 2 is the large capacity filter, and will deliver from 40 to 60 gallons of pure water everyday. It is supplied in the various finishes described in model No. 1. This model has been sold widely among the manufacturing concerns of the city, providing their employees pure water, free from the dangerous typhoid germ, coli communi. Model No. 2 constructed of solid hard brass, then turned, highly polished and nickel-plated, is the most handsome efficient water filter that

has yet been produced. It is the filter "De Luxe." Hotels, restaurants, drug stores and other public places are interested in this superb model. The Jarvis Company carry a splendid line of high-grade water coolers, beverage dispensers and



Model No. 2. Large Capacity Filter

pure water supplies. They are the only concern in all Canada that are making a specialty of everything pertaining to pure water systems upon which they concentrate their whole energy. Their store and demonstrating rooms, located at 23 Richmond St., W., Toronto, are very neatly arranged for the effective display of their goods.

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY.

The class of writing paper you use is often deemed by the receiver as a reflection of your standing and stability. Nothing creates a better impression than a letter written on Holland Linen, a correspondence paper whose high standard has won prestige and an enviable reputation.

At the crossing of the centre aisles in the Manufacturers' Building, comfortably ensconced in a roomy apartment made of mission oak, with Holland blue interior walls in panel effect, was the exhibit of Holland Linen, manufactured by the W. J. Gage Company, Limited, Toronto.

A feature of their exhibit was that it was presided over by twin sisters, employees of the Gage Company. These young ladies were dressed as Holland peasant girls, and bric-a-brac, and the old wind mill, were other features which gave the

exhibit a particularly Dutchy appearance, the display was unique in its attire and the cause of many words of admiration from the thousands who visited the Manufacturers' Building. In conjunction with the exhibit of Holland Linen, the display of Christmas papeteries in another case, in many styles and colors, showing some handsome and novel boxing, provoked much popular interest.

The increasing sales of Holland Linens are showing daily the determination of the public taste. It has a pleasing writing surface and may be had in all the correct sizes in Azure and Grey, as well as White.

This fashionable paper is made up in a complete range of Papeteries in five sizes and all colors, also in Writing Tablets, different sizes and colors. Another Holland Linen line is Mourning Stationery, Countess and Royal sizes, with four different widths of border and envelopes to match each.

At-Home, Afternoon Tea and Plain Invitation Cards and Cabinets with envelopes to match, also form another very

attractive line in the Holland and Linen Series.

Ladies', Misses' and Gents' Visiting Cards, plain and black-bordered, are another item in the Holland Linen line.

Gilt-Edged Paper is again coming into demand and they have put up one size of this popular paper with gilt edges.

An exclusive feature in regard to the sale of Holland Linen, is the fact that the price is always uniform, regardless of where or in what quantities you buy.

During the busy exhibition season, besides the number of visitors at the exhibit of the W. J. Gage Company in the Manufacturers' Building, the office and warehouse at King and Spadina were daily almost besieged with their large army of satisfied customers.

To all who desire a high-class correspondence paper, for its excellence of quality and variety of sizes, Holland Linen will meet the demands of the most exacting. It can be purchased at all dealers who handle the better class of Stationery. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for a sample.



THE INVINCIBLE RENOVATOR MFG. CO. LIMITED.

Millions of women, five years ago, were killing themselves with *broom sweeping*. Doctors claim more women are injured by house cleaning and vigorous handling of the awkward broom than it is possible to enumerate.

The science of air cleaning *perfectly* with a strong steady suction by means of *centrifugal fans* is as far apart in difference from the pump or bellows system used in some cleaning machines as night is from day.

All buildings should be cleaned by air, the reasons why are convincing,—

1st. You can clean by air more thoroughly than in any other way.

2nd. You can clean more easily, quickly and economically.

3rd. Air cleaning frees the house from dust and germs, does not wear out anything, insures health.

Numerous air cleaning devices have been placed from time to time on the market. Some are good. We believe there is only one scientifically constructed machine that will bear proper test and do as the manufacturers claim it will do viz., have a strong steady suction no matter what work the machine has to do. It will not gasp or hesitate in its work as you will find a pump or bellows machine will directly it runs up against hard work. Why? *The Centrifugal Fan* answers the question for this machine, the "*Invincible*." These are strong statements and if they were not true we would not dare to make them.

The "*Invincible*" Renovator is the only satisfactory air cleaner to-day. Ask for the addresses of those who use them, these people will speak as strongly as we do.

The simplicity of the machine cannot be questioned. There are practically only three parts viz., *the dust collector, centrifugal exhauster* and *the electric motor*. Simple to work, a button starts it.

It will take the *dust from under* your carpet as well as the *dust on the surface*. Another strong statement but positively true. The dusty odor, so often experi-

enced in many homes, is the dry fine dust found under the carpet which is affected by all changes of atmosphere. The damp day brings forth this musty odor. The "*Invincible*" removes this. The cheapest machine will do it. It takes a very powerful and expensive pump or air bellows machine to do this, and so heavy it would be worse than handling a score of brooms.

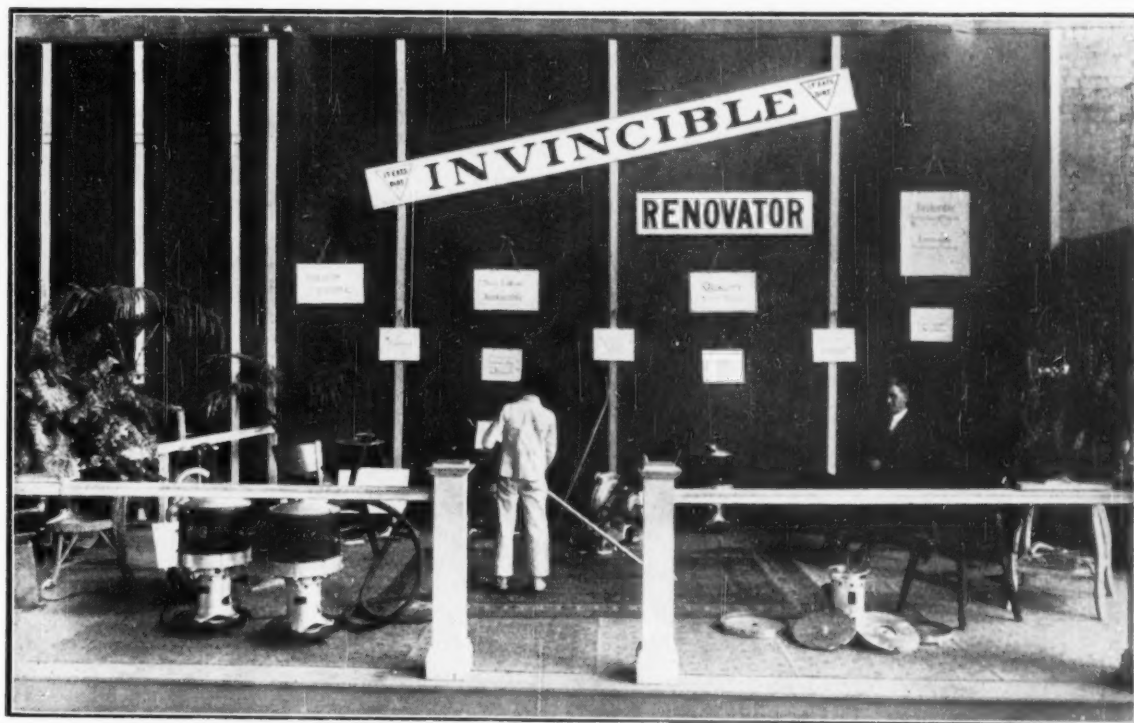
The "*Invincible*" *suction principle* and the *centrifugal fan* never fail. The machine will clean everything or anything where dust will collect. The company's trade mark "*It Eats Dirt*." You use a broom, you and your household eat it. A distinction with an awful difference.

The "*Invincible*" Renovator is made in different sizes to suit the need of various buildings. The "*Junior*" suitable for the ordinary home, light in weight, easy to operate but powerful in its work. Larger sizes for the bigger buildings are the "*Domestic*," the "*Commercial*" and the great "*stationary plant*" connected by piping from the cellar to every floor in the house. No matter whether the little "*Junior*" the "*Domestic*" the "*Commercial*" or the "*Stationary Plant*," they are all "*Invincibles*" and we have yet to see the machine that will do as effectively the work at such little cost and worry as these Renovators.

The "*Invincible*" Renovator contains one vital spot. *The Centrifugal Fan*. Therein lies the power, creating a strong, steady, irresistible air suction that is simply impossible to overcome by any air cleaning pump and bellows, gasping and breath catching machine.

The *Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Limited*, of Toronto, to prove their claims had an extensive exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition. There the machines were demonstrated and interested spectators had all the fine points ably explained to them, showing the sectional parts of one of these wonderful machines, comparatively noiseless, with no pumps, no wearing parts, no valves, *every part invincible*.

The company would be pleased to send a copy of their catalogue on receipt of request sent to their office and showrooms, 415 Yonge St., Toronto.



THE JAMES STEWART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

"Yes," said the man as he stood in front of a big roomy booth in the Process Building," that looks like a good furnace. It looks like most of the other furnaces I've seen, except perhaps that it seems simpler and better put together, but what I want to know is—what makes your furnace any different from the other furnaces? Why should I buy your furnace instead of half a dozen others?"

The man who had charge of the "Good Cheer" Furnace display of the James Stewart Manufacturing Company, of Woodstock and Winnipeg, opened a little iron door in the front of the furnace and invited the skeptic to look in.

"See that ring?" he said, pointing to a sort of circular trough inside the furnace casing.

"Yes. What's the good of that?"

"That is what we call the circle water-pan."

This feature marks the most decided advance in the science of house heating, yet attained. Science tells us that absolutely dry air is unknown in nature and that the normal humidity or moisture is about 70 per cent. In heating air, the humidity falls to about 28 per cent., and you have conditions which you have ex-

perienced, without perhaps having known the cause.

For instance, how often have you remarked on going into a kitchen on a winter's day, when the kettle was singing on the stove, "my, it's nice and cosy out here." Get a couple of thermometers which register uniformly and put one in the living room and the other in the kitchen. Then you'll find that the temperature is practically the same in both rooms. Why? Because there is more warmth in normal humidified air than in dry air, and the tea-kettle on the stove is supplying the humidity in the kitchen.

And your house plants do not thrive, and no wonder.

Nature is thus showing you that something is wrong; for an atmosphere in which plant life will not grow cannot be favorable to human life either.

Why should your table tops, door panels and other wood fittings shrink and warp, unless through the agency of the over dry air, levying upon them for moisture which it lacks? Your piano alone warrants your consideration of such conditions.

If under conditions of normal humidity, you can be more comfortable in a temperature of 68 degrees than in say one of 72 degrees—which is not only possible

but an actual fact, and admitting that it takes extra fuel to raise the temperature these four degrees, you will readily agree that there must be some economy in the use of a furnace which does provide for the proper humidifying of the heated air.

As to health, we cannot do better than quote eminent authorities on the subject:

Dr. Henry Mitchell Smith, of Brooklyn, N.Y.: says, "The relative humidity of any locality is of the greatest importance, but in regulating the "climate" of our homes in winter, this factor is entirely overlooked."

room, while with the ordinary diminutive Waterpan, but one pipe and but one room can possibly get any moisture.

Every possible improvement in furnace construction has been embodied in the "Good Cheer," including smoke collar adjustable to right or left side, direct and check dampers, automatic gas damper, dust flues, chain board with chain and pulleys for regulating fire from rooms above, and we have even provided against the possibility of a chimney with a slow and sluggish draft. To do this we have hinged the two hang-



The Chicago Health Department bulletin says: "Dry indoor air is the greatest cause of discomfort, the source of much ill-health, catarrh, colds and other diseases of the mucous membrane."

Health, comfort and economy are thus dependent on humidity, and the "Good Cheer" with its Circle Waterpan, of which we hold exclusive Canadian rights, places all these desirable conditions within your reach.

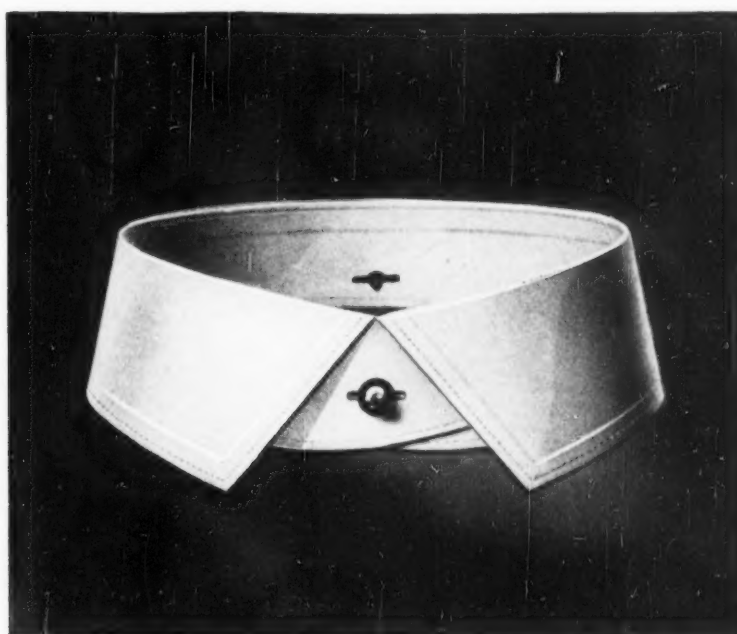
The Circle Waterpan surrounds the furnace just inside the casing, and all air entering to be heated, must pass it. This assures humidified air in every heated

ing flue strips which will be found in flue close to direct and return draft openings. If draft is poor, lift out one of the strips; if very poor, take out both. This will help the draft without impairing the efficiency of the furnace.

Every detail has been worked out so carefully and thoroughly that the dealer can recommend and install the "Good Cheer" with every confidence that it will do all that is claimed for it, and that each sale will prove a good advertisement for him.

Every reader of this Magazine should send for a copy of their furnace catalog.

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.



Eclipse

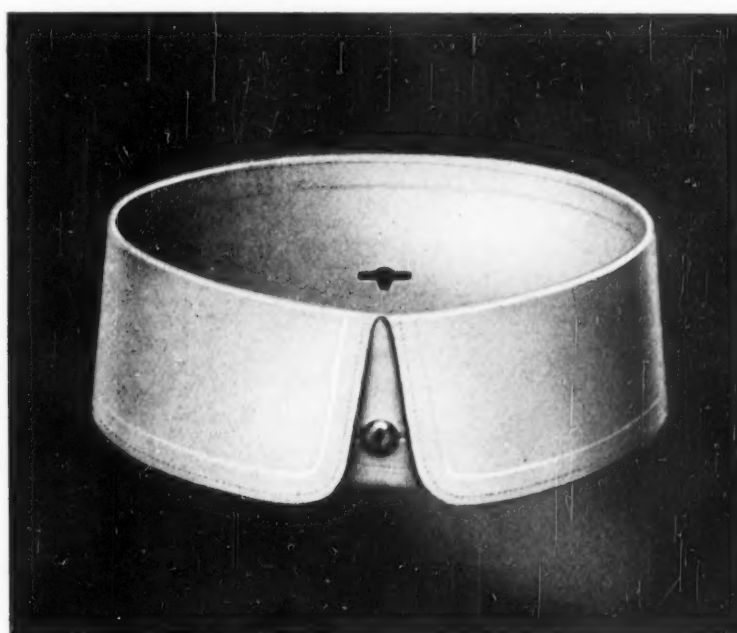
THE ARLINGTON COLLAR CO. OF CANADA.

The Arlington Company's "Challenge Collar" is in a class by itself. To all intents and purposes it is a linen collar—except that you can wash it yourself. The Arlington Company was one of the first to recognize the fact that there is a very great waste of money in the use of the ordinary linen collar. The company endeavored to find something that would do in the place of the linen collar. People said it would be impossible. They pointed out the failure of the old-fashioned rub-

ber collar, and declared that nothing could ever be produced and marketed successfully that would take the place of linen in the manufacture of collars.

After many experiments, the Arlington Company decided that it had found the sort of collar that would fill all the requirements. Patent after patent was secured to protect the idea, and the first collars which are now so widely known as "The Challenge Collar" were placed on the market.

This collar is water-proof in every respect. There is no test to which it can

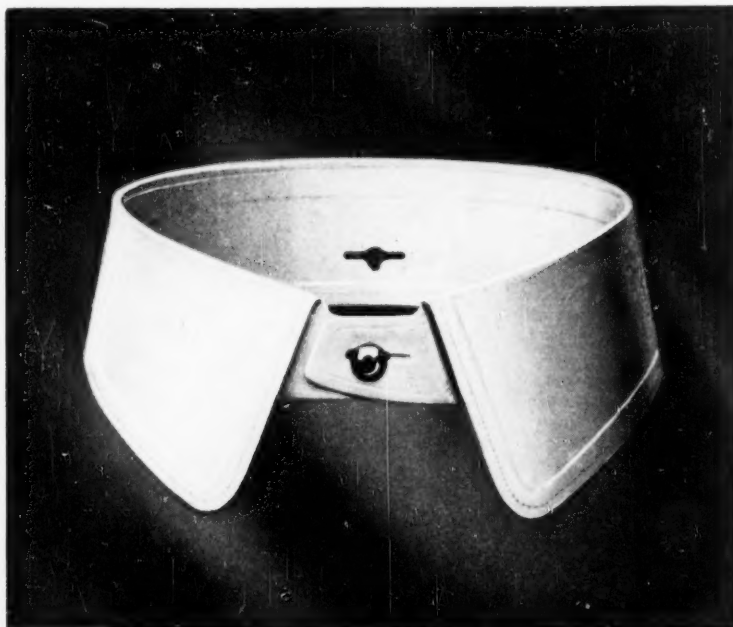


Puritan

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.

be put that will break down this statement. It looks exactly like the ordinary collar and feels just like one—except that it is perhaps better fitting because the Arlington Company endeavored to improve on that point while they were studying the problem—and it is without any doubt whatever the best waterproof collar made. In appearance and material it is exactly like the ordinary linen collar.

The Arlington Company occupies now a land space in Toronto of 183 by 125 feet. The building constitutes the most up-to-date factory of the kind in Canada, and the only one turning out the variety of articles made from the same class of material. The style book which this company publishes should be in the hands of every merchant in Canada.



America

The Arlington Company of Canada succeeded the original A. B. Mitchell Company, which company was established in 1889. The president and general manager is Mr. A. B. Mitchell. The company has now three agents to represent them, so great has been the increase in its business, and all customers are thoroughly pleased.

In addition to the Challenge Collar, the Arlington Company manufacture also cuffs, ladies' collar supports, soap boxes, babies' rattles, teething rings, harness loops, martingale rings, loops and dressing combs.

By the use of the Challenge Collar there is a great saving in the laundry bill of any man. The laundry bill is no small item, and when it is considered the Arlington Company's Challenge Waterproof collar can be washed in a moment and dried as quickly, there is no wonder that hundreds save nine-tenths of their laundry expense by wearing this improved article of dress.

THE NATIONAL ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY.

Suppose it took two weeks to heat an iron—but then of course anybody knows that that is not necessary, even with the slow, old-fashioned irons which were placed on the top of the kitchen stove to get hot the best way they knew how. But what made us think of heating an iron for two weeks was the fact that the National Electric Heater Company of Toronto turned the electric current through one of their irons in the booth in the Process Building, and left it on all through the exhibition, two weeks, night and day.

At the end of the Exhibition the iron was taken down and was allowed to cool. When it could be touched it was taken apart and experts examined the "element," that is to say the part of the iron through which the electric current passes and which, in overcoming the resistance, gene-

rates the heat. The element was looked at, felt and tested in every way. Yet there was not a single sign of any deterioration in the metal which had thus stood two weeks of solid service.

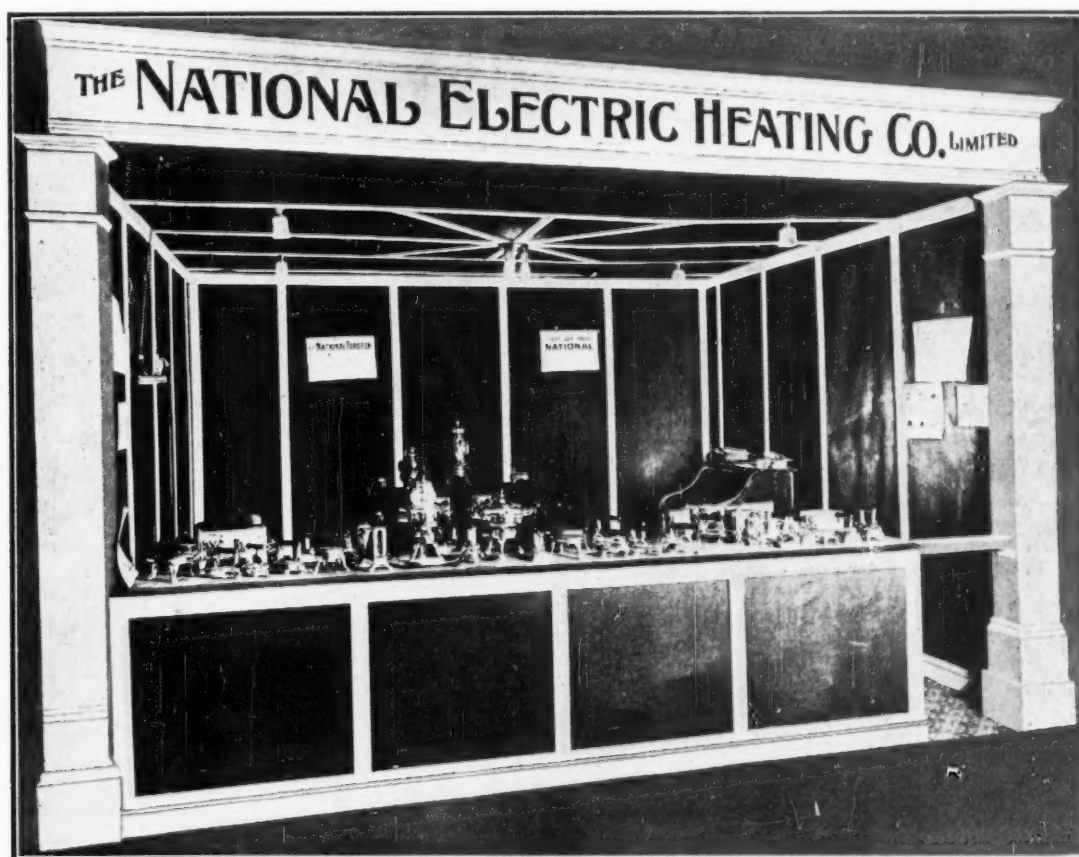
Whether you are buying an electric iron, toaster, percolator, stove, chafing-dish, window rod, or anything else in that line the one point remains of paramount importance; is the "element" in the apparatus a good one? There is scarcely anything else in electrical heating apparatus that matters. The element in an iron is much the same as in a stove or a percolator. If the company which made the piece of apparatus you use, uses the right element then you have probably bought a good iron.

The element in the National Electric Heating Company's iron which endured such a severe test as described above, is the best obtainable. The same that went into that iron goes into the other products of this company. This means that they are all the best. Of course, in addition to the fact that the resistance in the appar-

atus is a good one, there is also the fact that the goods are well designed. They are neat and easily handled. Everything in their make-up is intended to make them the best on the market, and the cheapest to operate. The company will be glad to supply catalogues upon application. Every reader of this magazine should send for a copy as it is free and contains valuable information.

The National Electric Heating Company supplies the only effective apparatus for keeping frost and steam from windows. This is especially valuable to store-keepers, and is called the "Window Rod." These rods will keep a window clear in the coldest of weather and at a minimum cost of operation. They distribute the heat evenly, and, being well-finished, add to the appearance of the window. All goods are absolutely guaranteed.

Another special feature of the National exhibit was their toaster, being the only toaster made that toasts bread on both sides at one time. Not only is the toast made perfectly, but the time it takes to toast is only about 40 seconds.



It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.



PETERS' POLISH.

In the old days when a man had a pair of tan boots which he wished to clean and polish, he was told to take a banana skin or vaseline, or one of a half a dozen foolish recipes. None of them were of much use, and it was only a question of time until Peters' polish made an improvement on the appearance.

We wish to say that Peters' polish will not coat on your boot or any article, because it is made from pure oils. Try one package and convince yourself.

Peters' polishes are another matter altogether. Take the tan polish for instance—because tan is the most difficult color boot to clean and polish satisfactorily. The Peters' polish includes a cleaning material which not only thoroughly

cleanses the leather of discolorations and soil, but restores the original coloring of the tan. Then on top of the cleaning composition comes the paste, and you have, in a moment, a pair of tan boots cleaned and polished as they ought to be, and as only a Peters' polish could do.

As with tan, so with the black and all other colors in boots. Peters' polishes are at all times the very best. They make the boot look the best and they so soften and preserve the leather that it actually pays to use Peters' polishes as a means of making boots last longer. The Peters' polishes are absolutely made from pure vegetable oils and positively waterproof. They want agents in every city and town throughout the Dominion of Canada. Their address is 617 Queen W., Toronto.

CANADIAN TUNGSTEN LAMP CO.

How many users of electricity when switching on their light realize that the often indifferent and reddish illumination is costing them three or four times as much as the brilliant and much admired illumination of their neighbor? Even Carbon lamps having a recognized and standard brand, cost for current, three times as much as a "Kolloid-Wolfram" Tungsten lamp of the same candle power, whereas, many small dealers sell lamps of cheap German manufacture, which consume often six times as much as a "Kolloid-Wolfram" lamp, so that whilst saving a few cents on the original purchase price, the same amount is wasted three or four times over during a year in the additional amounts paid to the Power Companies.

The Tungsten lamp, when first introduced, although extremely fragile and hard to handle, was eagerly welcomed by the large users of electricity, not only on

account of the immense saving in their lighting bills but also because of the beautiful white light so restful and strengthening to the eyes, but, with the immense strides that have been made in the manufacture of these lamps, the "Kolloid-Wolfram" Drawn Wire lamp can now be handled with as much impunity as an ordinary Carbon lamp.

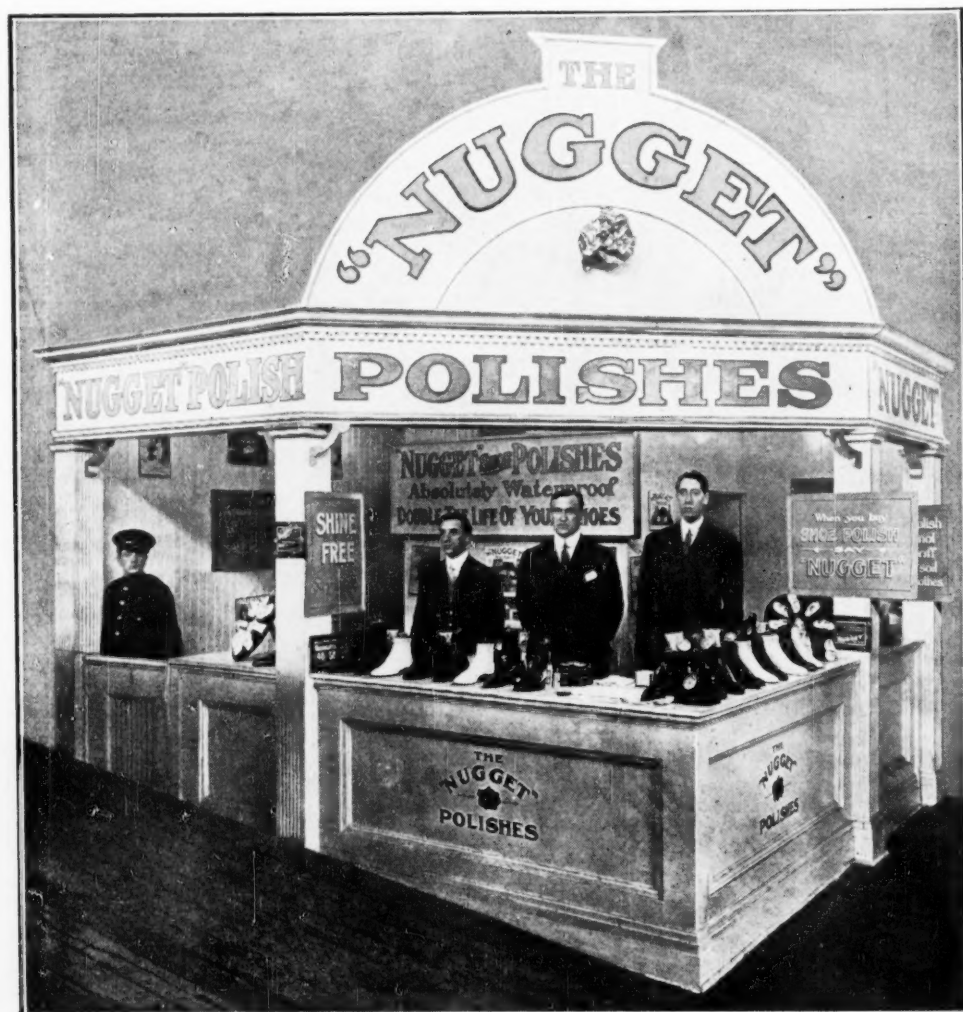
Tungsten is a metal that has been long in use in various manufactures in certain types of steel on account of its immense hardening properties, but it has always been impossible to use this metal pure on account of its peculiar qualities. It was early recognized by Electrical experimenters as eminently suitable for Electric lamps, but an appropriate alloy was only discovered after much hard work and then only in a liquid form. The recent results, however, have been reached in various laboratories by different means and the "Kolloid-Wolfram" factory have now a method by which the pure Tungsten



It will pay you to answer advertisements.

is kneaded under heavy pressure, and, whilst subjected to great heat, so that they are able to draw wire from the pure tungsten metal without the use of any alloys. This results in a Tungsten lamp being made of a much higher efficiency and with a very much tougher filament and has been the means of introducing the

provement in their method of illumination—this being done quite free of all charge, and, whilst, of course, they would recommend their well-known "Kolloid-Wolfram" Drawn Wire Lamp, anybody applying to them for advice is perfectly free to install other lamps, should they so desire.



Tungsten lamp into private dwellings enabling the illumination to be much better distributed whilst the light being white and steady is eminently suitable for all delicate needle work, matching colors, etc., whilst its soothing and strengthening properties are recognized by many of the leading Opticians and is used by them in their operating and treating rooms.

The Canadian Tungsten Lamp Co.'s head office is in Hamilton, Ont., where they manufacture and handle all kinds of Electrical supplies and their Electrical Engineers are at all times only too happy to give their experienced advice to anybody contemplating any alteration or im-

NUGGET POLISHES.

Nugget Polishes, either for shoes, for furniture, or for harness, need no introduction to anyone. The thousands who stopped at the Nugget booth in the Process Building at the Fair, were not strangers to the goods, but rather old customers, who have formed the habit of keeping informed as to the latest things in polishes.

The puzzling quality about the Nugget Shoe Polish was again demonstrated, as in other years, to large crowds. A boot was taken and polished with Nugget Polish. It was then immersed in water to show the water-proof effect of the polish.

"Yes," objected a fair customer, who had apparently not known all the good points about the Nugget Polish, "but the trouble I find about shoe polish is that it rubs off. For instance if a woman wears a white dress the blacking will rub off whenever the skirt touches the boot."

But the salesman in charge of the demonstration showed that there is one polish which will not do that. Taking a clean white towel he wiped the boot which had just been polished and dipped in water, then he held up the towel for inspection, and there was not a stain on the towel.

Nugget Polishes are a leather tonic. The man who cannot at least occasionally refresh himself with soap and water becomes a poorly man. As with a man, so with a boot. Both need "refreshing." A good polish does the same for a boot that soap and water does for a human being. Of course, wise human beings do not apply just any soap to the face. They choose a kind that will not injure the skin and that will, in fact, benefit it. The same applies to the treatment of boots and shoes. A good polish—a NUGGET POLISH—renews the color of the leather, renews its resisting qualities, makes it soft and pliable and makes it wear longer. As they advertise "Doubles the life of your shoes."

The Nugget Company's display at the exhibition was one of the most popular. All of those who wished it were given a free shoe shine, and those who purchased a ten-cent tin of the polish were given interesting souvenirs by which to remember the name of the best shoe polish, the best furniture polish and the best harness dressing—Nugget.

PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN COMPANY.

Is there any man who has any pretence to being well-dressed and careful in his appearance, who would wear the old-time celluloid or "rubber" collar? Most people have a vivid recollection of that unseemly article and it exists to-day chiefly in musical comedies or melodramas in which the silly boy of the village wears a band of white around his neck which glistens in

the sun and which, when he wants to clean it, he removes and washes it in the wav-side brook. There have even been some instances in which men have been burned owing to a conflagration setting in, as it were, in their rubber collar.

But if a man came to you and offered you a linen collar exactly like the one you were wearing and he said "Now you can wash this collar yourself," would that not be different? If he placed the washable collar amongst a dozen ordinary collars of the same size, shape and markings and wagered that you could not pick out the washable collar, would you not be inclined to try one of those collars?

Parsons and Parsons Canadian Co., in their exhibit in the Arcade of the Manufacturers' Building at the Exhibition, demonstrated to the public, their "Kant KracK" collars. Hundreds of people visited the exhibit and watched the demonstrations. Hundreds bought Kant KracK Waterproof Collars, and to-day, if you met any one of these hundreds on the streets you could not tell that he wore a Kant KracK unless it was by the improved cut and fit of the collar.

It is roughly estimated that it costs the men of England, Canada and the United States, one million dollars a day to keep their collars clean. It costs you very little to have one collar laundered, but if you add up the total of all your bills ever since you have been wearing collars, you will see that you could by this time have had a neat roll of bills in your pocket had you been able to save this money. Some men realized this and invented rubber collars. Some others realizing it, wore them. But rubber collars were a bad proposition.

Now, however, Parsons and Parsons Canadian Co. offer you a collar which has every advantage of the ordinary linen collar and then some. You can continue to look like a gentleman and wear a waterproof collar, a collar which you can launder yourself in a moment, if, when you next go into a men's furnisher's store, you ask for Kant KracK Collars.

Collars usually wear out first at the front fold. To prevent this the Kant KracK has *patented flexible* lips which relieve all the strain and ensure long life to the collar. Then, too, the Kant KracK

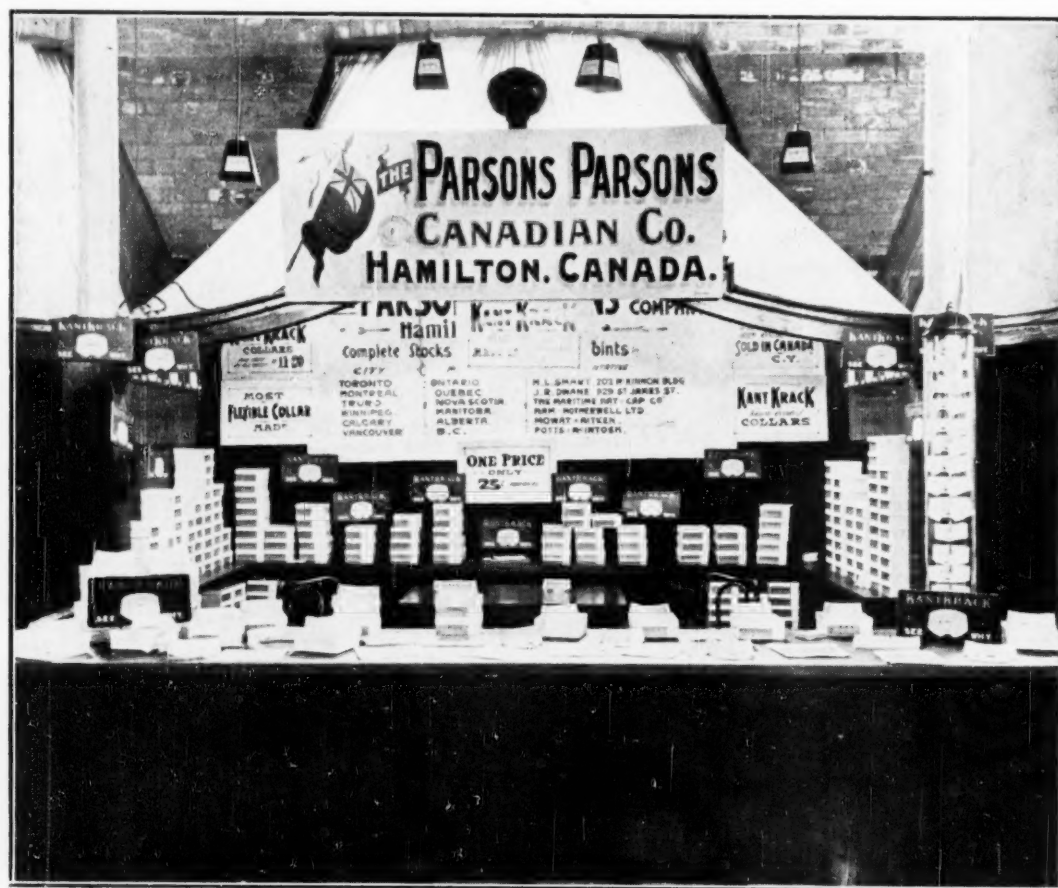
has in the inner fold of the back, a *patented* "slit" which prevents any pressure on the neck from the back button. This slit also keeps the collar nicely fitted to the shirt at all times. The Kant Krack, though waterproofed, is very pliable and conforms to every movement of the neck, it is light, cool, comfortable and thoroughly up-to-date. Can a collar be any better?

This firm, whose Head Office is in Hamilton, has an interesting booklet, which is fully illustrated and describes the

should be coming inside to see what you have to sell them.

Patterson & Heward are specialists in the making of brass signs, bronze signs, brass stamps, embossing dies, brass letters, aluminum letters, soap dies, etc. They can supply you with memorial tablets, made in either brass or bronze. Ornamental and monumental bronzes are being made by them for the most particular people.

This same firm can improve the appearance of the signs you use, or the name



merits of Kant Krack Collars and why they are so durable, which they will be glad to send anyone requesting it.

PATTERSON & HEWARD.

Appearances count. Everybody knows this: we merely repeat it. Your personal appearance has a direct effect upon your business success. So has the appearance of your goods. The name-plate on your products may be the making of your whole factory. That badly designed and badly executed brass sign by your front door may be turning away those who

plates on your goods. The firm this year exhibited its products at the Toronto Exhibition for the fourth time. Every year it has been awarded medals. The company was established in 1884 and has been growing every year. Its business now has a large number of regular clients. Messrs. Patterson & Heward are always willing to tender on all brass or bronze work, either for signs or tablets or memorials. They can give the best of designs and the best workmanship and material. Write to them at their Toronto office, 318 West King Street, and let them advise you as to how they can fill your needs.

Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.



NORTHERN ELECTRIC INTER-PHONES.

To comment upon the marvellous growth of the telephone in the past thirty years is almost superfluous. A more recent development of the telephone, however, which is fast springing into popular favor and daily saving thousands of dollars and time among large establishments, is the Interphone—a branch of telephony to the advantages of which business men are rapidly awakening.

The Interphone, which by the way, is the trade name of The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Company's intercommunicating telephone, is really an interior telephone system—that is to say, the type of apparatus which enables one in the home to talk from the library to the garage, etc., or in the manufacturing establishment to talk from the executive desk to the factory superintendent and others. As a rule the Interphone system is used between stations located in the same building, or buildings close together, and where first-class service is required either day or night without the use of an operator.

By the addition of some auxiliary apparatus, arrangements may be made for communication with the main city exchanges.

Interphones are adapted for use in residences, clubs, schools, hospitals, offices, stores, factories, power houses, public buildings and other similar places. They are furnished in either wooden or metal cases, and are finished to harmonize with the decorations of the interior where they are to be used. The metal sets are supplied in three types—flush wall sets, non-flush wall sets, and desk sets. The wooden sets are made only in non-flush wall type and in the desk sets.

The cost of installation is in proportion to the size of the system required. The Interphones themselves are made in capacities of from two to twenty-four stations, and are arranged for full metallic or for common return wiring. Of these the former offers the more advantages, as it renders the system less subject to cross talk or inductive disturbances.

There are several types of Interphone systems. With one type, it is possible for several independent conversations to take place at the same time without interrup-



tion—that is, in a system of twelve instruments, six conversations can be going on at same time. With this system it is also possible for the manager of a business house to have all the other stations in the system connected together for a joint conference—the advantages of which will be readily realized.

Another type of system is especially adapted for use in residences, factories, schools and mercantile establishments, where the intercommunication is not so frequent as to require separate lines. With this system, one station may be called by another, and it is, therefore, just about as satisfactory as the individual line type except for the fact that but two parties can use the system at one time. This type of system is very inexpensive, yet furnishes just the class of service desired by a large percentage of residences.

Still another system of Interphones is especially adapted to schools, where the principal desires to call the teachers individually or the teachers to call the principal, but not for the teachers to talk to each other. For offices, stores, banks or factories, where the principal of the con-

cern must consult with a department head, or for residences calling a central point, such as the butler's pantry or kitchen, this system is also very desirable.

Banks and business houses generally will find such systems as these capable of saving much time and cutting numerous messenger boys off the pay-roll. Incidentally, of course, the service is much more prompt than it would be with any boy. The cost of up-keep is insignificant.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell at length on the steps that may be saved through the Interphone system. The time it economized will amply repay in a short time the comparatively small cost of installation. The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Company, Limited, have telephone experts in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Vancouver, any of whom will be glad to furnish detailed information on the subject of Interphones.

We would suggest that those of our readers who are interested should write to the branch nearest them for such information as they may require.

THE WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY.

You can never tell the importance of an exhibit by the space it occupies. This fact strikes a man when, in the Transportation Building he comes to the booth of the Warner Auto-Meter Company and has the merits of the Warner Meter explained to him by the manager of the company, Mr. Donald F. Johnston.

The Warner Auto-Meter is a small instrument, but it is one of the most important things at the Exhibition, so far as motorists, at all events, are concerned. In amongst all the big cars on view in the Transportation Building, the Warner Auto-Meter stood out most prominently. Every well-known owner in the grounds was at that booth sometime during the fair, either to say "Well, How's the Warner? Just thought I'd drop round and tell you I'm tickled as ever with that Meter," or else to say: "Warner! Oh, this

is it. I've been throwing money away on speed indicators for years. Now I'm getting a real indicator,—a Warner Auto-Meter."

The manufacturer who makes good cars and takes a pride in his product—equips them with Warner Auto-Meters. The auto-owner who loves his car, as everyone should, uses a Warner Auto-Meter. The Warner Auto-Meter is the best you can get. There is no other indicator to compare with it. It is the only indicator worthy of a good automobile. Don't go to a cheap supply house for it. You won't get it there. Go to a good dealer, say, "Warner"—and he'll understand, or write direct to their head office for Canada, at 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, and ask for a catalog. It contains valuable information for all auto owners.

The Warner Meters are sold for the same price in Canada as in the United States.

These instruments are high-grade medium priced and high priced quality.



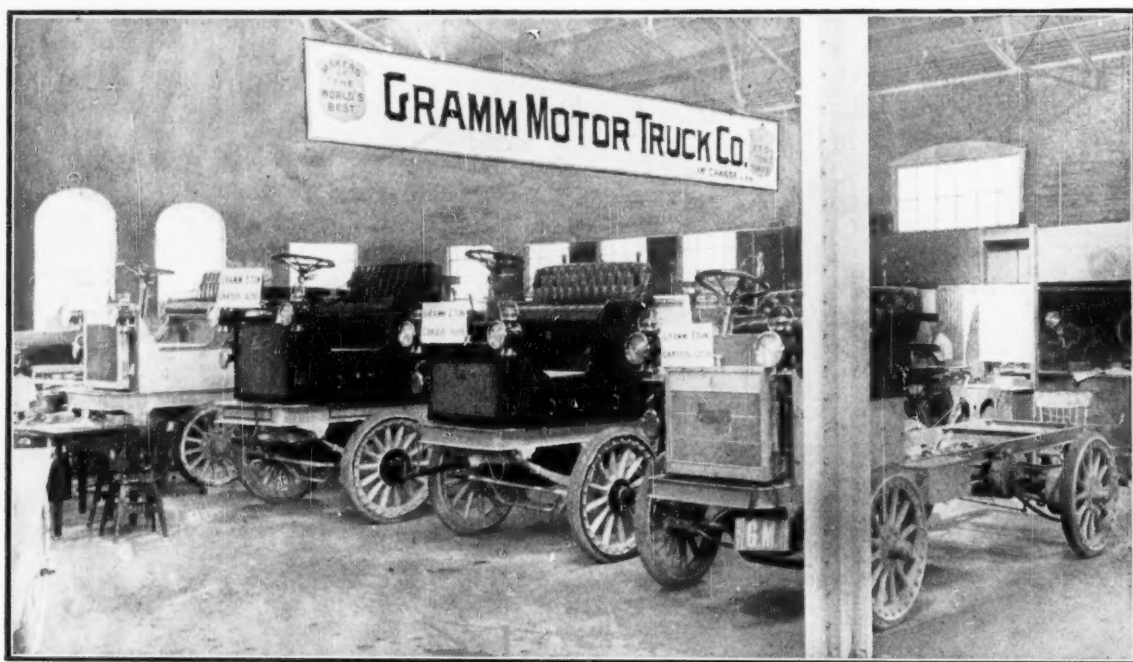
Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

THE GRAMM MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY.

The Gramm Motor Company knows nothing about building touring cars — at least, nothing much. It does not pretend to have any knowledge of any sort of pleasure car. But it does know, and in this matter it claims to have the best information—Motor Trucks.

The Gramm Motor Company does not want to sell you a motor truck if you are going to use it, say, for instance, in the furniture-moving business, where you would have a long wait and a short haul.

cut down the earnings of many a good company beyond all reason. It has ruined many a concern that should have made money. We mention this because we wish to ask you if you are not losing money in a horse when you should be using a motor truck. Remember, you may not be. If you are in certain lines of business it may pay you to keep your horses. But those lines are few and far between. Write to us, saying where you read this advertisement, and tell us about your business. Tell us the kinds of runs your rigs make, the length of the stops, the load, the bulk—all the details. We will write back to



The Gramm Motor Company would in that case respectfully advise you to get a horse, or horses.

In fact, unless a motor truck will save you money and make your business more smooth-running, the company would prefer not to receive your order. It may mean, when a man uses a motor truck where he ought to use a horse that he will become dissatisfied. Dissatisfaction hurts the motor truck business. And if you hurt the motor truck business you affect the interests of the Gramm Motor Company, the largest builders of motor trucks in the world to-day.

But there are hundreds of firms at this very moment who are wasting money in stables, lorries and wagons. The amount of money which they throw away is fabulous. The delivery department has

you and tell you whether you should have a horse or a motor truck. Our business interests make it absolutely necessary that we should be perfectly frank and above board with you. Our decision will be the best you could make.

If the Gramm Truck will save you money, we will sell it to you. We have had our factory in Canada, at Walkerville, running for five months. There are now thirty Gramm trucks working in Canada. The Ashdown Hardware Company of Winnipeg now own three. They were so pleased with the service and the "saved money" which resulted from the first one that they bought another in practically thirty days, and still another a month later.

The Gramm Truck has no parts corresponding to the parts of a touring car, or

any pleasure car. The Gramm Company knows nothing but—trucks. Gramm trucks are naturally the best trucks. Snow won't stop them. They will go anywhere, any time, where and when a horse and wagon can go. Sometimes they go where the horse cannot, as for instance when a snowstorm tied up New York, and only those coal dealers who used Gramm Trucks would deliver coal through the snowy streets. More than this, the Gramm Trucks will carry many times as much as a horse, and carry it quickly.

We ask you to consider these points and fit them to your business. When you have thought it over, write them for catalog and information, addressing their head office, in Walkerville, Ont. Tell them about your business, and if a motor truck is not suitable for it, they will tell you so.

REO MOTOR COMPANY.

This is not about bicycles, but nevertheless there was a time when a good bicycle cost over a hundred dollars. To-day you can get a good one for far less than fifty, and the best bicycles are ones being turned out by the firms which first had enterprise enough to take something off their profits in order that the bicycle might be made more popular and that thereby their business might be enlarged.

It is very much the same with automobiles. People will tell you that a good motor will cost a man—way up in G. They mention five thousand dollars and over.

"But," says the man who had asked their advice, "but I've seen cars advertised for far less than that. I've seen them for three thousand and two thousand five hundred."

Most people have heard conversation like these. They know what the other man's answer was.

"Oh well," he says with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, "of course if you want a cheap car, I suppose you can get it. But, you'll find that those cheap cars don't pay. Their engines are bad. Their chassis is weak," and so on.

It is quite true that cheap cars do not pay. But neither do expensive ones. Too often the buyer is paying for a big dividend by the motor company, not for tire chains.

Worth. Provided a man can get a car which can be proven to be a good one, it does not matter how little he pays for it. The price is automatic. It is never necessary to pay a high price for a good car. Of course, if a man wants frills he may have them and pay for them. But as for the car itself—find its records, never mind how little it costs.

Once upon a time an automobile made a trip from New York to San Francisco in fifteen days, two hours and twelve minutes. It was an expensive car, and it has done a great thing. It was received with cheers when it reached the other end of the trip. The papers talked about it. It was a great feather in the cap of the makers. The wise people said: "Ah yes, that car cost a lot of money. It pays to pay. That's where a cheaper car would have fallen down."

But they were wrong.

The Reo Car, which is built at a Canadian factory in St. Catharines, Ontario, as well as in the United States, proved it.

A car was selected from stock—just the ordinary car which is sold to the Canadian public every day in the week, except that a large gasoline tank and water and oil tanks were fixed in the place of the tonneau. The Reo was taken out of New York one August day and started for San Francisco. She ran day and night, like the other motors that had tried to make the record. But the driver said, "Here! I know this car. It's a good car. I can knock four days off the fifteen-day record anyway!"

He did. The Reo arrived in San Francisco almost five days ahead of the expensive car, which had the previous record. The exact time for the Reo was ten days, fifteen hours and thirteen minutes. In the course of the trip there was but one time when it was necessary to use a wrench on the engine. There wasn't another wasted moment.

Then the same little car went on up to Los Angeles and beat the record from New York to Los Angeles by two weeks. That done it went to San Jose, climbed Mount Hamilton—twenty-four and a half miles to an altitude of 4,200 feet, mostly in a fog—in sixty-five minutes. It lowered the record by ten minutes and what's more—did it without the use of

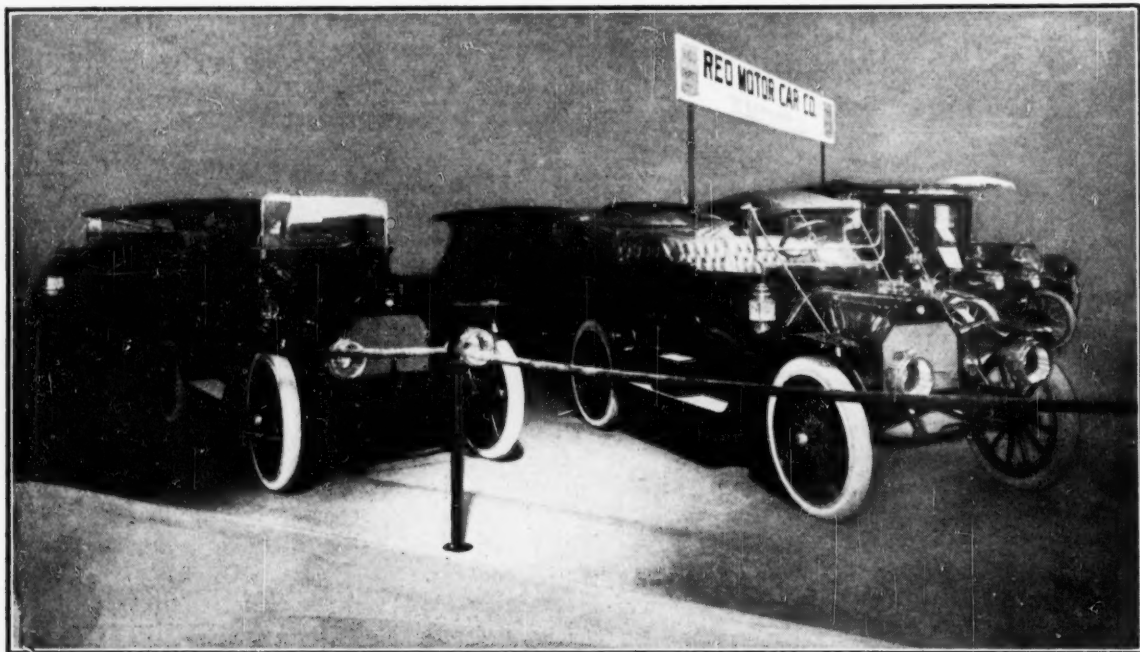
This, then, is the record, not for a "cheap" car, for the Reo isn't that, for an inexpensive car. The same car that made these records is the same which, except for the tank alterations mentioned, today you can order from the Canadian factory at St. Catharines, Ontario.

If any more argument were necessary one could tell a score of instances where the Reo has done new stunts to prove its durability, versatility, and strength generally.

For instance, there is no rougher part of the country than in certain parts of the Maritime Provinces. Yet a Reo was the first car to make its way over-land on the round trip between the cities of St. John

THE AUTO TIRE COMPANY.

The Goodrich Tire is—well, it is that tire which looks different and is different from the general run of tires. And the Auto Tire Company at 134 Bay Street, Toronto, is the only Canadian agency which is in direct touch with the great Goodrich Tire Company's factory at Akron, Ohio. These two facts belong side by side. When you think of tires think of the Goodrich. When you want a tire send 'o the Auto Tire Company at 134 Bay Street, Toronto. The Auto Tire Company has the most complete stock of popular sized tires and of tire sundries that can be obtained anywhere in Canada. Its



and Halifax. As the crow flies the distance is only three hundred miles, but by the road—a bad road too at times—it is seven hundred.

All sorts of tests have been made with the Reo. She stood up like a little soldier under all of them. Inexpensive? Yes. A Reo may be had for \$1,350.00 or \$1,275.00 or \$1,500.00, according to whether you want a touring car or a two-passenger roadster. But good? No need to answer. Why should anybody pay more? It would be folly to pay less.

The Reo Motor Car would send a copy of their latest catalogue to any address and it contains interesting information which should be read by every one considering the buying of an automobile.

repair department is completely equipped for making any repair promptly.

These facts have come to mean something to many a car owner in Canada. Besides the knowledge that at the Auto Tire Company he can get the Goodrich—the Great White Tread—he has also the assurance that he can get at all times the very best and latest accessories at this company's place of business, and that the company's promptness and excellence in all manner of repair work, or re-adjustment work, is unquestionable.

This company handles everything that you can ever need in connection with this. All sorts of treads and tires, emergency bands for repairing tires. Inside protection patches, automobile spring bumpers,

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

automobile mats, pneumatic hoses for compressors and general air purposes, headlight tubing, Goodrich rubber cement, Goodrich plastic and many other things which are always useful and at times indispensable in your car equipment.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything about Goodrich products for they are so generally known. It is perhaps merely advisable to impress upon our readers the reason they have come to think of Goodrich products as the standard by which all others are judged. The reason lies in the

THE INTERSTATE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY.

Of course, being a man, you would never admit it, but you have nevertheless heard women say, when they walked up beside a big shining car: "Isn't she a beauty. I'm in love with that car." And you, being, as was said before, a man, have smiled and climbed in beside the helm.

The Interstate is one of those cars, one of those that when a woman sees her—one of the seven seaters, for example—



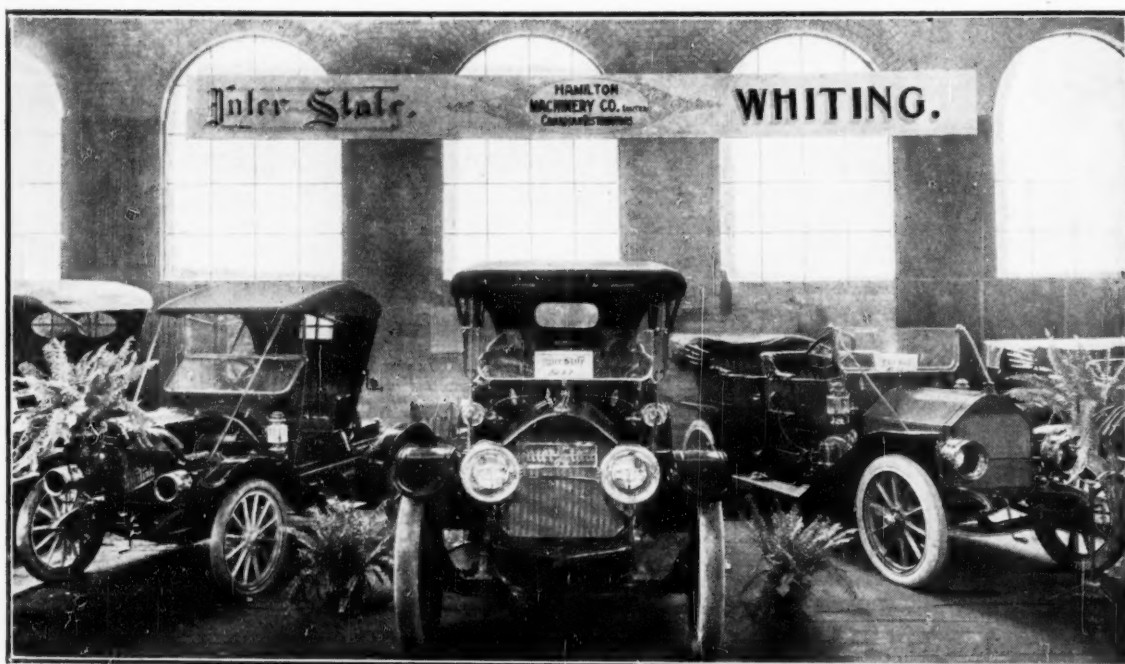
fact that the Goodrich factory is like very few factories. Every man working in the Goodrich factory believes that the goods which he and his fellow workmen are producing are the very best. He knows it. And his knowledge makes him take an interest, a pride in his work. This tells.

When you think of tires, remember that Goodrich is the standard; and remember that the Auto Tire Company at 134 Bay Street, Toronto, is the only Canadian agency in direct touch with Akron, Ohio. It is the place where you can get nothing but the best goods and the quickest service.

Every reader should write for their illustrated catalogues, giving full particulars of the different lines they handle.

she is sure to exclaim "What a beauty," and at the same time, one of those cars which, when you have put her to a hard day's service, or even a hard week, or month or year of service, will not be able to trace any ill-effect.

Did you ever meet a man who impressed you with a sense of his power? He may have been dressed in the simplest of clothing. He may have said little and appeared to be very quiet. But you knew he was a great man, a man of wonderfully powerful personality as compared with all the other men round about. Well you have the same impression of the Interstate. The lines of her body, the trim, stern and yet comfortable lines of her body impress you. Her great wheels and powerful en-



gine explain the recent speed records which she has been making down at the fast tracks in the Southern States. In short, your instinct will tell you at your first glance at an Interstate that she is a grand car; and when you put her to the test, take her to the worst hills you know of, and along the nastiest roads you have ever known, she will stand up to them without a whimper. You may return mud-spattered and weary, but the Interstate is indefatigable.

She is a cheap car. You can buy an Interstate seven-seater at \$3,500 that will stand up with all the expensive cars; and yet you could not get for much less than \$5,000 another car worthy of being placed in her class. Long wheel base, finest upholstery lavishly put on, beaten aluminum body and an absolutely silent engine, are some of the features of this car. The Interstate seven-passenger car 50 h.p. 4 cylinder, complete with top, wind-shield, 75 mile speedometer, extra remountable rims, tire irons, electric light equipment is sold for \$3,500. Two weeks ago an Interstate went a mile on Galveston Beach Track in forty-two seconds. There is no test that she will not answer to; there is no car like her unless it be at a vastly higher price. She is sold in Canada by the Hamilton Machinery Company, Limited.

They will forward their interesting and instructive catalogue to any one requesting a copy.

MOTORSUNDRIES LIMITED.

"I tell you this much," said the owner of the car as he and his guest hurried back from the little village post-office to the village hotel where they had been forced to lay up until they could send for a new spark plug, "it is a good thing to know of a firm like that Motorsundries Limited even if it is for no other reason than that I know I only need to send them a wire, or telephone them or write them from anywhere for anything I may need on the road, and they will answer me at once by sending, in the return mail, the thing I asked for."

"Couldn't any other firm do that?" asked the guest.

"Surely! Plenty of them could I suppose. But I find with Motorsundries Limited that they do business right on the minute. They study how to get a thing to you by the quickest possible way. They keep a big stock, a fresh stock and a complete stock of everything needed in connection with a motor."

Hundreds of automobile owners have said the same thing about Motorsundries Limited. Hundreds of people who have done business with this firm by mail,

stopped at their booth in the Transportation Building and looked over the new things which that wide-awake firm is handling, by their genial manager, Mr. Codd.

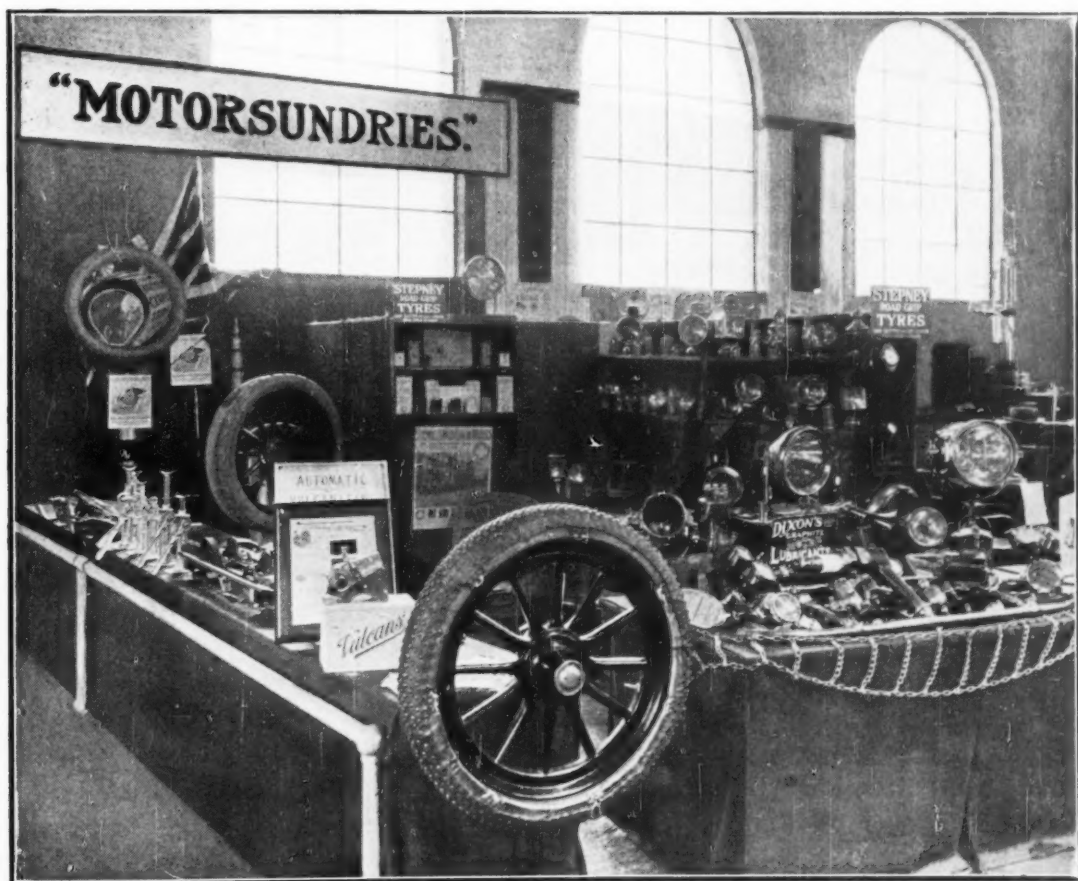
Motorsundries Limited is a sort of semi-official investigator of every new thing that comes on the automobile market. It is a medium through which the car-owner may find out the latest and the best improvements in car accessories. Motorsundries Limited know of every new thing that comes before the automobile public—if it is a fancy horn or a new sort of spare wheel. It finds out if these things are worth offering to the public or not. If they are mere "freak" inventions, Motorsundries Limited make a note of them. If they are good, worthy of the best class of motor trade, Motorsundries Limited is prepared to supply them.

This firm can furnish anything that you need for your car. In a great many lines it can offer special things, as in the case of the dollar Never-Miss spark-plug

which is absolutely guaranteed for one year, guaranteed not merely against faults of workmanship, but against anything. Then, too, they make a specialty of the Stepney products, the Stepney Spare Wheel and other accessories.

In regard to lighting outfits for cars, the Motorsundries Limited is particularly well-qualified to give expert advice and the best of apparatus. The lighting of a car is not always the simplest of considerations. If your car lighting system is properly installed, you will find great satisfaction in its use. If it is of poor construction and poor apparatus, nothing can compensate for the trouble which results. Motorsundries Limited speaks as an expert in these matters.

The firm is bright and wide-awake. It keeps the best and the newest. Its service is quick and efficient. It will pay any automobile man to send for a catalogue of this firm's products. Address them at their Head Office, 423½ Yonge Street, Toronto.



Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

BIRD ROOFING COMPANY

Out of his whole life the average man does not spend more than two hours, all told, thinking about the roof of his house. When he buys a house or builds one, his chief concern is to be sure that there is a roof. Whether it be shingles or slate or tar-and-gravel is, after the first glance, of little importance, provided the roof does not leak. If it leaks it is mended. If not, no more is thought about it.

But suppose one man spent over 115 years thinking about it! Suppose that whereas the average man almost ignores the roof over his head, this man made it his one study! Should not such a man, if he could live that long, be worth consulting about your roof? There can be no doubt as to the answer to that question. The only difficulty is to find the man who has lived that long.

As a matter of fact there isn't one. Anybody knows that. But there is a family that has done so—a family which for four generations has studied the problem of covering the roof of a house. For one hundred and sixteen years, to be exact, the Bird family has been making roof coverings. The originator was George Bird. He commenced the business in 1795. The business is now carried on by F. W. Bird & Son, and to-day, in addition to its five factories—two in Canada and three in the United States—is represented all over the world.

The shingle-roof and the slate roof are, after all, very crude devices for keeping out the rain. They are but a slight improvement upon the straw thatch. Consider the wood, or the slate, which is wasted in the over-lapping of one row of shingles upon the next. Consider the extra money, the extra weight of your roof, the weight of nails alone, the cost of labor! How often must you not renew the straw or send a man up for repairs? Have you ever observed the filth which accumulates in the hundreds of little crevices in the shingled roof? And finally, how about fire? Think of the myriad little cracks and splinters that develop in the shingle as it gets old! A shingle when it is two years old is as good as tinder any day.

The Bird Company, whose exhibit was in a special building at the East end of

the Machinery Building at the Canadian National Exhibition, made a study of the problem, and offers the builder a roofing material which can be laid on by the square yard. It is quickly and simply put on, and it serves the purpose as nothing else can.

For instance, there are many other roofing papers, but how many of them, after all, are any better than the old shingle roof, or even as good. Along comes a cold-weather snap. The thermometer hides in the bottom of the glass. The front porch cracks with the cold when you step on it. The ice in the river grows thicker and thicker—and up on the roof the cheap roofing paper, which somebody has sold you under a wonderful recommendation, is being warped by the cold. Next summer when the cheerful old Canadian sunshine comes beating down on that roof, there is a flaw in the paper. And, next day, when the sun goes under the clouds and the rain comes—behold a stain in your attic ceiling. There is a leak in the roof!

Not every tar-paper, not every piece of paper felt will stand the extremes of heat and cold. It takes care and study and prescience to learn to make a real roofing paper. That is where the one hundred and fifteen—sixteen to be exact—years of the Bird Roofing Company's experience comes in. It means one hundred and sixteen years of endeavor and, as it happens, of success, too.

Look at it this way. The first time you closed a business deal with a man, the first time you taught a Sunday School class, or landed a trout, or ran a motor up a stiff hill, or proposed marriage to a woman, you did not do it as well as you did it the second time. Experience helps. Many a manufacturer to-day is, as it were, proposing to you about your roof for the first time. What does he know of his own products? Has he studied them and adapted them to all conditions of climate and so on?

Twenty-five years ago the Bird Company originated the complete ready roofing idea, and to-day offer different kinds of roofings for the different types of buildings, all made in their own factory, even to the fixtures, all conditions of climate and so on.



Every year since 1898, when the United States Government Buildings in Havana were covered with Neponset Paroid Roofing, that Government has bought this product in large quantities—over a million and a quarter square feet in one year—and has found it to meet every requirement everywhere from Cuba to Alaska.

Then there is the Neponset Proslate Roofing for roofs and sides of residences, club-houses and farm buildings. It is the Paroid plus an extra wearing surface of specially prepared paint which lengthens the life of the material and makes the Proslate the most attractive prepared roofing on the market—one that looks like shingles and wears like slate.

The range of this company's products is so wide in roofing papers, sound-deadening felts, water-proof felts and building papers, that the householder, farmer, manufacturer, contractor or engineer should write for the Company's catalogue. Address their head office for Canada, at Hamilton, Ont. The catalogue is full of

suggestions that may help solve your difficulties, and if it fails, the company is always only too glad to offer, free, the consultation services of any of its experts.

DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO., LIMITED.

How much is your business losing every year on account of that old wooden stairway at the back of your warehouse or your office? How much is that ancient wooden tool closet in the corner of that factory room costing you? What does the insurance inspector say when he sees these things? How much is added to your bill for insurance premiums? And then suppose fire comes; how much do you stand to lose in time and patience and business growth, even outside of your insurance? In short, can you afford to maintain that wooden stairway and that oil-soaked closet. We maintain that you can not.

The Dennis Iron & Wire Works Company, of London, Ontario, have made a



study of this question; how can the equipment of a house, a wareroom, a factory or an office be improved by the use of iron or steel in place of wood? There was a time when little or nothing in these places was made of anything but wood. Every day the use of iron and steel fittings grows more wide-spread.

For example, the Dennis Iron & Wire Company makes a specialty of supplying stair-cases of iron in place of the wooden stair-cases referred to. These are better in every way than the old kind. Then in the matter of shelving, bins and boxes, the Dennis Wire & Iron Company supplies these in steel, instead of the old inflammable material. One of its chief lines is the steel material locker. There must always be some nook or cranny in an establishment where the small tools, the oil cans, the cotton waste or other things of that nature can be stored. Once upon a time the engine rooms and factories used wooden cupboards and the same shelf that held the cotton waste and the oil cans was convenient for the engineer's pipe and

matches. Many a fire could doubtless have been traced to these old wooden cupboards, or to the crannies under old-fashioned stairways, had people only known that some of the employes smoked and were in the habit of leaving matches in these out-of-the-way corners.

When the Bell Telephone Company built its new building in Toronto, it was faced with the problem of providing cloak-lockers, which would be large enough to accommodate the enormous hats of the girl operators. They sent the problem to the Dennis Iron & Wire Company, with the result that special lockers were designed and executed for the Bell Company.

Material lockers, clothes lockers (properly ventilated) fireside furnishings, and all sorts of iron and metal work are handled by the Dennis Iron and Wire Works of London, Ontario. There are no better goods on the market and few as good. The Dennis Iron & Wire Company is expert in all matters of this nature, and would gladly forward a copy of their illustrated catalogue D. on receipt of a request.

LUXFER PRISMS.

Men are continually puzzling their brains to discover new ways to use electric light and gas and even candles and gasolene. How many people are experts in the study of *real* light—daylight?

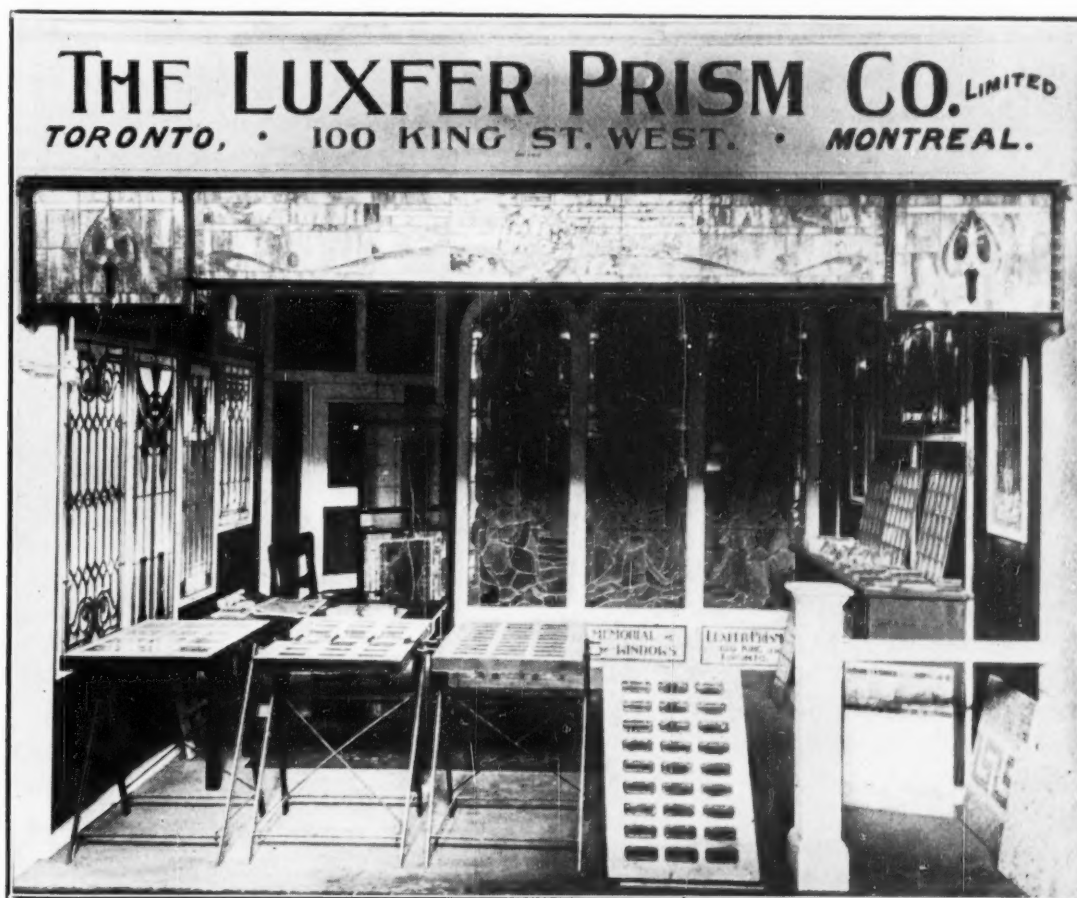
We ask this question because we know that there is but one firm in Canada which has really studied the question, how to get the most from a given amount of daylight, and how to make *natural* light more beautiful. This firm is the Luxfer Prism Company. It is scarcely necessary to describe the growth of this company and its success. It is sufficient to say that thousands of rooms which were once badly lighted, or lighted by artificial means, are now full of real daylight, simply by the use of Luxfer Prisms: and what is still more interesting, many an interior has been made beautiful by the use of the stained glass windows supplied by this company.

Luxfer Prisms are made to increase the flow of natural light into a chamber, and to distribute it evenly. Luxfer stained glass windows, in addition to their artistic

merit, soften and mellow the light whether they are used in a chapel or over your stairway landing, or to fill a window which you may have found not to have a pleasant outlook.

Many firms make stained glass windows, but the Luxfer Prism Company, the *expert on natural light*, produces the most beautiful and the best. We believe we are justified in saying this. No other company employs its own artists to make the cartoons. No other company can guarantee the tone in the colors, the beauty of the color schemes, the honesty and skill of the workmanship and the excellence of the material.

The Luxfer Prism Company showed at the exhibition two pieces of stained glass work which provoked the admiration of hundreds of passersby. One was a window for St. George's English Church in Owen Sound and represented "Christ and the Fishermen." The other was merely the base of a window—too large to be shown in the exhibition all together—which represents the stoning of St. Stephen the Martyr. This is to be placed in the

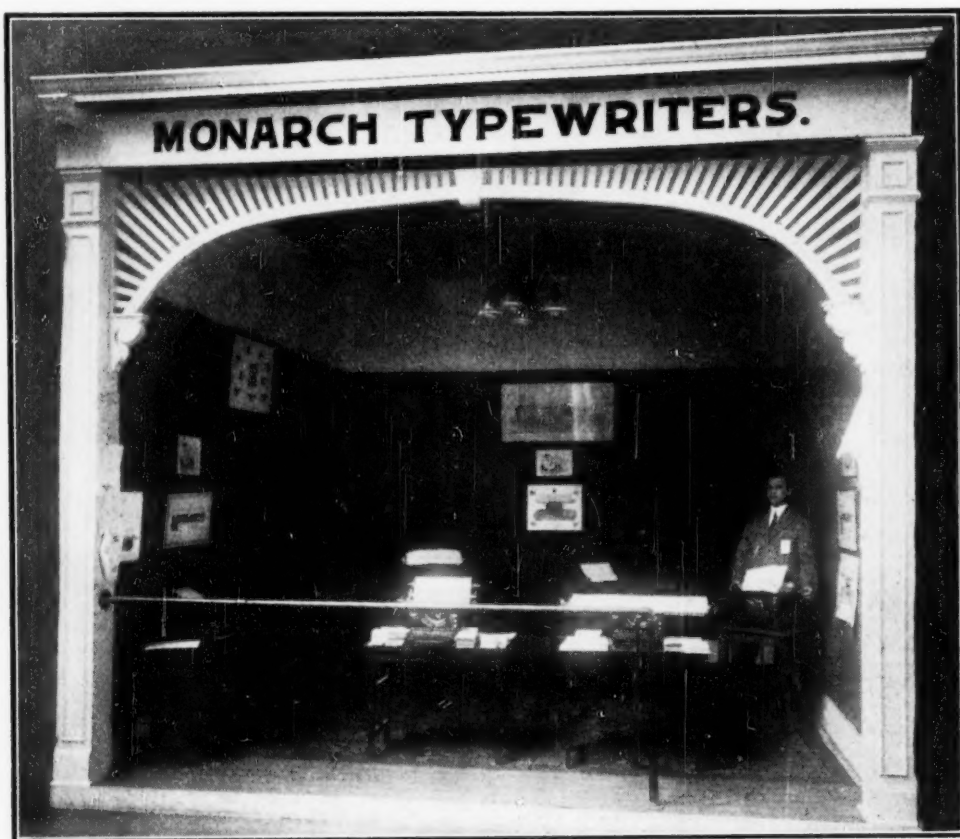


Reading advertisements is profitable to you.

Roman Catholic Church in Chelsea, Que-Monarch Typewriting people produces the nicest, cleanest, and best letters, more bec.

There is nothing so beautiful as natural quickly than any other machine I ever light. There is only one company that had."

can take your house, your church, your office or your factory and improve the using one of those old-fashioned typenatural light either by increasing it with writers instead of getting a Monarch I prisms or by softening it with stained would have been a nervous wreck long ago. Have you a light problem? A stenographer's life is just so many



MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY.

Three people stood one morning in front of the Monarch Typewriter Company's booth in the Manufacturers' Building at the Exhibition. One was a man, tall and broad, a business-like looking man. In fact, he was a business man, the head of a large office, a man who sends out a heavy correspondence every day.

The second was a wealthy man who is continually opening mail, a man who gets more personal mail perhaps than any other one man in Canada.

The third was a slender young woman with dark hair and eyes and long, thin, nervous hands. She was a stenographer.

Now this is what the three said:

The man with the business-like looking face said: "That machine made by the

years when she uses a machine which requires so many "pounds" of pressure on each key and so many pounds leverage on the carriage when she has to bring it back. But a Monarch touch is light, and the carriage is light. Monarch saves strength. More than that, it saves nerves because you can see all the writing all the time. You can correct errors more quickly. It is the best machine there is."

And then the third person spoke.

"Hm! he muttered, "So that's the explanation. That's why Jones and Smith and those other people I have been dealing with, send out such beautiful letters. Why, one of the reasons I gave my brokerage work to Thompson, Jones and Jenkins was because their letters were always so much cleaner, crisper and more business-like in appearance than the John's



firm letters. It's been that Monarch machine. I'll use the Monarch myself. Good work in a letter, and a stenographer whose efficiency is doubled by having a machine which is pleasant to operate, are two points worth considering."

Monarch Typewriting Machines claim nothing for themselves. Merely try one yourself or ask those who have tried other makes and now use the Monarch. There will be need for no further argument.

You should write to-day, to their head office for Canada, in Toronto, for a copy of their catalogue, explaining the merits of their machines.

THE HAMILTON STAMP AND STENCIL CO.

"What's in a Name?"

Everything. If the goods you are selling to the public are of good quality. And what is more, there is a great deal in the way a name is attached to an article, the way the label is put on, or the name-plate fastened on, or even the stencil on the barrel in which the goods are shipped.

Every time a manufacturer or a packer sends out his goods with his name attached to them, in the form of a name-plate, label or stencil, he is getting so much free advertising. Everyone that sees that name-plate is unconsciously impressed. Some day, when they want to buy an article which YOU make, they will remember that they saw YOUR name attached to a similar article which a friend of theirs had purchased from you.

On the other hand, every time a piece of goods or package is sent out badly labelled, it hurts your business. A name attached to a product carelessly creates a bad impression of that name, and reflects on the product. A firm label or name-plate which has not artistic properties, which is not well designed and attractive is an opportunity wasted.

The Hamilton Stamp & Stencil Works are manufacturers of machine and carriage name-plates, hotel key, coat and baggage checks, brass labels, and make a specialty of aluminum trade checks for milk companies, bakers, etc.—for steel stamps

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

of every description, burning brands and concrete stamping brands, rubber stamps, brass and copper stencils, they are well and favorably known from coast to coast. Besides their extensive works in Hamilton, they have acquired the plant and outfit of the Superior Mfg. Company, 93 Church Street, as a branch and to represent their Toronto connection, and where they devote particular attention to steel stamps for use in presses and by hand, rubber stamps and corporate seals.

Their combination exhibit in the Process Building drew the attention of a large number of interested people who were attracted by the large variety and the fine finish of the samples displayed.

Manufacturers and office managers would do well to send for their extensive catalogue, either at Hamilton or Toronto.

It should be remembered that they are the Dominion Agents for the Bradley Stencil Machines.

THE TISDALE IRON STABLE FITTINGS COMPANY.

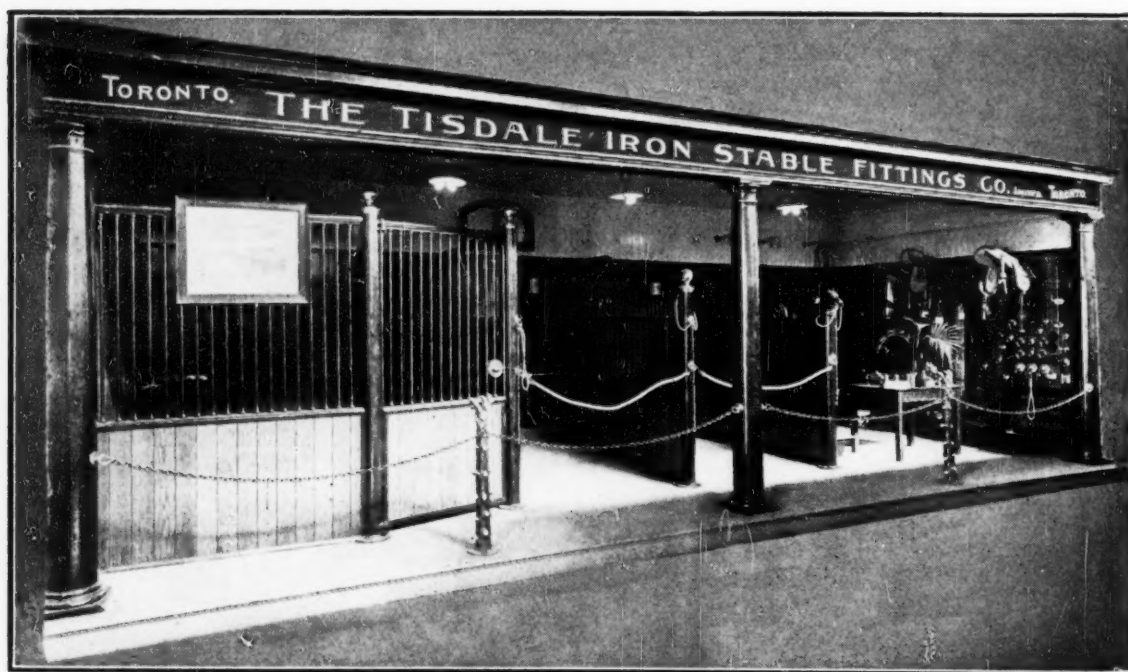
We would like to draw the attention of horse owners to a few of the following facts:—

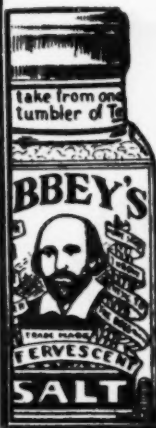
To keep horses in good condition they need to be well fed, well housed and their stables properly drained.

The Tisdale Iron Stable Fitting Co. have made a specialty and have had a large experience in all the most improved style of fittings, having fitted up a great quantity of the largest stables in the Dominion.

The engraving is from a photo of their booth in this year's exhibition, and was admired by hundreds of horsemen. Architects will find that the Tisdale Stable Fittings Company's catalogue gives abundance of information and greatly facilitates getting out plans and equipment for any size stable.

The furnishing of a stable is a most important matter and needs the assistance of those well experienced in such work. Therefore, those who anticipate building a stable or making any alterations or improvements to existing ones, should get in touch with the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Co., of Toronto, who would be pleased to send illustrated catalogue and any information that may be required.





A bottle of prevention
is better than a
deranged stomach.

**Abbey's
Effervescent Salt**

25c and 60c bottle.
Sold everywhere.

83

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER
will be incomplete

WITHOUT
A
BOX
OF

Auclair's

WORLD
FAMED
CHOCOLATES
and BON BONS

When near our Store a Glass of Soda, or a
Cup of our Hot Chocolate will refresh you.

130-132 Yonge St. - Toronto, Ont.

Our Candies made on the premises.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks

For Sale by all Grocers

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
Canada

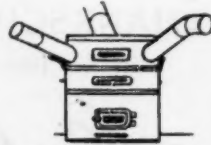



BOURBON

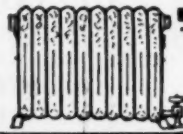
Raises the spirits.
It is the finest pick-me-up.



FOR	AGAINST
CHEAPER IN PRICE	FUEL WASTE COAL GAS ASH SIFTING INEFFICIENT EXTRA HOUSE WORK DIRT SOOT ASHES UNHYGIENIC REPAIRS



FOR	AGAINST
LOWER FIRST COST	REPAIRS DOCTOR'S BILLS ASH SIFTING FUEL WASTE COAL GAS COLD ROOMS ASH DUST SOOT SMOKE EXTRA HOUSE WORK



FOR	AGAINST
NO REPAIRS HEALTHFUL WARMTH NO ASHES BASE OF CONTROL EVERY ROOM EVENLY HEATED CONVENIENCE FUEL SAVING LESS HOUSE WORK NO COAL GAS OR ASH DUST	COSTS MORE AT START



Argue it Pro and Con

THE cost of heating your home must be reckoned, not by the price originally paid for the heating system you install, but on a basis of actual results. It is not the price that is important; it is the reason for the price. On this basis an unprejudiced and careful examination of the facts will clearly show that for even, healthful and economical warmth, a

King Boiler and Radiators

far surpass any other heating method for the modern home. True, it costs more at first, but the difference in price only faintly indicates the wide difference in results. Consider even fuel consumption. In ten to fifteen years the waste entailed by old-fashioned heating methods would easily pay the first cost and upkeep of a King Boiler and King Radiators, not to mention the added comfort you have enjoyed.

With a King hot water heating equipment

your home is hygienically, cleanly, uniformly and economically warmed, and the heat is always under your control. A simple turn of the valve being all that is necessary to regulate the temperature to any desired degree.

POST YOURSELF ON HEATING VALUES

Write for our illustrated booklet "Comfortable Homes." It tells plainly and simply the real facts about heating and heating systems. It puts the knowledge of the expert in plain, non-technical language.

Steel and Radiation, Limited

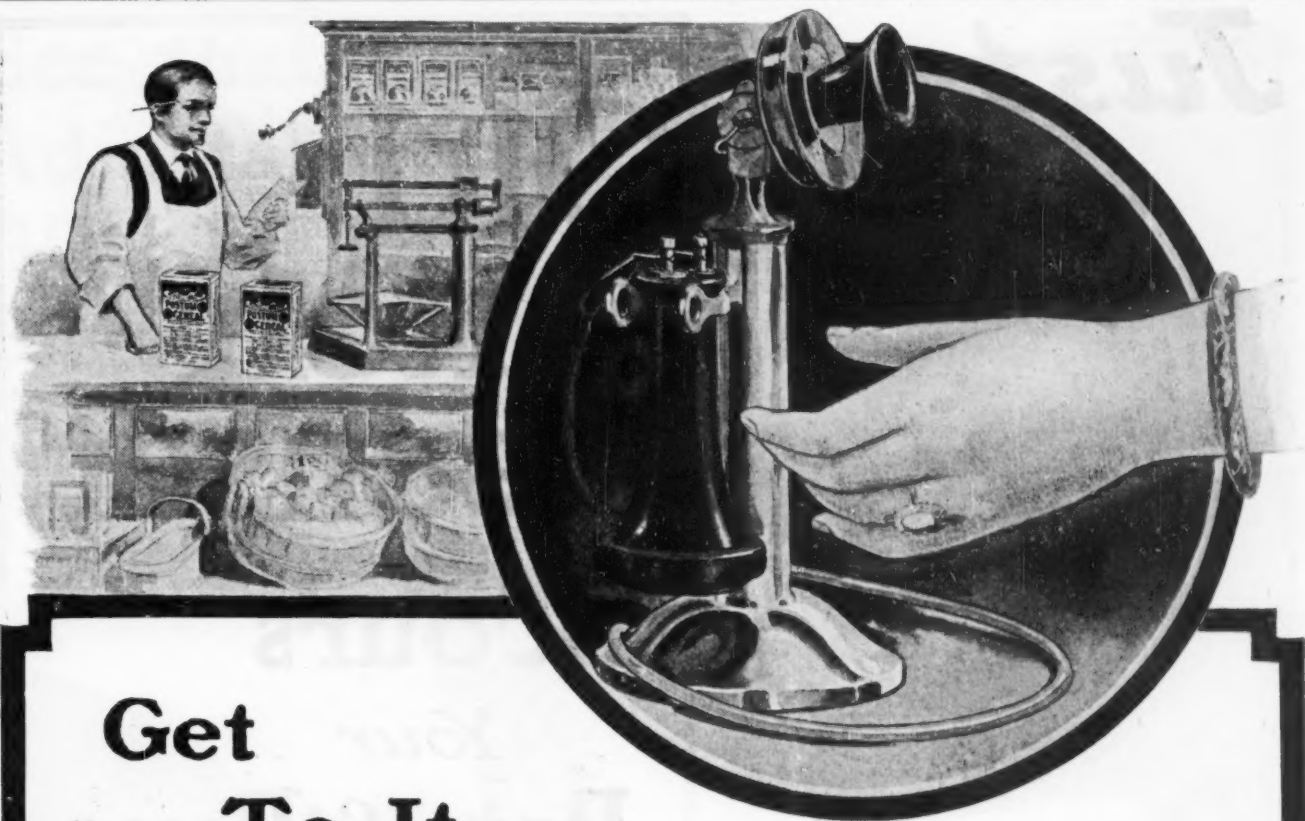
Head Office: Fraser Ave.

Showrooms: 78-82 Adelaide St. E.

TORONTO.

Branches in All the Principal Cities and Towns

It will pay you to answer advertisements.



Get To It

Ask your grocer for

POSTUM

There is really no need for much of the headache and nervousness one hears about; a large part of it is the result of faulty living.

Improper table beverages, such as coffee and tea, which contain nerve-racking irritants, contribute much to bodily pain and discomfort.

The cause may be the thing you least suspect.

The quick and easy way to relief is to make a change.

If annoyed by ills that mar health and happiness, stop using coffee and tea ten days and try Postum.

Thousands have done it and know

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

Just **WHY** Old Dutch Cleanser

Scours

Your

Pots & Pans

*Without
Hard
Scraping*



**Many other uses and
Full Directions on
Large Sifter Can, 10c.**

Because the fine particles of the Cleanser immediately loosen and remove the hardest "burnt in" food-crusts, which soap-powders and scouring-bricks may only *wear off* after long, hard scrubbing.

Rinse pot or pan in water; sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (no tiresome scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.

See that Flexible, Adjustable GILLETTE Blade ?

*Note the curve that
gives the automatic
adjustment.*



As you slip the razor together and tighten up the handle, the guard curves the flat blade. The tighter you screw the handle, the closer the blade edge fits against the guard, and the lighter the shave. Loosen it a quarter turn and the edge springs away from the guard, giving a closer shave.

That's one reason why, among the millions of GILLETTE users, with every conceivable variety of beard and skin, each one finds the GILLETTE suits his face exactly. That's one reason why the GILLETTE will suit your face exactly.

There's no other razor made that you can adjust to suit your individual needs. Buy a GILLETTE—you'll enjoy it.

Standard Sets \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets from \$6.50 up. At your hardware dealer's, jeweler's, druggist's, or haberdasher's.

Look for the GILLETTE DEPOT SIGN

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory—63 St. Alexander St., Montreal

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng.
and Shanghai, China

Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin
and Paris



Reading advertisements is profitable to you.



You are trying to decide even now which piano to buy. Little wonder you are confused, for the best of claims can so easily be made for the worst of instruments—the English language is free to all.

The guide which has for more than a generation led buyers who have been puzzled like yourself has been the reputation of the

Gerhard Heintzman

Canada's Greatest Piano

A reputation that has been earned, not purchased. The definite, persistent impression back in your mind, behind all your indecision, that the Gerhard Heintzman is really the best of the good pianos, is right.

If you will call or write us before making your decisions we will be very glad to talk the problem over with you.

Our reputation is your protection, and our knowledge and experience are at your service.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN,
LIMITED

New Salesroom:
41-43 Queen St. West, Opp. City Hall
TORONTO

Hamilton Salesroom: 127 King St. East

Big Ben



*They who rise to be Big Men,
rise early every morn -- Big Ben*

AMERICA has had two Big Bens.—Big Ben the first said “Early to bed and early to rise; makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.”

Big Ben the second is helping us keep this injunction. He is relied on by men who follow Franklin's advice to plow deep while sluggards sleep.—“Better late than never say men—better never late” says Big Ben.

Big Ben is a long-lived and punctual sleepmeter for early risers.

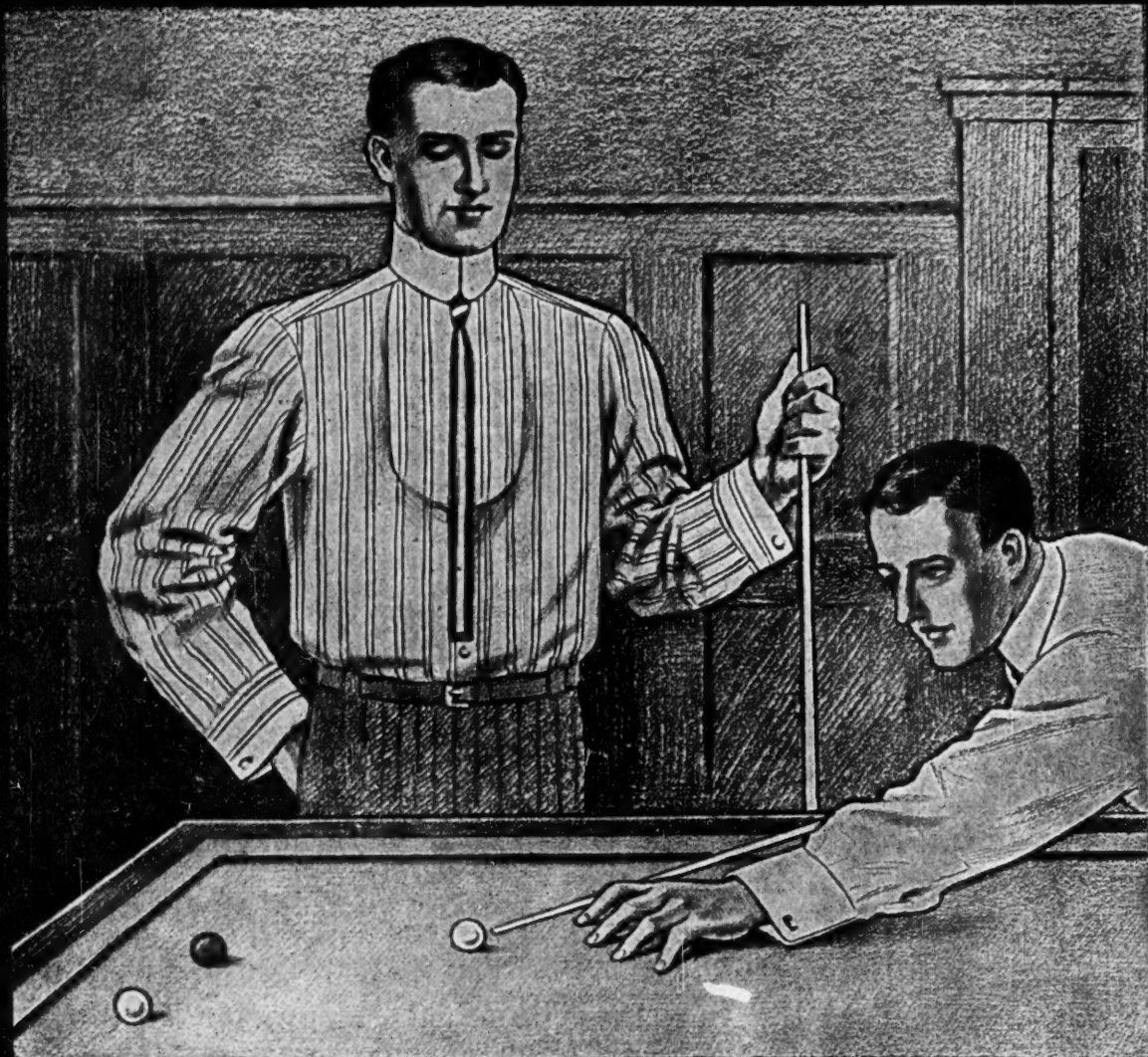
He is mounted in a heavy, massive, triple plated case. His keys are big, handy, easy to wind. His face frank, open, easy to read. He is strong, sizable, handsome.—If he's oiled every other year there's no telling how long he will last.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him—Westclox, La Salle, Illinois. If you cannot find him at your jeweler, a money order addressed to them will bring him to you duty charges paid.

\$3.00

At Canadian Dealers

TRADE *W.G.R.* MARK



SEMI-REGATTA SHIRT

The Shirt of Comfort and Class

Comfortable as a Negligee. Dressier than any softshirt. BECAUSE, lined *half* the length of the bosom heavily enough to give that dressy appearance, yet light enough to retain all the comfort.

THE WILLIAMS, GREENE & ROME CO., LIMITED

BERLIN :: :: ONTARIO

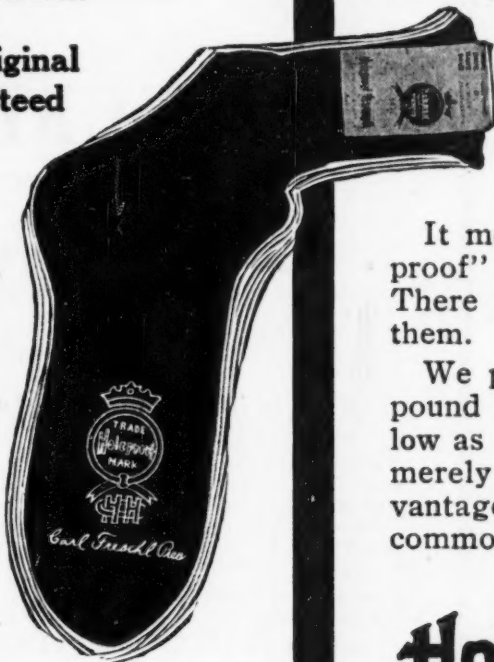
Factories: Berlin and Hanover

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months except when stated otherwise.

The Original Guaranteed Hose

Look for This Trade-mark and Signature



Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun-metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsize in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Children's—Sizes 6½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00.

Hose That Wear Six Months at Common Cost

You get this guarantee if you buy six pairs of famous Holeproof Hose for men, women or children—"If these hose do not wear without holes, rips or any necessity of darning for six full months from the day you buy them we will replace them free."

That means six months that you don't have to think about darning.

It means six months of comfort, for "Holeproof" are soft and light-weight.

It means six months of style, for "Holeproof" hold their shape and their color. There are no other hose to compare with them.

We pay an average of seventy cents per pound for our yarn, yet yarn is sold for as low as 30 cents. We spend \$55,000 a year merely for inspection. Yet with all these advantages "Holeproof" sell at the cost of common hose.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Try "Holeproof" today. But get the genuine. For the genuine only are soft and light. No common hose were ever more comfortable.

If your dealer hasn't them, send the money to us in any convenient way and we'll ship direct, charges prepaid.

Don't wait. Save the next six months of darning. Send in your order now while you think of it.

TO DEALERS: Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
52 Bond Street, London, Canada (210)

Are Your Hose Insured?

The Handy Package

Each package of

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

is divided into two envelopes, and makes two full quarts. Also contains an envelope of *Pink Color* for making fancy desserts.

Knox Gelatine is the world's pure, uncolored, unsweetened gelatine—in convenient, granulated form.

Send for FREE Recipe Book
containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream and Candies—FREE for your grocer's name. Post sample for 2c. stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
502 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N.Y.



**ARE YOUR
FLOORS
AND
FURNITURE
WORN
AND
SCRATCHED?**

“LACQUERET”

is what you should apply to renew their brightness and lustre

On woodwork of any kind it acts like magic, and converts any old piece of furniture into a thing of genuine beauty.

Would you like to get acquainted with the many uses to which “Lacqueret” can be put in your home? Then write to-day for booklet—“Dainty Decorator,” sent free on request.

**Here is just one way to use
“Lacqueret”:**—

To add a lustre to worn floors—Remove all dust, dirt and grease. Use one coat of “Lacqueret” for refinishing worn, stained and soiled wood floors, painted oilcloth and linoleum. If the surface is badly worn, apply a second coat of clear “Lacqueret” after the colored coat is dry.

**ALL LEADING HARDWARE AND PAINT
DEALERS SELL “LACQUERET”**

**INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
LIMITED**

TORONTO WINNIPEG G32





THESE GENUINE WIEDERSEIM KIDS

Were not fed on

Post Toasties

(Who wants the dog?) but hope to be.

The kids are delicious and the food even more so, especially when served with nice yellow cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Which Way Do You Wash?— *Aunt Salina*



The OLD WAY or THE NEW---

The back-breaking, nerve-racking, health-destroying way or the easy, pleasant way? Madam! you should wash the "New Century" way if for no other reason than your health's sake.

But there are also sound, economical reasons why you should make your hubby dig into his jeans and buy you a "New Century" washing machine. You can do the week's washing with it in one-third the ordinary time.

Save the money it actually saves you and you will have its cost back in the bank inside of six months---easily.

You may have cause for your washing machine prejudice, but---you have not examined, tried or tested the "New Century."

Ask your Dealer to show you why the "New Century" will do your washing in a few minutes---

Why it changes drudgery into pleasure---

How it washes clothes absolutely clean, and---

How it cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

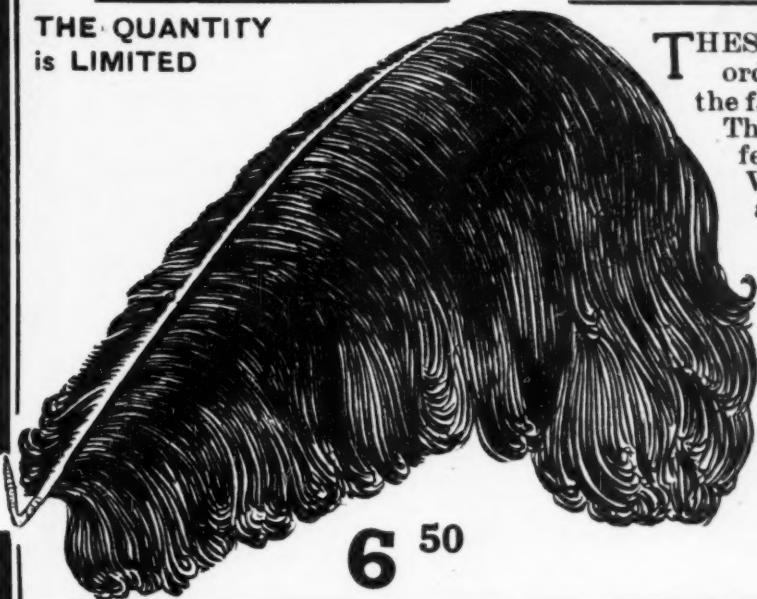
Your little girl could do the washing for half the town with a "New Century" washing machine.

N. B. A post card will bring you "Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy." Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL, LTD., - Hamilton, Ont.

Willow Plume Specials

THE QUANTITY
is LIMITED



6 50

THESE three feather values are extraordinary, especially when you consider the fact that each one is a Willow Plume. They were made by one of the best feather manufacturers in Europe. We bought them at a big reduction and imported them direct from the maker—hence the low prices we quote to you. Willow Plumes will be greatly worn this fall—so buy now. This is your opportunity to get one at the right price.


1H-864. Magnificent Plume, the choicest imported wild male stock, long lustrous fibres carefully hand-knotted, 21 inches long and 11½ inches wide, a glossy black.....Price 6.50

IMPORTED
FROM
ENGLAND



5 50

AN ELEGANT PLUME
AT A MUCH LESS PRICE
THAN USUAL

 **5** 50


1H-863. Elegant Plume, the finest imported African stock, each fibre extra long and tightly knotted by hand, 20 inches long, 11 inches wide laid flat, a rich black. Price each 5.50

EVERY
VALUE EX-
CEPTIONAL



4 29

An Exceptional Value
WILLOW PLUME

 **4** 29

1H-862. Beautiful Plume, heavy full head, long wide fibres tied by hand, selected stock, 19 inches long, 10 inches wide laid flat, black only.....Price 4.29

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Wilson's Invalids' Port

(a la Quina du Perou)



Possesses certain advantages that are worthy of special consideration :

- 1st. It is a superior tonic.
- 2nd. It has decided palatability without sacrifice of efficiency.
- 3rd. It combines the Nutro-Tonic with the rich blood-making qualities.

Big Bottle.

Ask YOUR Doctor.



When Autumn's
Wind Blows

protect your face
and guard
against chap-
ping by using

BENTROVATO MASSAGE CREAM

The indispensable toilet requisite for cleaning the complexion and protecting it against the trying elements—sun and wind. Sold by Barbers and Druggists in 50 and 75c. jars.

The Misner Mfg. Co Ltd.
WINDSOR ONTARIO.



An Important Matter

is the selection of the brand of bacon you will use. There is so much difference between the sweet nutty flavor of

FEARMAN'S English Breakfast Bacon

and the ordinary kinds that it is like finding a new dish for your morning meal.

Only the best Canadian Hogs are packed in our establishment, and our bacon shows quality in accordance. Sugar-cured under Government inspection.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR FEARMAN'S

The F. W. Fearman Co.

LIMITED

HAMILTON,

:

:

ONTARIO

HAVE SOME!

"IT'S PURE
THAT'S SURE!"



UPTON'S
PURE JAMS
And
Orange Marmalade

Superb Musical Enjoyment

comes into any home with a Dominion Piano. We say "any home" because any home may have it direct from the factory (for factory agents) at factory price, as "Dominions" are sold strictly without the heavy expenses that ordinary piano selling entails.



DOMINION PIANO

CANADA'S FAVORITE
OLD RELIABLE INSTRUMENT

80,000 purchasers all over the world own "Dominions." Every Dominion Piano is a grand piano in construction. It has the rich, mellow, durable tone of a grand, for we build in a grand-piano plate frame at no additional cost to the user. "Dominions" hold their superb tone a lifetime in any climate---never become "tinny" or flat, yet save their owners \$100 to \$150 cash. Easy terms allowed. Can you do better? We know you cannot.

Write for Catalogue to-day, we'll show you how to own a superb "Dominion Piano, Player Piano or Organ on your own terms.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO., Limited

Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player Pianos

Factory and Office, :: BOWMANVILLE, ONT.



For
Mansion
or Cottage



"Lightweight" Peerless Folding Table

CONVENIENT NO MATTER WHERE IT IS

Whether it be in the grandest mansion or the lowliest cottage that convenience is required, the "LIGHTWEIGHT" Peerless Folding Table fills the requirements perfectly. It is a neat, handsome piece of furniture, and yet it can be folded compactly and laid away out of the road when space is at a premium. It is rigid and strong, having stood the severest test. *Write for Booklet and Prices.*

HOARD & COMPANY, Limited - LONDON, Canada

SOLE CANADIAN LICENSEES AND MANUFACTURERS

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

The Modern Shake-Down

NO MORE SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR



on an old-fashioned, uncomfortable shake-down when the unexpected visitor through courtesy is given your bed.

You can have as delightful and sleep-inducing rest on the

KINDEL BED

with ample room as you can on the finest bed outfit you have in your home.

Think of the convenience this Kindel Bed affords you. It is a handsome davenport by day and quickly converted into a downy bed at night. We make a variety of styles in different finishes.

Write for Catalogue, which contains information of the different lines we handle.

Kindel Bed Co., Limited, Toronto



COLONIAL
FOUR-POSTER

Solid Mahogany Four-Poster Beds

That elusive atmosphere which many rooms never acquire.

ALL the "Better Make" Furniture comprises what is newest in Canadian furniture, together with the best modern conceptions of the designs of the old masters, with added advantages of the finest materials procurable to-day, and highest skill and perfection in making. This, in short, is behind every piece of furniture bearing the shop-mark illustrated below.



**TORONTO
FURNITURE
Company, Ltd.**

*Makers of the "Better Make" of
Canadian Quality Furniture*

ARE YOU INTERESTED

in earning one of the undermentioned articles by doing a little congenial work during spare hours. You can earn any one or all of them and it will not cost you a cent.

The work merely consists of securing new subscriptions to MacLean's Magazine. You will find the work very pleasant and positively fascinating, and best of all, it will not take you longer than two weeks to win any one of the articles. One representative earned both the bicycle and gold watch in seventeen days.

Read the list and the number of subscriptions required to secure each:

BICYCLE—Lady's or Gentleman's, \$45.00, for 32 yearly subscriptions

CANOE—16 ft., with two paddles, \$30.00, for 25 yearly subscriptions

GOLD WATCH—Lady's or Gent's, \$25.00, for 19 yearly subscriptions

FOUNTAIN PEN—\$6.00, - - - for 4 yearly subscriptions

THERMOS BOTTLE—(Quart size) \$3.50, for 3 yearly subscriptions

We would like to see at least one member of every family into which MacLean's Magazine goes, take advantage of this offer.

Any ambitious boy or girl, man or woman can do the work and secure one or more of the articles. We will show you how to do it.

Write at once for our catalogue and supplies so that you can see just exactly what we are offering and can commence work at once.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

143-149 UNIVERSITY AVE., - TORONTO, ONT.

THE "ROSS" RIFLE ACTION IS THE SPEEDIEST KNOWN

The wonderful accuracy of the Ross Barrels is not the only reason why sportsmen who can shoot straight should give preference to this arm.

Speed in unloading, loading, shooting, etc., is an equally important factor, and the Ross with its straight pull is not only unsurpassed in speed of fire—but its magazine loads more quickly and easily than other makes.

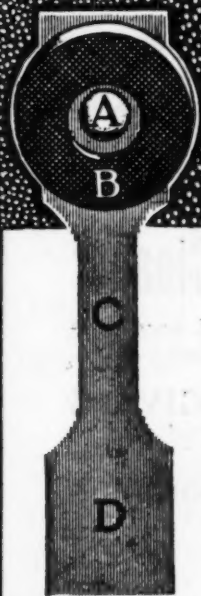
A TRIAL WILL QUICKLY CONVINC

Ross Sporting Rifles are sold at from \$25.00 and upwards

LEADING DEALERS HANDLE THEM

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

THE ROSS RIFLE CO., - Quebec



Don't Meddle With a Corn

Don't pare them. That doesn't help for long. And paring too deep has caused blood poisoning a good many thousand times.

Don't merely protect them. Don't doctor and nurse them. Cover a corn with a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain is ended. In two days the corn comes out. In the meantime you forget it.

Five million corns per year are removed in this cheap, simple way. No harm, no pain, no discomfort. Why don't you take advantage of this wonderful invention? Go get a package now. Get rid of corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c
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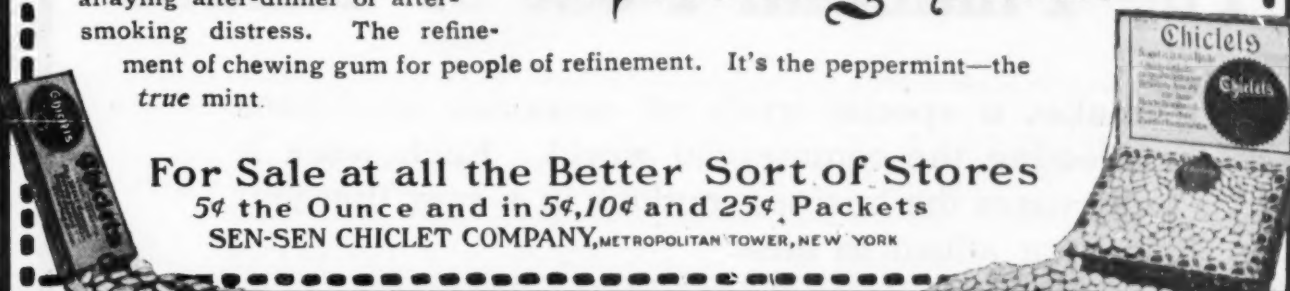
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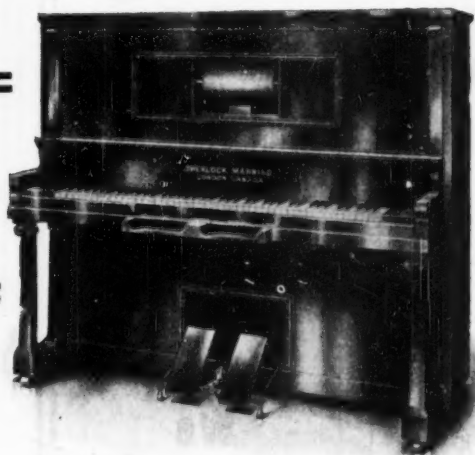
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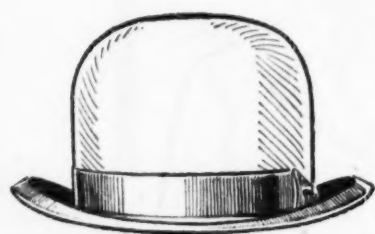
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All sizes, shades and shapes, at best dealers. Ask for the "Wellington."

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**CHAS. C. PUNCHARD & CO
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The Wellington Hat




EZE 50 cents

PRONOUNCED "EASY"

Suspenders

Easy Action

PAT. APPL. FOR

The double cord sliding back adjusts to every move of the body—satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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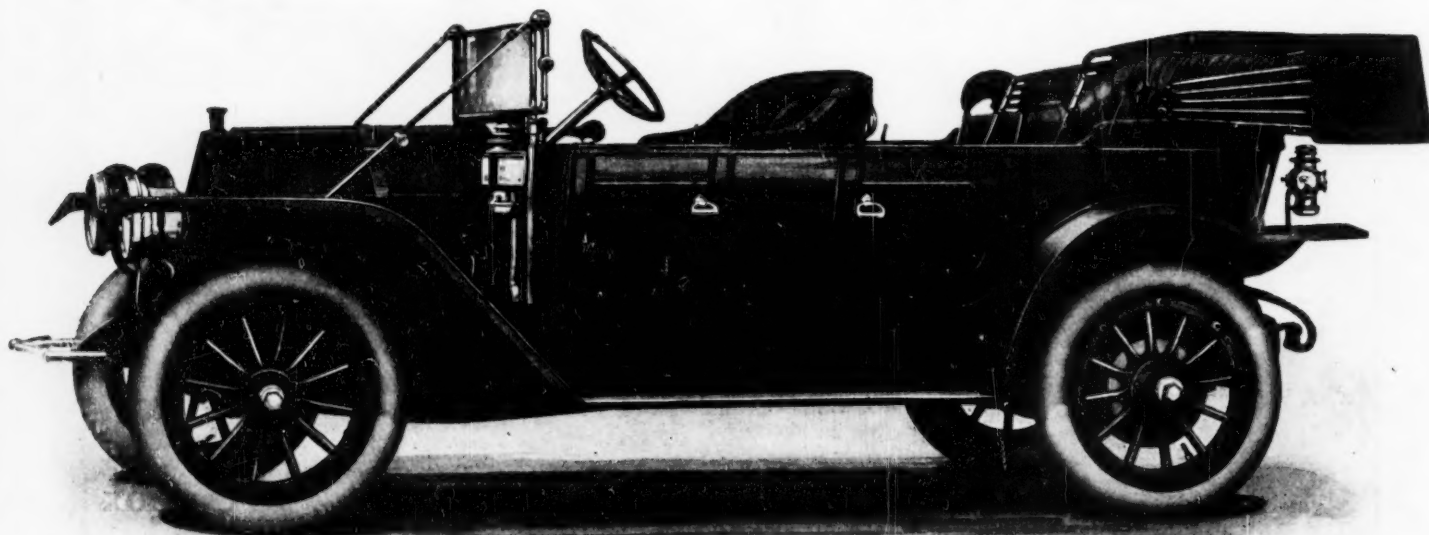
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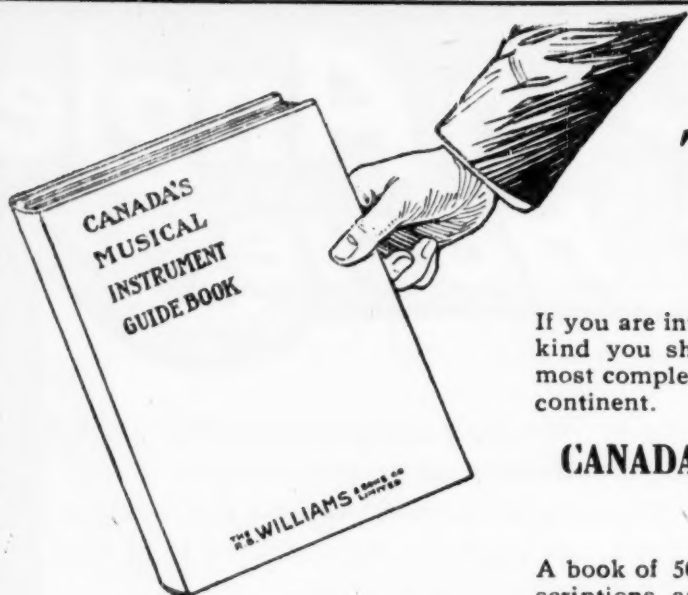
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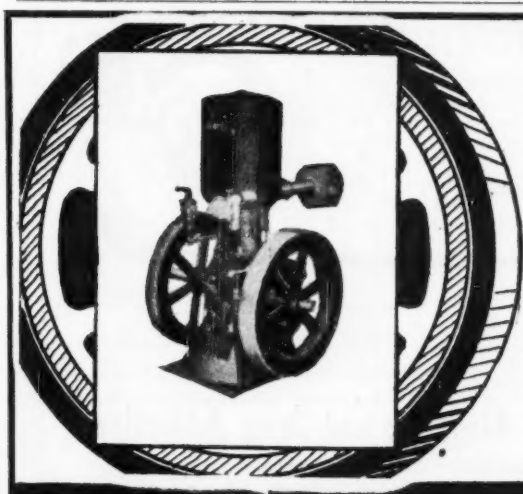
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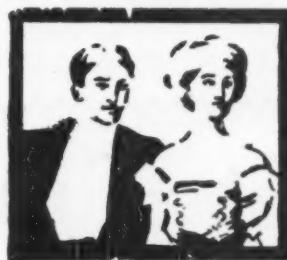
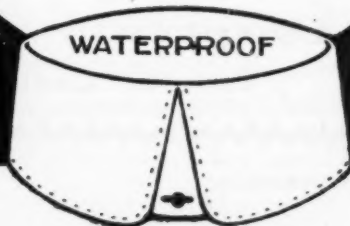
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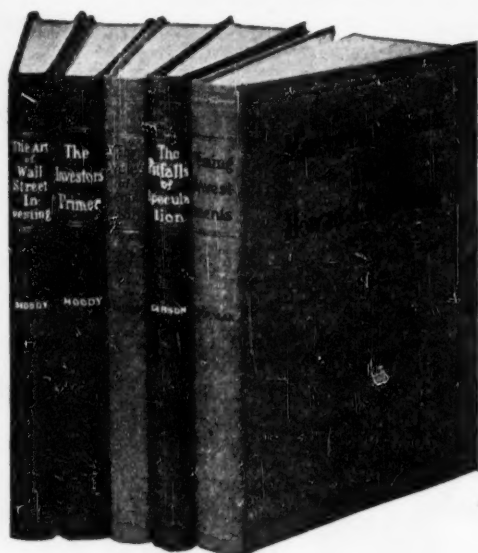


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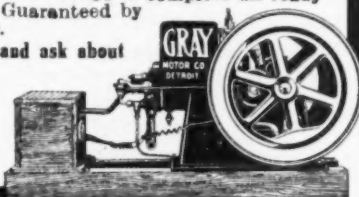
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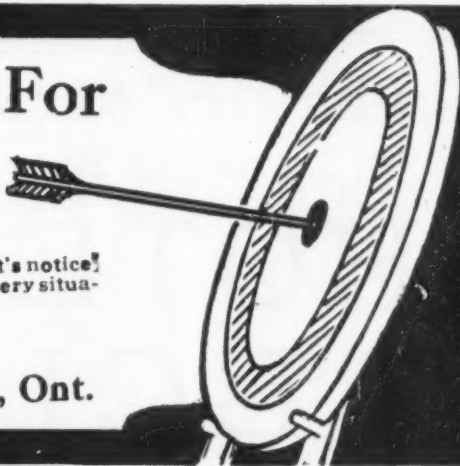
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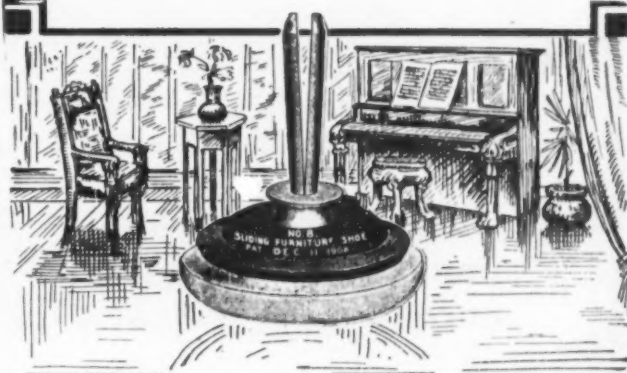
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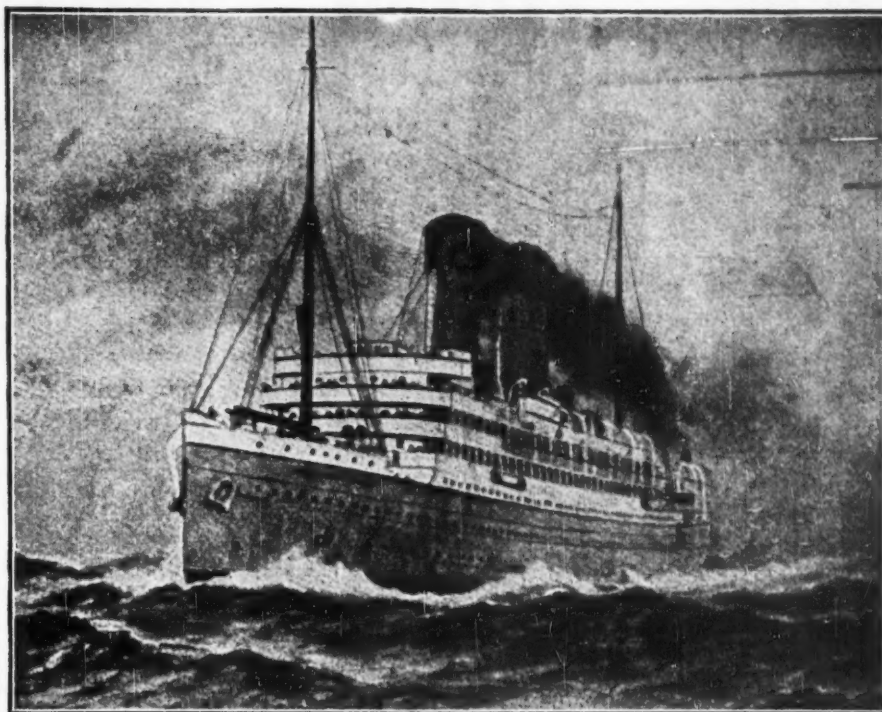
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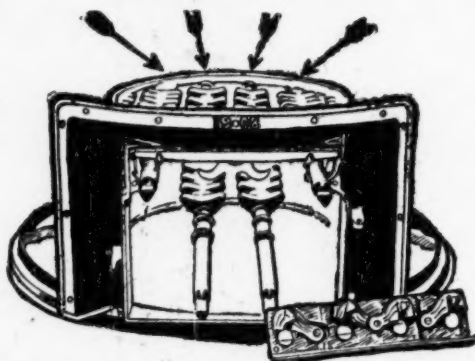
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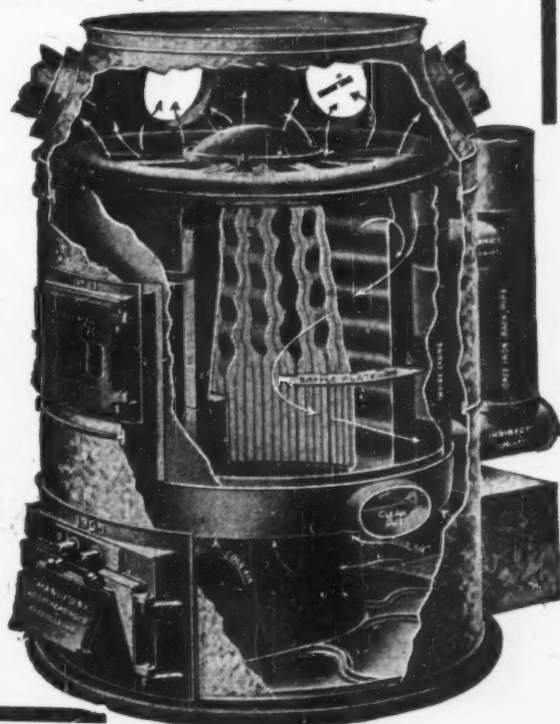
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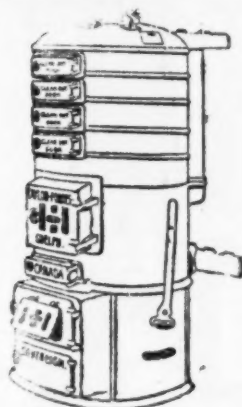
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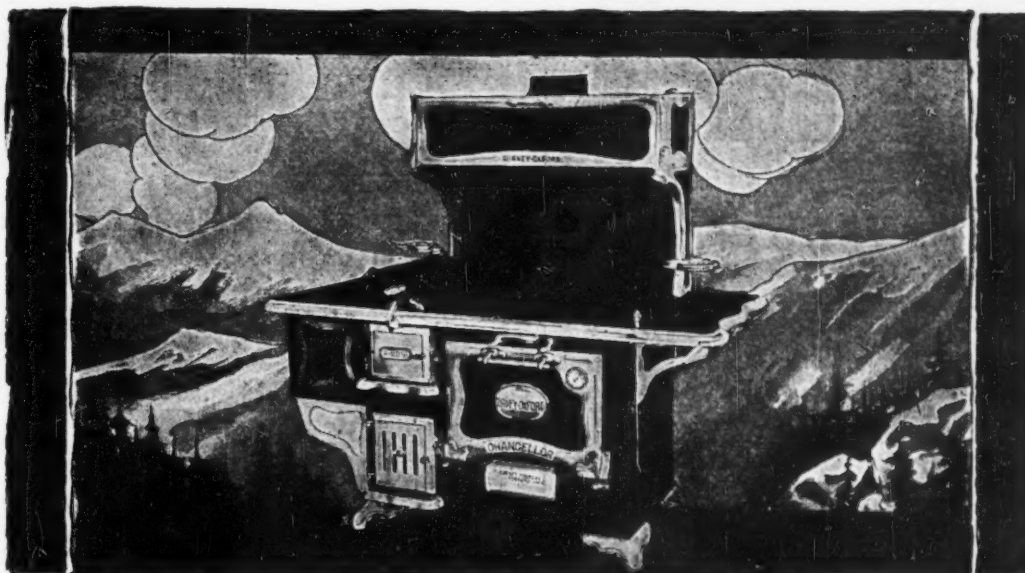
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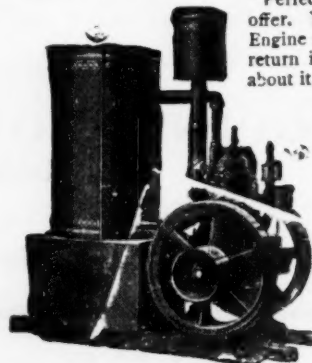
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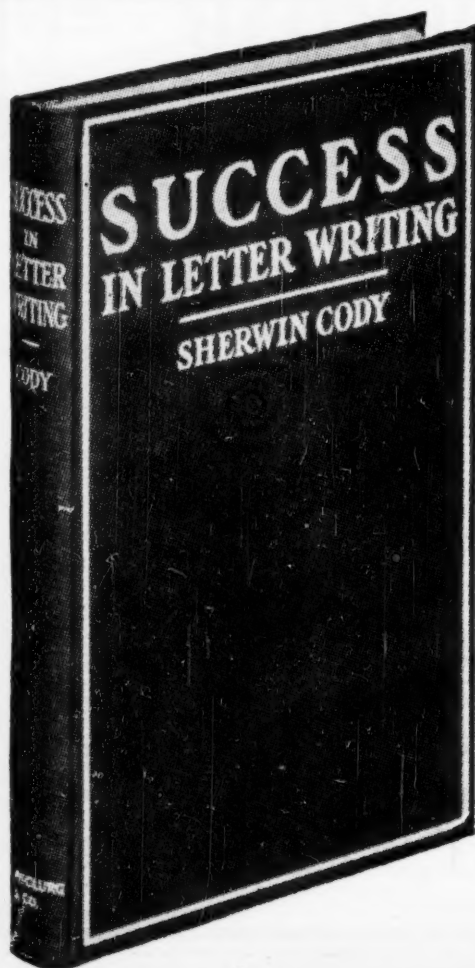
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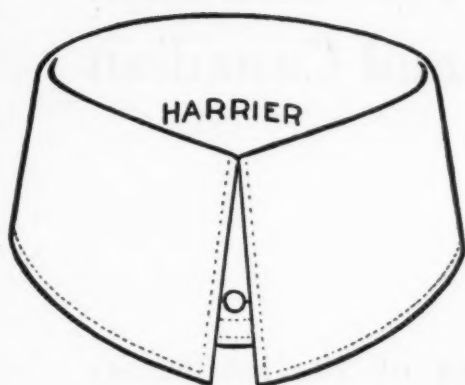
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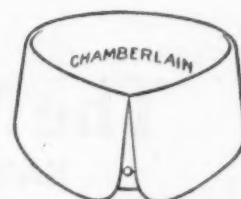
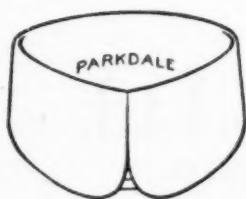
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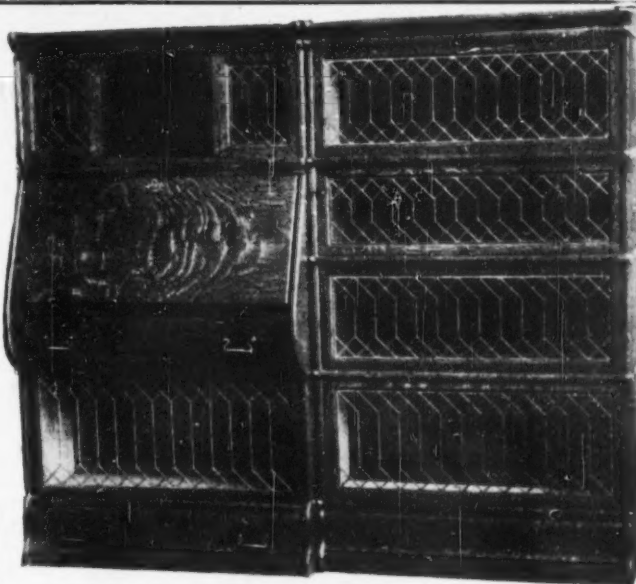
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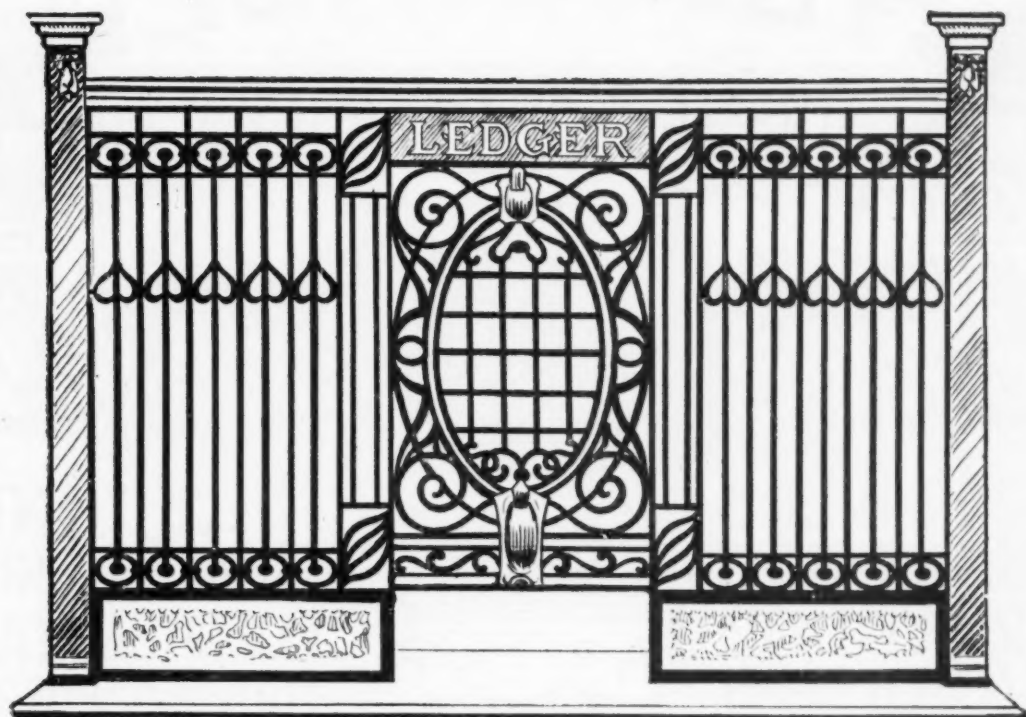
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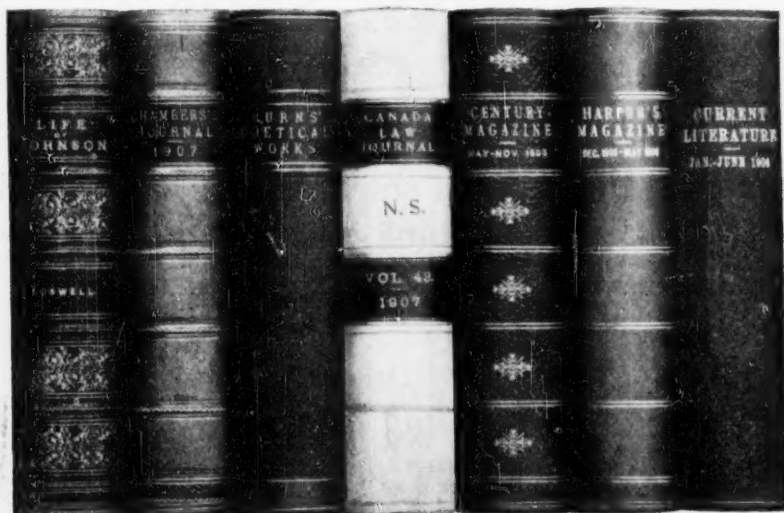
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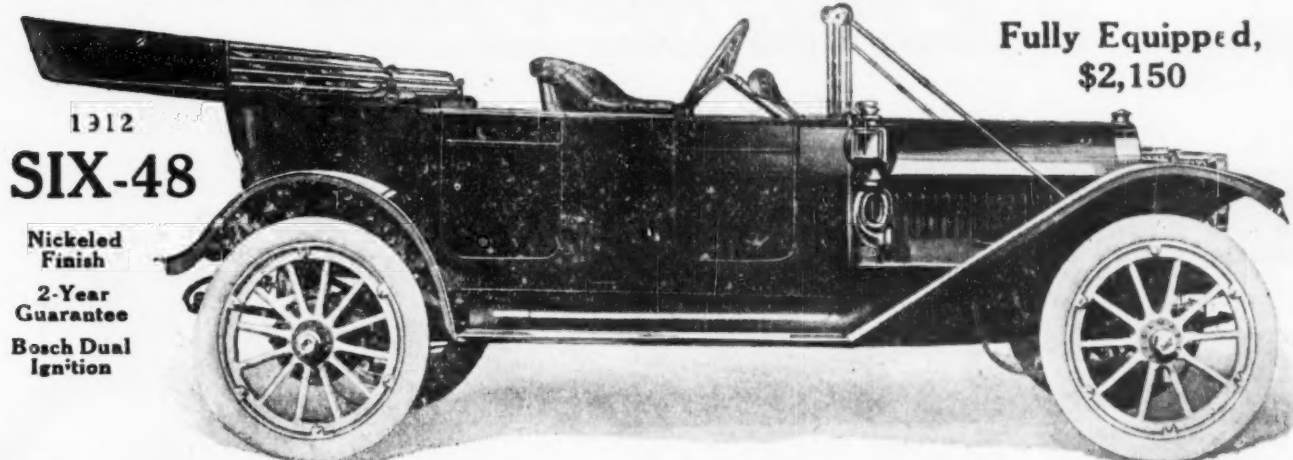
Tudhopes Add a "Six" for 1912

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To an improved and refined line of 1912 models of the "Everitt," which was such a success in 1911, the Tudhopes have added a smart, graceful and superbly comfortable "Six," which at one stride brings the excellent qualities of the six-cylinder car within the easy reach of the buyer of moderate means.

It is superb in looks, performance, quality and smoothness of riding. It is protected by automatic devices, Bosch dual ignition, which permits starting from the seat, and by easily replaceable Continental demount-

able rims with large tires and large wheels. Like all Tudhope cars, this excellent "Six" is a car which includes "Everything," making it a complete purchase.



1912
SIX-48

Nickel
Finish
2-Year
Guarantee
Bosch Dual
Ignition

Fully Equipped,
\$2,150

SPECIFICATIONS: Long, low, graceful clean-cut body lines. Long wheel base, 126½ in.; large wheels; 37 x 4½ tires; Continental demountable rims; double-drop frame; low-hung body; high road clearance. Bosch Dual Ignition System, high-tension spark from two absolutely independent sources—obviating cranking and ignition troubles. Motor vibration entirely absent. Safety sliding-type nickel-steel gears.

Added Power, Comfort, and Value for 1912

The 1911 Tudhope cars broke all precedent for value. The 1912 Tudhope-built "Everitt" is nothing short of a sensation. Model C, 4-cyl., at \$1,625; a 6-cyl., richly equipped, at \$2,150, and our popular Roadster, fully equipped, at \$1,560, and the Delivery car, equipped complete, at \$1,450. All cars have larger tires and larger wheels.

Three Notable Advances in 1912 Tudhope Cars

We adopt the Bosch dual-ignition system (eliminating cranking and ignition troubles); we add the remarkable feature of Continental demountable rims and include an extra Continental demountable rim and extra tire. In equipment, we add windshield and top, speedometer, tool box on running board, and also include all items of the 1911 Tudhope equipment. We provide HIGH-CLASS NICKEL TRIMMINGS throughout.

What Demountable Rims and Dual Magneto Mean

The extra tire on Continental demountable rim permits a change with only a few moments' work. The larger tires prevent wear and the troubles due to overload with full complement of passengers. The Tudhope policy is to give a wide

margin of safety by liberal size tires. The Bosch Dual Magneto makes the Tudhope driver independent of ignition troubles. Two independent sources of current may be used at need.

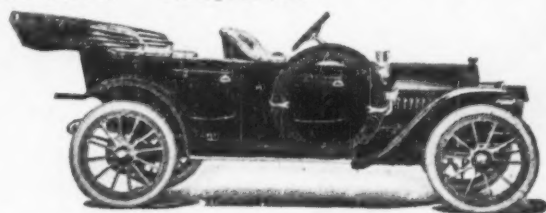
We Safeguard Tudhope Cars to Deliver Service

Behind each sale is the policy of "Tudhope Service"—a protective feature of vast importance to car buyers, especially to first-car buyers. We prepare for our responsibility in the factory, but it begins when we actually sell. The completeness of our "Tudhope Equipment 1912" is in line with our policy of making each car a purchase complete in itself. Your question, "What does this price include?" is met with a terse, satisfying answer, "Everything!"

Tudhope Reputation and Ample Factory Resources Behind Every Car

The Tudhope factory is fully equipped with jigs and fixtures for wholly producing Tudhope cars in absolutely interchangeable parts. The result is an accurately assembled and well-fitting chassis which cannot develop lost motion under road vibration. This gives Tudhope cars many years of life and prevents many breakages of parts. It enables great value to be offered at moderate price.

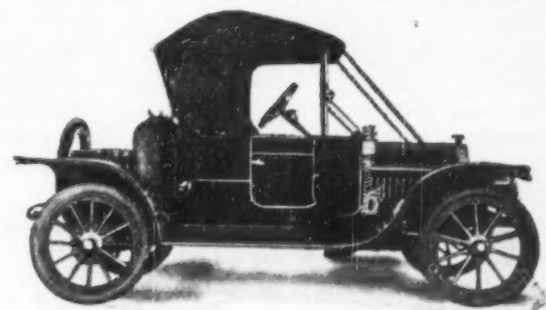
full light equipment with five lamps and generator, foot and robe rails, high-grade speedometer, horn, tool box on running board, extra Continental Demountable Rim and extra 37 x 4½ tire complete with cover, holder, etc., comprising items of "Special Tudhope Equipment 1912," extraordinary and sensational. Sold complete, no extras. Guarantee 2 years with "Tudhope Service."



Tudhope Model C 1912

Fully Equipped, \$1,625

4-Cylinders, 30-36 h.p., Bosch Dual Ignition, Demountable Rims, 35 x 4 Tires, Extra Rim and Tire, Nickel Finish, "Special Tudhope Equipment 1912," Tudhope Service 2 years' guarantee.



Tudhope Roadster 1912

Fully Equipped, \$1,560

4-Cylinder, 30-36 h.p. Motor, Bosch Dual Ignition, Continental Demountable Rims, 35 x 4 Tires, Extra Rim and Tire, Trunk, Nickel Finish, "Special Tudhope Equipment 1912," Tudhope Service, 2 years' guarantee. Sold complete. No extras.

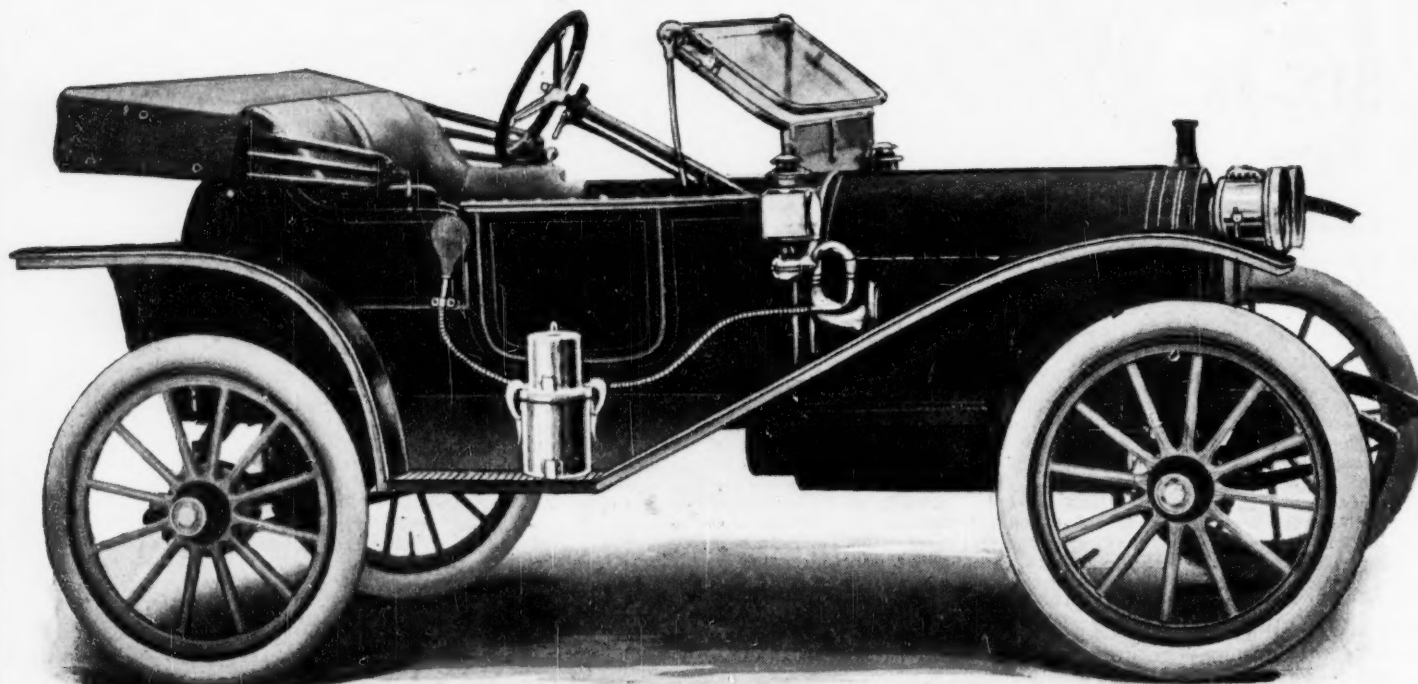
Agency territory being allotted.

TUDHOPE MOTOR CO., LIMITED ORILLIA

Send For Advance Catalogue

CANADA SHOWS TRUE APPRECIATION OF THE

Hupmobile



Runabout Fully Equipped

Equipment includes top, wind-shield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. 20 H.P., 4-cylinder motor; sliding gear transmission. Bosch Magneto. Fore-door Touring Car with same equipment as Runabout, shock absorbers in front and 31x3½-inch tires—\$1,000 F.O.B. Windsor.

\$850

F. O. B. Windsor

From one end of the great Dominion to the other, Canadian buyers have always been kind to the Hupmobile.

They have shown their appreciation of this car by preferring it in many cases to others of approximate price; and to others of higher price. Because the Hupmobile shows better value and more efficient service, per dollar expended, than its contemporaries.

This appreciation has grown and grown since the first Hupmobile first entered Canada.

Not long ago it reached such proportions as to justify the establishment of a complete factory in Canada to take care of the Canadian business.

Canadian sales increased until every tenth Hupmobile built goes into a Dominion buyer's hands.

We are glad to say this. We are glad the Hupmobile has made good in Canada to this extent.

In this respect, however, Canada is unanimous with the rest of the world.

As rapidly as we have been able to do it, we have sent cars into practically all the civilized nations; with the result that wherever the Hupmobile has gone more and more are following.

For the simple reason that the Hupmobile has been a revelation in showing the high degree of mechanical excellence—which means service and long life in the user's hands—that can be incorporated in a car at moderate price.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., 1237 Jefferson Ave. DETROIT, MICH.

Canadian Factory—Windsor, Ont.

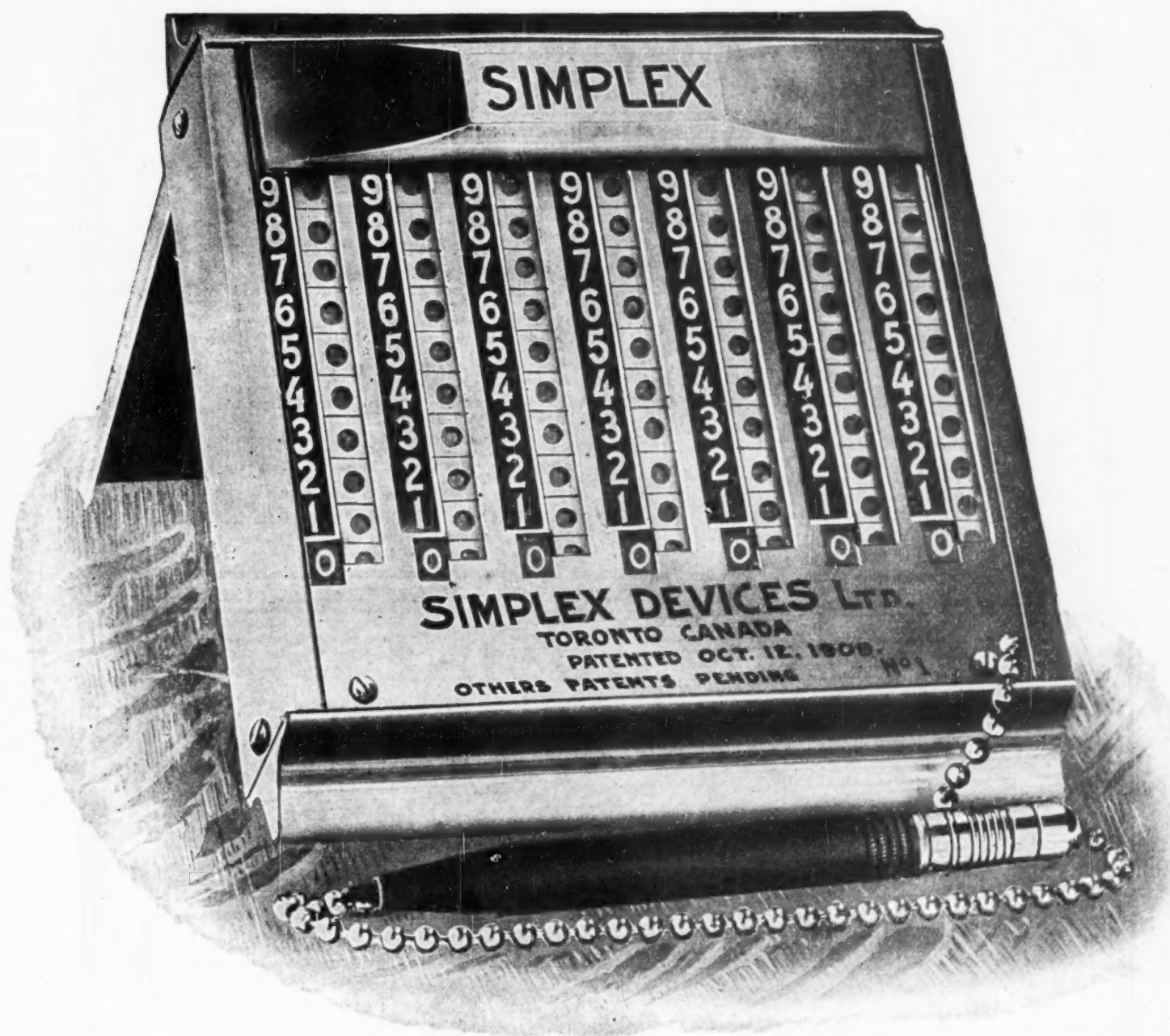
Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

YOUR WORK CAN BE DONE

Best by the

Simplex Adding and Subtracting Machine

The cost is so low that you can supply one to **each** of your bookkeepers.



PRICE \$25.00

A BUSINESS MACHINE

FOR **A BUSINESS MAN**

AT **A BUSINESS PRICE**

Let us send you one—try it for 30 days, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, you send it back and we will refund your \$25.00 in full.

Send for our booklet—"Let's Correspond."

59

SIMPLEX DEVICES, LIMITED

220 King Street West, TORONTO

It will pay you to answer advertisements.

Galt ART METAL Ceilings

Are You Going To Build Or Remodel Your Church ?

You are familiar with the defects of plaster. How it stains and discolours from leaks in the roof and sapping knots in the lath. How its enormous weight (10 lb. to the sq. ft.) is suspended over your head by means only of the doubtful clinch of plaster forming back of the lath and how these clinches are broken by the vibration of the building thus loosening great slabs of plaster which are apt to fall at a time when the church is crowded and the vibration more pronounced.



All these defects and more, too, you are familiar with but consider them as necessary evils that have to be endured.

That is because you have not investigated "Galt" Art Metal Ceilings. These Ceilings are made in designs ranging from refined simplicity to elaborately decorated effects.

They weigh one-tenth that of Lath and Plaster and being nailed up, are there to stay. They will never crack or warp or become discolored. They are sanitary, fireproof.

Get your Secretary to write for our Catalog A-3.

GALT ART MET'L CO., Limited, GALT, Ontario.

Watch for the advertisements with the kids from Galt.

9

YOUR BUSINESS

will profit by an increase in delivery facility. With an

ALBION COMMERCIAL MOTOR



you can increase the territory for your trade and make your deliveries with a promptness never attained by the old system

ALBION CARS are built for trucking, hauling, sight-seeing and general delivery work.

Their structure is strong enough to stand the hardest usage, and mechanically they are simple enough for ordinary drivers.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE "M."

MACDONALD & COMPANY

Sole Concessionaires for Ontario and Quebec

80 Queen St., Ottawa

Ontario

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

HOW YOU CAN PROFIT

BY

CANADA'S INCREASING POPULATION

Increasing population the past few years has augmented the valuation of Canada's new cities by millions of dollars. This valuation will continue to increase at the same or even greater rate for years to come. These millions of dollars—all created by the demands and requirements for land and business property of the increasing population—represent the profits paid to the early holders of real estate.

**Buy
Lots
in**

WATROUS

NOW

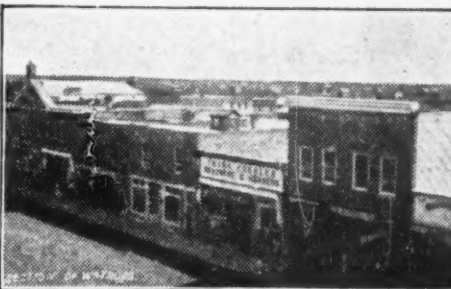
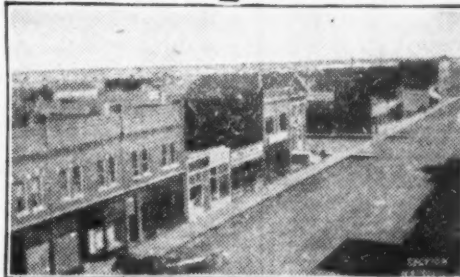
SEND THIS COUPON
FOR DESCRIPTIVE
LITERATURE

PROFITS ARE MADE BY THOSE WHO BUY.

You cannot participate in profits already earned, but you may share—in the course of a reasonable time—in the profits yet to be earned by Canada's continued increasing population. If you take advantage of present day opportunities surrounding you, you should be able to profit thereby.

Watrous, Sask., is a favored town of one of the great transcontinental railways of Western Canada—The Grand Trunk Pacific. It is located near the banks of the Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American continent. Proximity to this lake should of itself alone in a few years make of Watrous a thriving, bustling metropolis. But add to this Natural Sanitarium of International importance a surrounding community of prosperous, progressive farmers with modern, highly cultivated farms, a large population of railway wage earners and a class of live up-to-date, go-ahead business men and citizens who do things, and you have a hint of the irresistible influences and forces that are at work building up Watrous.

Manufacturing industries will be needed, and Watrous is the natural place for them to locate. And lastly, Watrous has Little Manitou Lake, a veritable Mecca for health and pleasure seekers. Thus is Watrous doubly sure of constant and permanent growth. This wonderful mineral lake cannot be duplicated and no other feature of competing cities can take its place. Everything indicates that the rapid growth of Watrous will continue.



BUY LOTS IN WATROUS AT PRESENT PRICES.

The progress being made to-day throughout the West is almost beyond belief. Judging the future by the past it might be reasonably said that it would be almost impossible to purchase lots in a live and growing young city of Western Canada and not make money.

Many lots in Moose Jaw that sold a few years ago at \$100 each are to-day worth from \$1,000 to \$3,000.

Lots which sold in Saskatoon ten years ago for \$100 are to-day worth ten to fifty times that amount.

Those who purchased lots in Edmonton ten years ago are now the possessors of property worth 1,000 per cent. more than the price at which it was originally purchased—an average increase in value of 100 per cent. each year.

It is almost impossible to chronicle the rapid advance in property in Lethbridge, Regina, Winnipeg, Medicine Hat, and other cities of Western Canada.

All of the cities mentioned above and many others which might be enumerated, were once the same size as is Watrous to-day. Those

who were sufficiently farsighted bought lots then at \$100 and \$200 each in these cities, and those who held on to them are to-day rich.

**Buy Grand Trunk Pacific Lots in
WATROUS now while they are selling
at the ground floor prices.**

SEND THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR FIRST
PAYMENT

INFORMATION COUPON

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES
CO., Limited,
649 Somerset Building, Winnipeg

Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the sub-division to the original townsite of Watrous which is being put on the market.

NAME

ADDRESS

On account of the rapidity with which lots are selling we advise that you let us make the selection for you and we promise that we will give you the best available remaining lots at the time your order is received.

Make remittances payable to the order of and send direct to the Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg. Receipts for payments made will be issued direct by the Land Commissioner to the Railway Company and when you have completed your payments title will be issued to you direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

No interest charged on deferred payments in case you purchase on the installment plan and no taxes to pay until 1912. Lots 50 feet frontage, price \$100 and \$125.

Reserve the number of lots you wish to purchase at once and send all remittances to

Land Commissioner
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Man.
In case you wish any further particulars before buying address
International Securities Co. Ltd., Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg

APPLICATION BLANK For Purchase of Lots.
Land Commissioner
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Manitoba

I hereby make application to purchase lots at the price of \$ each and enclose herewith remittance for \$ being one-tenth the total purchase price. I agree to remit the same amount each month for nine consecutive months. I desire your representative to select for me at Watrous what he regards as the best lots remaining unsold at this price. Title to lots to be clear and indefeasible. No interest to be charged on deferred payments, and no taxes until the year 1912

NAME

ADDRESS



QUICK SERVICE

THE PUBLIC DEMANDS QUICK SERVICE.

Gipe Carriers give perfect efficiency in the delivery of cash and parcels between counter and wrapping desk. **Quick change means pleased customers.** The Gipe Carrier is Business-like and reliable. **OUR GUARANTEE**—We will install a System of Gipe Carriers in your store. After ten days' test, if they have not proved their superiority to all other methods of store delivery, we will remove the system without cost to you.

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THE GIPE CARRIER COMPANY
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Our Letters or Ten Stenographers

WHICH?

You can circularize thousands of prospective customers with "actually typewritten letters," advertising your line at a very small cost.

We can accomplish more work for you with our letters than you could with ten stenographers. Figure this out for yourself—not printed but "actually type written letters," in any quantity at a minimum cost

Write for Specimens to-day. Get our Prices.

The Actual Typewritten Letter Company
 511 McKinnon Bldg. TORONTO Phone Main 2899

THEY ALL GO—Twine, Sealing Wax and Seals to be Replaced by

the most convenient, modern and money-saving invention of the age—gummed tape used in

The CRYSTAL SEALING MACHINE

It does away with the slow process of tying parcels or sealing them with wax or lead. It is clean, simple and easy to handle; saves time and money and in addition is a slightly fixture for the counter—impossible to get out of order. It has met with unqualified success.

Write to-day for Catalogue. Phone Adelaide 199

CRYSTAL SEALING CO.

204 STAIR BUILDING - - TORONTO

ONE IN EVERY OFFICE!

The demand for an efficient binder that will perforate and bind in one operation has been met by the

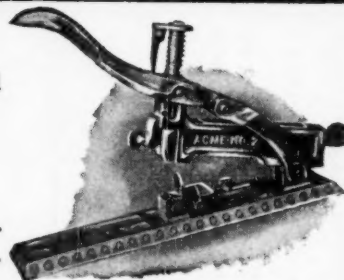
ACME No. 2 BINDER

It is the best binder for filing papers, letters or vouchers, for fastening pay roll envelopes and for backing statements or legal documents. Easy and convenient to work and cannot get out of order.

Will not tear the thinnest paper and easily penetrates the thickest and toughest.

GET FULL DETAILS FROM

THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY, LIMITED, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.



Overland

Why we can Build a 30 H.P. Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car to Sell for \$900

TO the average man an automobile factory is merely a factory—a place where cars are made. Yet there is the greatest difference in the world. On one hand you have a plant, which, on account of its great production, can make and sell its car for far less than the other factory. And on the other hand you might have a very small factory, which, while it produces a good car, has a very small capacity, and its car for car production costs are considerably higher than those of the larger plant. That is why you find one manufacturer selling his 30 horsepower touring car for \$1250 while we market that type of machine for \$900.

Q. We have just published a very thorough book which explains in a clear, definite and readable manner the difference in automobile plants. And the point of this whole book is to prove the economical manufacturing ability of the Overland plants—to prove its strength by showing and explaining to you the interior and exterior of the greatest automobile plant in the world. The book is free. It is interesting and full of information.

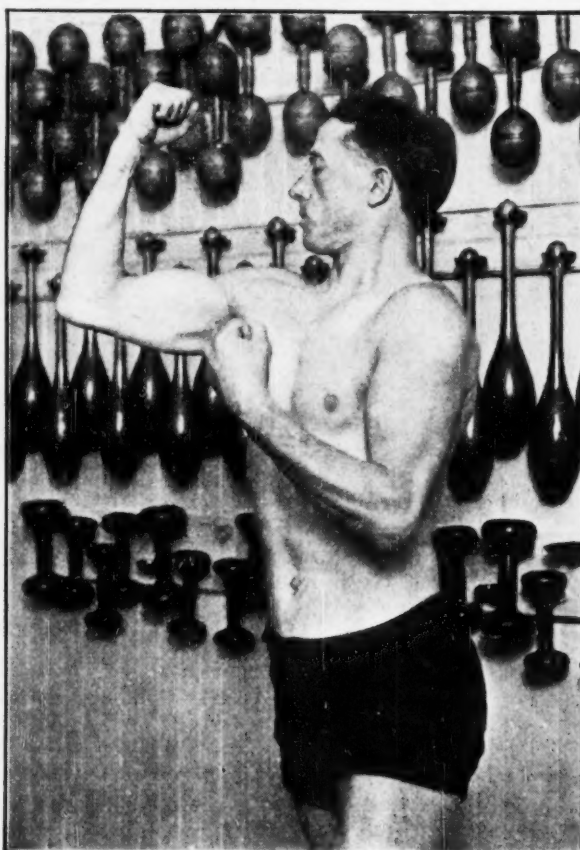
A. Above all it gives you a clear understanding of economics in the production of automobiles in great quantities, and we believe it proves why no other manufacturer in the business can produce the car described below and sell it at our price without losing money. To realize this you have but to compare this automobile with any other similar car on the market. Do this and the exceptional value of this car will show you where to invest your money. Our Model 59 is the most progressive step the industry has ever witnessed and it means a great deal to the motor buyers of America. Write and ask for book W110

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



**Model 59-T 5-Passenger, Fore-Door
Touring Car, \$900**

Wheel base 106 inches; horse-power 30; Splitdorf magneto; transmission selective, 3 speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings, tires 32x3 1-2 Q. D.



The Question of Strength

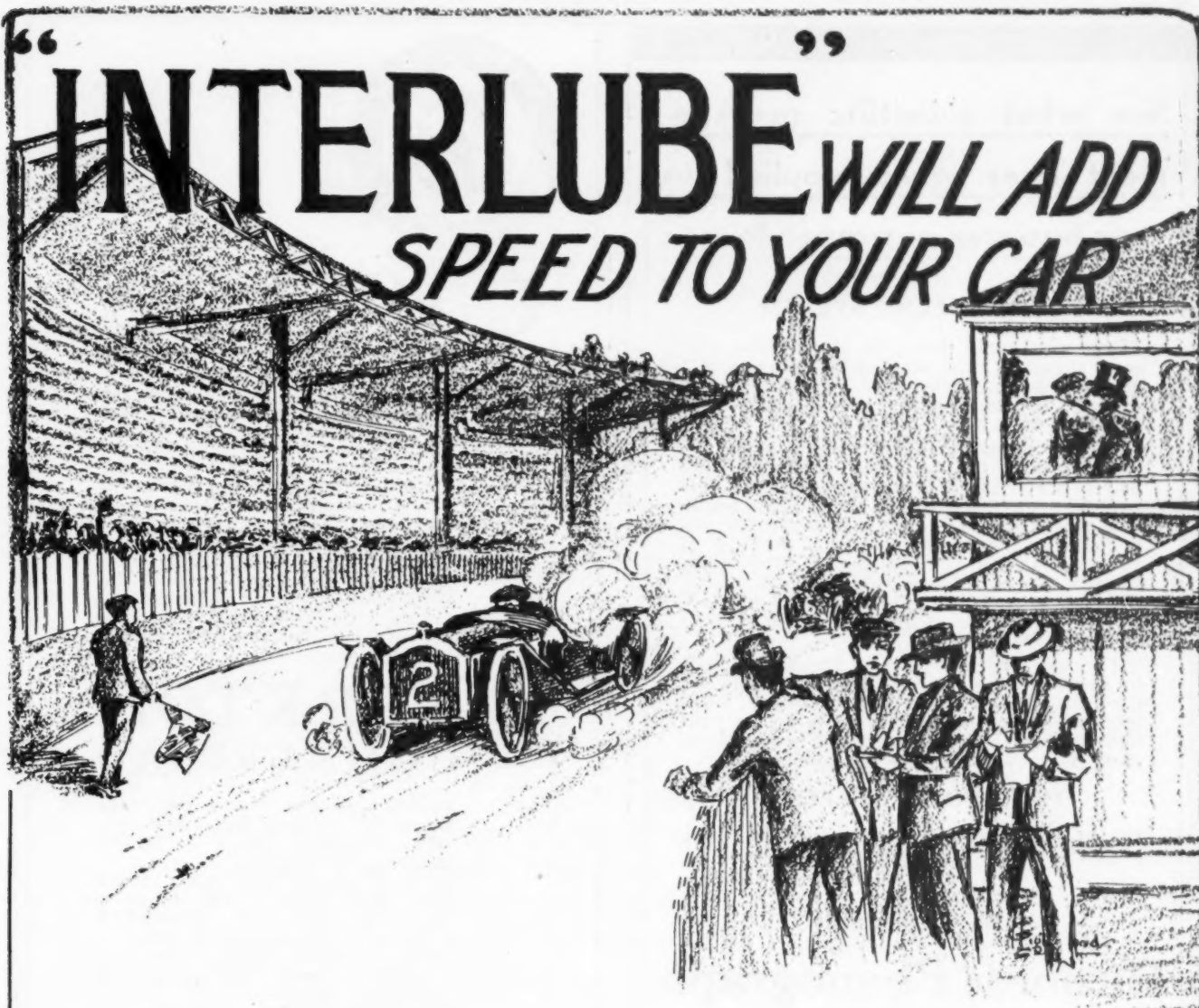
MEASUREMENTS show these two men to be of equal muscular development. But a lifting test shows the blacksmith to be 20 per cent. the stronger man. The explanation of this difference in strength is that the "professor" of physical culture has by the use of his "system" of gymnastics developed his muscles alone, while the blacksmith by actual work at his trade has developed not only his muscles but the tendons which attach the muscles to the bones. Ability to do work is the real test of strength.

How is a fire insurance company's strength determined? By a lifting test, similar to that applied to the strength of these two men--the test of actual work done.

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** does today the largest fire insurance business in America. In its one hundred years of life, it has paid the largest total fire loss of any American company and the largest loss in any one conflagration. It has today over twenty-four million dollars in assets, accumulated for the protection of its policy holders by actual work in the business of fire insurance. The **Hartford's** strength stands the highest test, so when you want fire insurance



Insist on the HARTFORD



"Interlube" is a non-carbonizing lubricant, fed in with the gasoline. It reaches all the inner surfaces of the cylinder that are never touched by ordinary lubricants.

"Interlube" vaporizes readily and leaves no residuum. It adds speed to your motor to a surprising degree and is indispensable where speed and endurance are required.

Together with our Auto Carbon Remover, it will put any cylinder into perfect condition.

We can prove the value of "Interlube" by numerous unsolicited testimonials.

SHARPE SALES COMPANY, 215 Stair Building, Toronto, Canada, Canadian Distributors.

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WHITNEY CHEMICAL COMPANY

CLEVELAND

OHIO

J. E. Sitterley, Foreign Sales Manager, 47 Broadway, New York.

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

See what scientific management does when applied to your business correspondence :

YOUR PRESENT SYSTEM—

When you come down to your office you read through your mail, ring for a stenographer and dictate your correspondence, reading through each letter again as you reply to it.

Several superfluous operations, already—regardless of the fact that you may have had to wait for your stenographer, or that you may have taken her away from someone else dictating correspondence as important as your own; to say nothing of your dictating speed being absolutely limited by her speed limit in shorthand. Also disregarding interruptions, and requests for you to repeat part of what you have dictated.

The stenographer takes her notes back to her machine, and typewrites them—at the rate of about 27 words a minute. Then the letters are returned to you to be read through for corrections and signature. How many superfluous operations?

THE EDISON SYSTEM—

When you arrive at your office you slip a freshly-shaved cylinder on to your

**Edison
Business Phonograph**

pick up your mail and dictate the reply to each letter on the first reading (one extra motion eliminated). You do not ring for a stenographer, (two). No stenographer keeps you waiting, (three). You do not interfere with anyone's else dictation, (four). There is no speed limit—you dictate at any speed you wish, up to 200 words a minute or even faster, (five). No interruptions or requests for repetitions, (six).

The typewriter operator does not leave her machine, (seven). She does not take your dictation in shorthand, (eight). She does not have shorthand notes to read, (nine). She spends her whole time at the machine—producing. She writes what she hears—a single operation—at a rate of from 40 to 45 words a minute—and so correctly that no revision is necessary, (ten).

RESULT—100 per cent. gained in efficiency—50 per cent. reduction in correspondence cost. Let the Edison dealer near you demonstrate this on your own work in your own office—or write us for full particulars.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Co.
Limited
143 Yonge St. - Toronto, Ont., Can.



**YORKTON
RESIDENTIAL**

This is not a prairie town in the sense that many western towns and cities are known. In the immediate vicinity is a beautiful natural park country, to the south there extends a range of wooded hills. The situation of the town is not only beautiful and picturesque, but healthful. The town is supplied with pure water through the installation of a well-equipped waterworks system. It has a good sewerage system, owned and installed by the town.

**YORKTON
COMMERCIAL**

Yorkton is the centre of commerce for Eastern Saskatchewan, being supplied with unqualified shipping facilities.

It is 150 miles from the nearest city, and draws trade from a vast territory of productive grain and stock-raising land. Yorkton holds possibilities for wholesale houses, manufacturing concerns, shippers, etc., which few other Canadian towns can offer.

This bright, clean and progressive town will be the distributing centre for the entire eastern portion of Saskatchewan.

**YORKTON
AGRICULTURAL**

Surrounding Yorkton is the most fertile farming district of Eastern Saskatchewan, in which it is situated.

The land is suitable for raising nearly all kinds of grain, but particularly adapted to the growing of wheat, the raising of cattle and sheep.

Situated in Yorkton are eight large elevators, which are capable of handling the grain grown in the surrounding country. Every advantage is offered the prospective settler to settle near Yorkton.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO-DAY.

G. H. BRADBROOK,
Secretary Board of Trade, .
YORKTON, SASK



The Aristocrat

THE Big Users (and most little users) of typewriters buy Underwoods. They buy Underwoods in spite of the fact that other typewriters cost less. They prefer to pay the higher price and be assured of service, certainty and satisfaction. These go with the machine. And then, there are a score of different models of the Underwood for book-keeping and other special purposes.



TO supply the demand for Underwoods there is required the largest typewriter factory in the world, 16 acres of floor space, and more under construction; 3600 workers; 2200 machines; a manufacturing capacity of 550 typewriters a day, necessitating more than 5,750,000 separate operations. This year's business shows an increase of more than 1600% over that of 1901.

THIS enormous business of correspondingly rapid growth, results from selling the best machine plus service, certainty, and satisfaction.

United Typewriter Co., Limited

Everywhere in Canada

Head Office

-

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TORONTO

Excessive Express Charges Often Caused By Weighty Cases

In fact, where merchandise requires packing cases at all, the express charges are invariably in excess of what they should be when you use the wooden packing case. There are very few times when you cannot use the

"H. and D." CORRUGATED FIBRE BOXES

as a substitute for the old, easily-split, wooden box, for packing everything, from the daintiest of lingerie to the frailest glassware. Special boxes, built for all purposes.

Write for Full
Information
and Prices

Ask for Booklet
"How to Pack
It"



Better
than
Wood

Cheaper
than
Wood

The Hinde & Dauche Paper Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.

An Elevator in your garage will cut your rent bill in half.

A GARAGE depends for its existence upon a convenient location. Central sites mean high rentals, restricted area, and reduced profits. The solution of this lies in a *two-story* garage, which will give the *same* amount of floor space at a cost exactly *one-half* or less. But to be successfully operated, a two-story garage requires the installation of a modern freight elevator. If the garage is equipped with



OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

the initial expenditure will soon pay for itself in cheaper rentals, increased floor space, improved facilities for displaying and demonstrating cars, and in the more inviting appearance of the place and its surroundings.

Prospective purchasers — and this is particularly true of the class who buy automobiles—are attracted by a neat, clean and orderly looking garage. It speaks the owner's pride in his business and the practice of progressive methods. Then, too, when your customer admires a car you have stored on the upstairs floor, your elevator must be ready to

lower it to the bright light of the showroom, or so you can take it out on the street to demonstrate its running qualities. A delay may lose you the sale.

The thoroughly substantial and workmanlike manner in which the Otis-Fensom Elevator is built is a guaranty of its reliable efficiency. Both the car and its running gear are built on modern and scientific lines that assure you of its always being in commission ready for instant service. The simplicity of its operation, ease of control and smooth running qualities simplify the work of the garage and reduce the business of showroom and repair department to a time-saving and labor-saving and systematic basis.

We have prepared an interesting illustrated booklet on "Freight Elevators and Their Uses." Your copy will be mailed promptly on receipt of your name and address.

Please
send
me your book.

The Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Ltd.

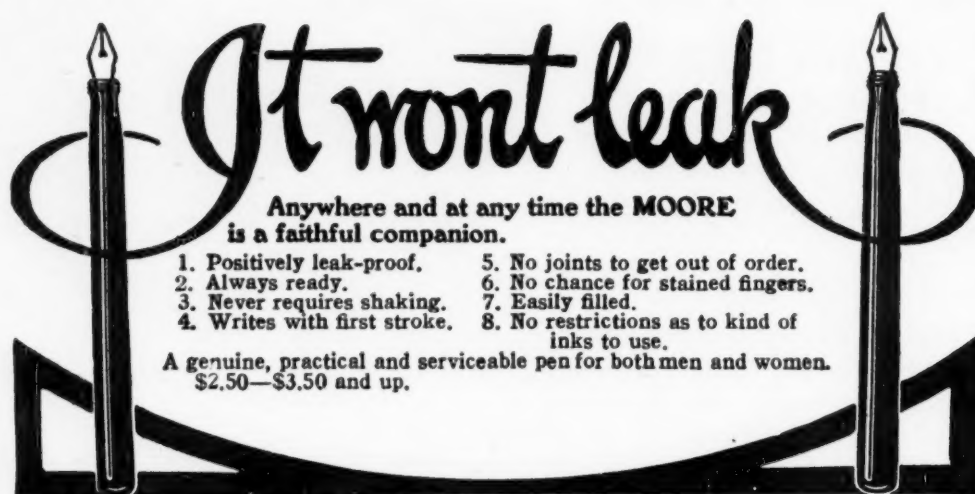
Traders Bank Building,

Toronto, Canada.

Name.....

Address

Moore's Non - Leakable Fountain Pens



MOORE'S is the original non-leakable Fountain Pen. It sells easier and gives better satisfaction than any other fountain pen made.

You will have no "Black Hand" troubles if you use a Moore's Pen.

Price from **\$2.50** upwards.

ORDER FROM YOUR STATIONER

W. J. GAGE & CO., Limited

Wholesale Stationers and Paper Manufacturers
TORONTO

Sole agents for Canada for MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE
FOUNTAIN PEN.

Paper Mills at St. Catharines, Ont.

TRADE
COPE-CHAT
MARK

Copeland- Chatterson

LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS

have simplified office work for the busy man and are recognized to-day as the standard in their sphere.

20 Years' Experience

in perfecting and producing Loose-Leaf Binders, Devices and Blanks have enabled us to devise systems which are recognized by every live business man as the most practical and time-saving.

In COPELAND-CHATTERSON goods you get first quality in material as well as the most practical working system. All we ask is an opportunity to serve you.

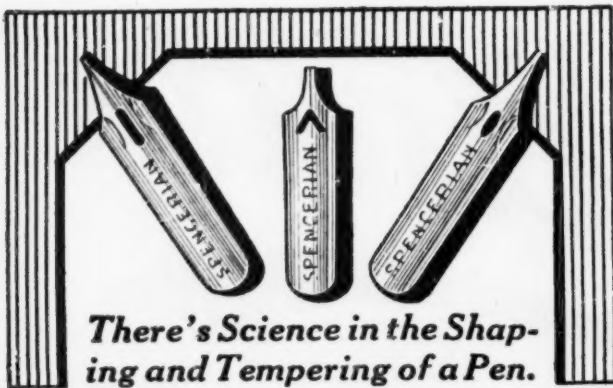
Write us to have our representative call on you.

THE COPELAND-CHATTERSON CO., LIMITED

FACTORIES:
Brampton, Ont.
Stroud, Glos., Eng.

TORONTO
HEAD OFFICE

OFFICES:
Montreal, Winnipeg
London, Eng.



There's Science in the Shaping and Tempering of a Pen.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

have the correct design that means even feeding of ink without splotch or splutter; the proper tempering that means just the right combination of elasticity and firmness; and the smooth points that mean easy writing on any paper.

Pick Your Proper Pen

We will send you for 10 cents a card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, from which you can select a pen that will fit your handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.



Seal Your Packages

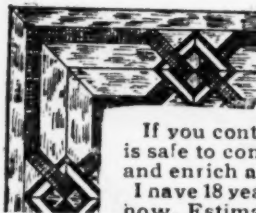
more quickly and securely than is possible with twine by using the

DETROIT Tape Sealer

Saves money and time in any business house, and delivers packages of any size in infinitely better shape.

Send for descriptive folder and prices.

ROBT. MITCHELL & CO.
1216 Penobscot Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.



MOST ECONOMICAL Healthful and Satisfactory

For old or new houses are Hardwood Floors

If you contemplate building or refurbishing it is safe to consider that no outlay will so furnish and enrich a dwelling as fine hardwood floors.

I have 18 years' experience in Toronto and know how. Estimates Free **Write for Prices.**

GEORGE KNOWLES, 51 Hewitt Ave. TORONTO (High Park)



RUBBER
& STEEL
STAMPS
STENCILS
SEALS &c.

93 CHURCH ST.
TORONTO.

Don't Blame the Post Office



If you do not get answers to the printed circular letters you sent out don't blame the Post Office. The fault is not the non-delivery, but the unbusiness-like character of your letter. People have gotten past the stage where they are looking for free reading matter. The communication must be direct and typewritten (or look so) otherwise your letter, postage and all, goes to the wastepaper basket as worthless rubbish. The solution to this problem is in the

WRITERPRESS

This simple machine will turn out from 8,000 to 10,000 actual typewritten form letters in one day. They will reach your patrons and having that direct, business-like air, will be read, and being read will bring results. The Writerpress also prints from printers' type, electros, half-tones and line cuts. It will save half your printers' bills.

INSTALL ONE IN YOUR OFFICE TO-DAY

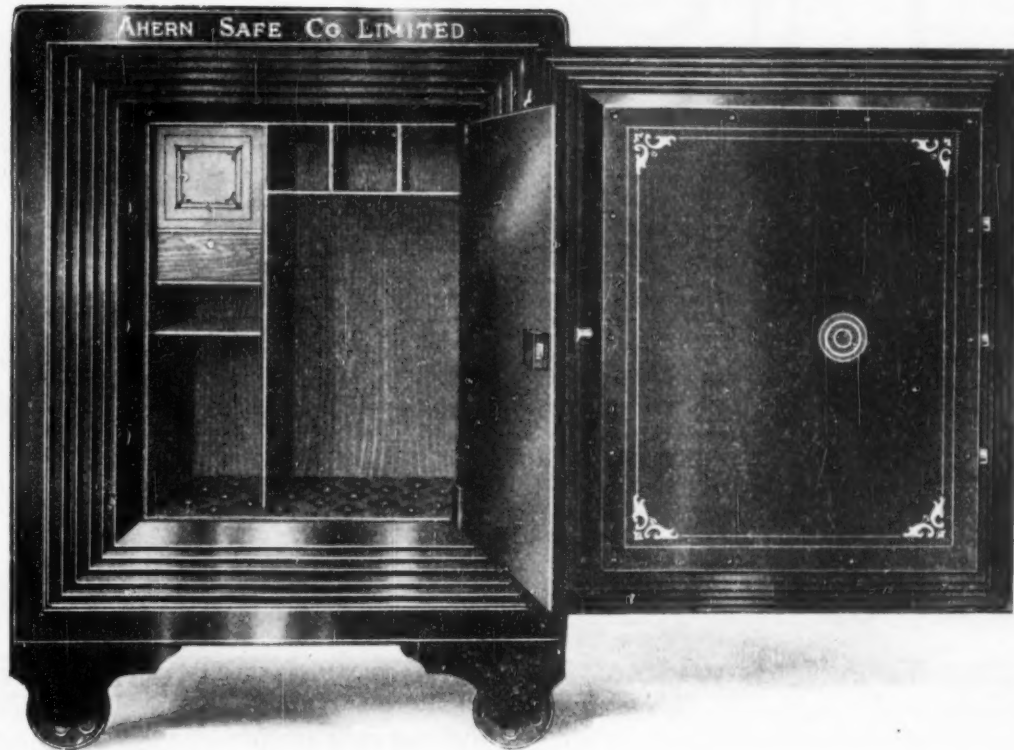
—GET FIRM LETTER-HEAD—

and write to us for full particulars and samples of work, for every day means money lost to you. Your office assistant can operate the Writerpress.

The Canadian Writerpress Co., Ltd.
Hamilton - - - Ontario

Ahern No. 60 Steel Fire Proof Safe

AN EXTRA HEAVY WALL SAFE, WITH STEEL INSIDE DOOR.
FOR GENERAL OFFICE USE.



Fitted with "Ahern Dry Air Chamber" which prevents dampness.

The solid **selected wood cabinet** is built into the safe and is separated from the inner steel lining of the safe by an **air space** which prevents any dampness from the fireproof filling affecting the interior of the safe and also forms a **non-heat conducting chamber**. Arrangement of cabinet fittings altered to suit any requirements.

Safe is made with a **one-piece bent steel body** with hand welded steel angle frames. The fireproof filling has been proven by sixty years' experience to be **absolutely Fire Resisting**. Safe is neatly painted and finished. Handle, lock, etc., are polished and nickel-plated.

Secured by **unpickable combination lock**, capable of millions of changes of combination. The **inside steel door** is of handsome appearance and is secured by a flat key lock.

DETAILS OF No. 60 SAFE

Inside	Dimensions	Outside
19 ins.	Height	37 ins.
14½ ins.	Width	27½ ins.
14 ins.	Depth	28 ins.

Approximate weight, 1,400 pounds.
Telegraphic code, FACTOR.

CABINET EQUIPMENT:— Steel cash vault 6 ins. x 5½ ins. 2 key lock drawers 3 ins. x 5½ ins. 1 book space 19 ins. x 8½ ins. 1 space 5½ ins. x 5½ ins.

Quotation on Request.

Circulars relating to our various other sizes and types of Fireproof Safes supplied on request. Our range of sizes is very complete. If this size, No. 60, does not meet your requirements, we have others that will.

AHERN SAFE CO. Limited

OFFICES AND SHOWROOMS:
390 ST. JAMES STREET
MONTREAL, - - CANADA

THE FOX TYPEWRITER



IS MAKING NEW FRIENDS EVERY DAY

The Fox Typewriter is making "New Friends Every Day" because it is the **ONE PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER** and can always be depended on for faithful service under all circumstances.

No other typewriter built—regardless of any claims made—is the equal of the new Fox Visible Typewriter, either in the material used nor in workmanship nor in the number and convenience of its special features. There are many good typewriters being built and sold, but we claim for the new Fox Visible Typewriter that it is **better than the best of these**, and that its automatic features combined can not be found in any other typewriter.

It has a Tabulator, Back Space Key, Two Color Ribbon with Automatic Movement, both Oscillating and Reversing, and Removable Spools, Interchangeable Carriages and Platens, Card Holder, Stencil Cutting Device, Variable Line Spacer and Line Lock with Key Release. Its Speed is fast enough for the speediest operator or slow enough for the beginner. It is extremely Durable and almost Noiseless.

CUT OUT—SIGN—AND RETURN

Simply sign your name to the coupon below and give us your address—a catalog will then be mailed you. From the catalog select the equipment wanted—style of type, width of carriage, color of ribbon, etc.—and a Fox Visible Typewriter will be sent you at once, **express charges prepaid**, on ten days' free trial. After trial you can make a small cash payment and pay the balance monthly. Simple and easy, isn't it—safe too.

Date _____ 19____

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.,

5610-5810, October

Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Please send me a copy of your catalog and write me prices and terms on the new Fox Visible Typewriter.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BUSINESS _____

II 25



Don't fail to mention MacLean's Magazine when writing advertisers.

**Automobile Users—
Protect Your Tires with
Woodworth Treads
For Fall and Winter Running**



The Treads will prevent any injury on the rough, frozen roads and will prevent you from skidding in mud and slush. Woodworth Treads will save more than double their cost, besides giving you a sense of security in the knowledge that your tires cannot be punctured or injured and that you will not skid in slippery places.

Sold by all first-class automobile supply houses, or shipped prepaid from the factory on receipt of price.

If you wish to know more about them, send for circular and free booklet on the Preservation of Tires.

**LEATHER TIRE GOODS COMPANY
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO**

75,000,000 "O. K." PAPER FASTENERS



SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

They Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME.

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as Perfect Security. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and

"they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER!

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 1 B

No Spluttering

with

**JOHN HEATH'S
TELEPHONE PEN 0278.**

Registered in Canada.

To be had of the leading Stationers in Canada.



MEDICINE HAT IN SUNNY
SOUTHERN
ALBERTA

with its 50 by 100 miles area of NATURAL GAS, the largest in the world, its abundant COAL FIELDS, its vast quantities of GLASS SAND and BRICK CLAY, situated in the centre of the RICHEST FARMING COUNTRY, offers the best chance for PROFITABLE INVESTMENT to be found to-day in that LAND OF PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—WESTERN CANADA.

If you are Interested in Southern Alberta Farm Lands or City Investments, get our prices and terms and we will get your business. All inquiries gladly answered.

THE F. M. GINTHER LAND CO., Medicine Hat, Alberta

Only
One Writing**The McCASKEY
SYSTEM**Without Any
Book-keeping**AVOIDS NEEDLESS
WORRY AND WASTE
OF TIME IN CASE OF
FIRE**

Every business man fears a fire, because there follows days of worry over rebuilding, replenishing stock and the agony of dread over the possible loss of accounts and inability to prove to the insurance adjuster the stock on hand when the store burned.

The merchant who uses THE McCASKEY SYSTEM knows he is safe—his accounts are posted and totalled up to the minute, every customer knows just what he owes. THE McCASKEY SYSTEM furnishes the proof to the insurance adjuster of the stock on hand. It tells to a penny what was in the store when the fire started.

THE McCASKEY SYSTEM keeps the merchant fully informed regarding every detail of his business. It cuts out useless book work, copying and posting from one book to another. With One Writing it does everything accomplished with from three to five or more writings with any other method of handling accounts. There's an interesting booklet—"Bookkeeping without Books," we'd like to send you **free**.

Just use a postal card and say, "Send me your booklet."

**THE DOMINION REGISTER CO.
LIMITED**

90-98 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ont.
519-521 Corn and Produce Exchange, Manchester, England

**THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO.
Alliance, Ohio, U.S.A.**

Boston, New York, Chicago, Washington, Pittsburg,
Memphis, Atlanta, Kansas City, Minneapolis,
San Francisco

Manufacturers of "Surety" Duplicating and
Triplicating Sales Books and Single Carbon
Pads in all varieties

It is to your advantage to mention MacLean's Magazine.

Comptometer

ADDS
MULTIPLIESDIVIDES
SUBTRACTS

"Mr. Jones, the bill clerk says he is ready to begin extending his bills and he wants the Comptometer."

"Tell him he'll have to wait until I finish checking my postings."

"All right, but how about Mr. Brown—he says to tell you he's been holding up some percentage work for two or three days, waiting for a chance at the machine?"

"Well, I won't keep it long but there's nothing doing until I get through."

—This is typical of what happens in offices where they understand the Comptometer—where its value has been demonstrated by use on all kinds of figure work—addition, multiplication, division and subtraction.

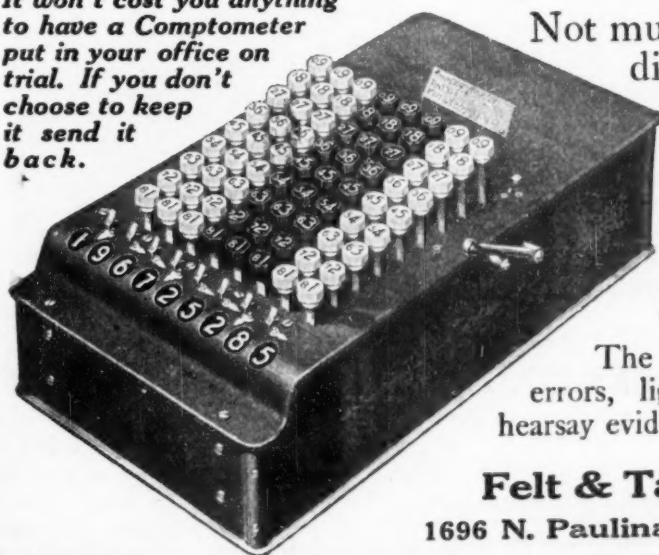
A fair example of how it works out in **actual experience** is presented in the following letter:

Buffalo, N. Y.

"At the time we purchased our first Comptometer we found it difficult to get any of our people to take hold of it. Finally one of our clerks discovered that it was a good thing, and it was not very long before several of our people began to use it with the result that in a short time they were scrapping among themselves as to who should get the machine; and to keep peace in the family we were obliged to get another one. Both machines are now busy most of the time. We use them in a variety of ways. Since we have used the machine in our Invoicing Department we have practically no trouble in having invoices returned on account of errors in figuring, which was the case formerly. We can certainly recommend it most highly for any kind of figuring."

PRATT & LETCHWORTH CO.

It won't cost you anything to have a Comptometer put in your office on trial. If you don't choose to keep it send it back.



Not much enthusiasm at first—a little prejudice maybe, but once it is realized how much wearisome labor it saves—how easy it is to operate—what satisfaction and economy in its rapid work and sure accuracy, then they are all after the Comptometer when there is any figuring to do.

The result is greater efficiency all around—fewer errors, lighter work, less expense. No need to take hearsay evidence for it—try it for yourself.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co.

1696 N. Paulina Street

:: :: ::

Chicago, Ill.

Montreal

Toronto

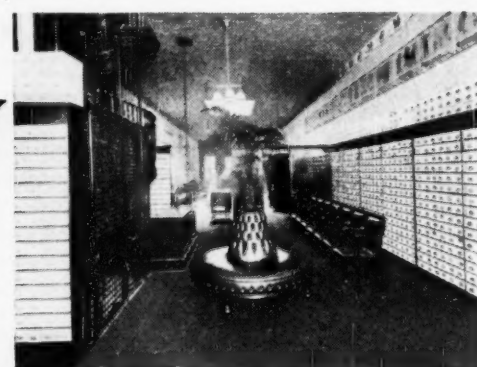
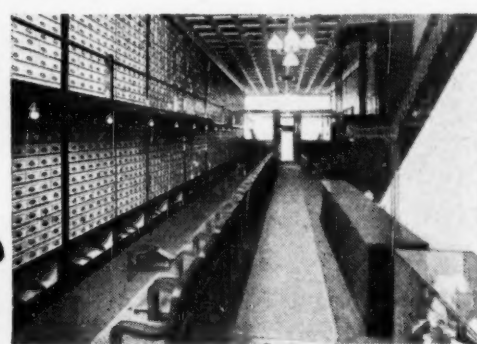
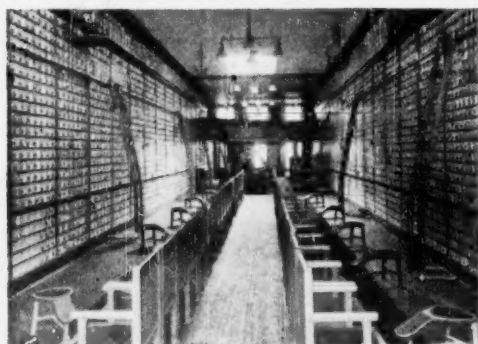
Winnipeg

Calgary

Vancouver

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.

From this To this In 6 Months with the **MULTIGRAPH**



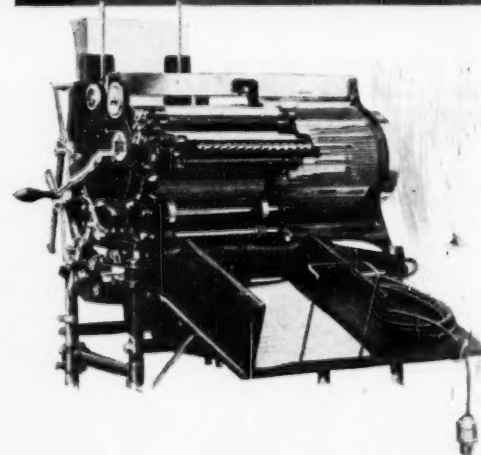
SIX months ago Chas. H. Feltman had a shoe store in Richmond, Ind. To-day, in Indianapolis, he has the finest and best equipped shoe store in the state. The Multigraph was largely instrumental in making this change possible. The advertising matter—letters, folders, circulars, etc.—he was able to produce with it built up a business that made him realize the bigger possibilities. With it he made his opportunity. Through it he grew from a merchant in a small city to a big merchant in a state capital.

What this live merchant did, you can do. His store was in a small city—his advertising opportunities, he thought, limited to newspapers and dodgers. The Multigraph, with its possibilities for direct-mail work, opened his eyes and brought wonderful returns. We have a booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph," which will open your eyes, too, to new opportunities in your business. With it we include specific suggestions for the application of Multigraph Methods to your store. Your copy is ready. Write for it now.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

129 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, P.S.F. Baker.
Canadian Division Sales Manager.

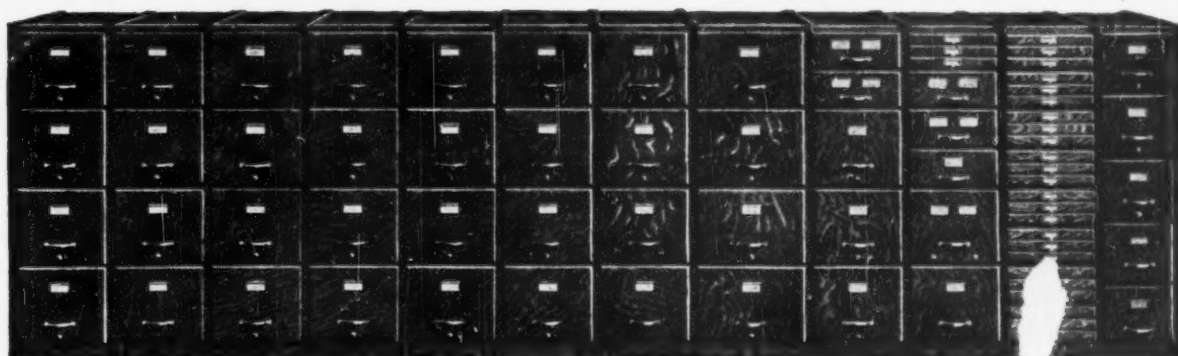
BRANCH OFFICES—Montreal, 409 St. Nicholas Building; Winnipeg, 232 Chambers of Commerce; Vancouver, 307 Crown Building; Ottawa, 166 Sparks Street; Calgary, 12 Herald Block; Saskatoon, National Trust Building; Edmonton, Alta., Bradburn Stationery Co., First Street; Halifax, Soulis, Newsome Co., Corner Grenville and Sackville Streets.



This is the Multigraph equipped with all attachments, for producing actual type-written letters and real printed matter at a speed of 1,200 to 5,000 an hour. Easily operated by your own employees. Occupies no more space than the average typewriter desk.

Say you saw the ad. in MacLean's Magazine.

Practical Construction Makes *Weis* Files Do More and Cost Less



No Superfluous Parts---Built for Service

Helpful Catalogs and Booklet

"Filing Suggestions"—FREE

Catalog "D"—64 pages, describing FOUR COMPLETE LINES FILING DEVICES—Filing Desks, Clips, Desk Accessories, etc.

Catalog "E" shows two complete lines of sectional bookcases, including desk, drawer and cellarette sections. Attractive, practical, inexpensive—all popular woods and finishes.

"Filing Suggestions" is a booklet of practical value to those unfamiliar with filing problems and devices.



Weis
**Solid Oak
Letter File**

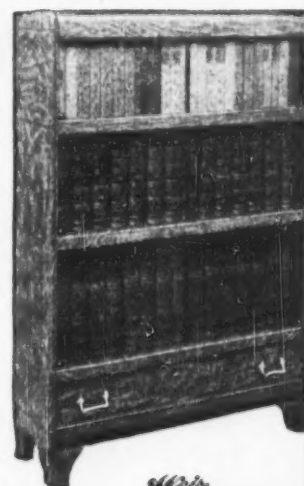
Holds 20,000
Papers

Instantaneous reference to the letter orders, catalogues, etc., you file in these cabinets means increased efficiency in your office work.

A practical cabinet—economy in construction, NOT sacrifice of quality, makes it *cost less*.

Dust Proof Drawers on Roller Bearings—Equipped with follow blocks. Made also in cap and invoice sizes and in 2 and 3 drawer heights—comparatively low in price.

Weis
**Filing
Desk**



Weis
Sectional Bookcase
Sliding Doors
Plain Oak
Golden or Weathered

Any arrangement of nine kinds of drawers for filing letters, index cards, checks; in fact all business papers can be furnished to meet your requirements.

All drawers on roller bearings.
Top 28x52 inches. Solid Golden or Weathered Oak. Swinging Desk Stand, swings or locks, for typewriter, reference books, etc.

Write us for name of nearest Canadian dealer.

You should see the variety in styles, sizes, woods, finishes and prices in catalog "E" if interested in Sectional Bookcases.

Case shown above has 8½, 10½ and 12½ in. high sections, 34 in. wide. Drawer, base and top, 8 feet block space.

Get our catalogs free or

See Your Dealers

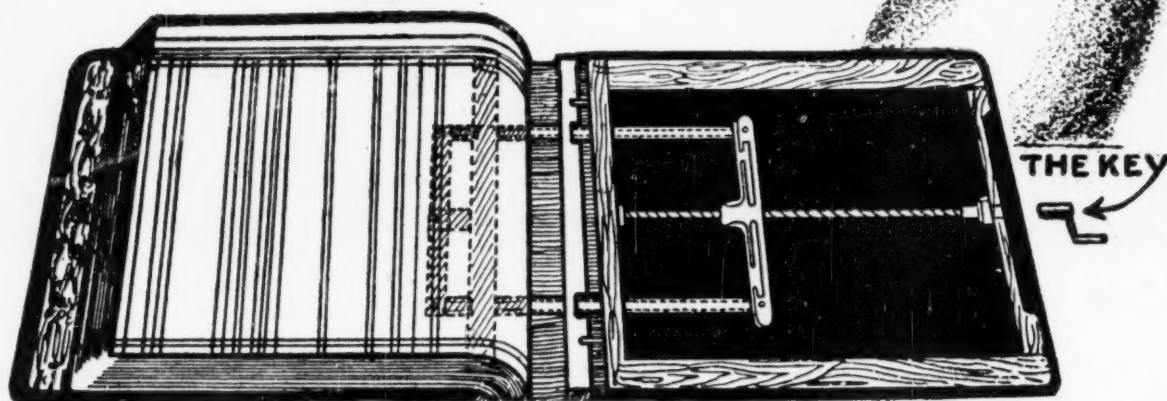
The *Weis* Mfg. Co.

85 Union Street
Monroe, Mich.

New York Office, 108 Fulton Street,
Address Mail to Factory.

The Question—

WHAT OFFICE SYSTEM WILL WE
INSTALL TO GET THE BEST OF
SERVICE? THE ANSWER IS—



“THE KALAMAZOO” LOOSE-LEAF BINDER

It is a binder (not a box), and no padding with unnecessary sheets is required to make it workable. It holds any number from one sheet to a thousand, and has no exposed metal parts to injure the desk. Here are a few of the Kalamazoo's special features:

Great expansion, convenience, flat writing surface, alignment of sheets, lightness, strength, durability, ease in operation.

WARWICK BROS. &

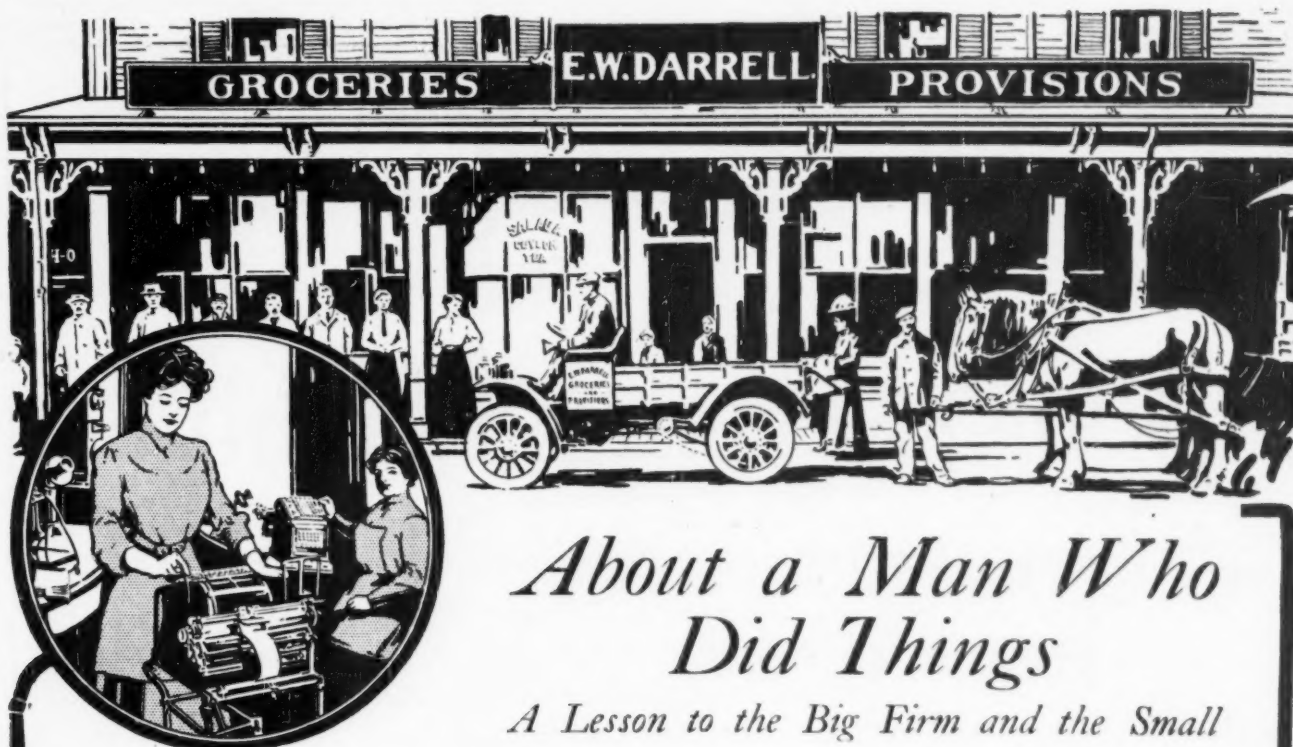
Bookbinders, Printers, Manufacturers
KING AND SPADINA,

All objections to Loose-Leaf Systems that have ever been offered are quashed in this binder. Every one has been overcome, and the Kalamazoo Binder has become the best solution to the simplifying of office work.

A card to-day will bring copy of Booklet “W.” Write now. If you like we will tell you of some of the users of the “Kalamazoo.”

RUTTER, Ltd.

of Account Books
TORONTO, Can.



About a Man Who Did Things

A Lesson to the Big Firm and the Small

IN Newton, Mass., there is a wide-awake grocer, who has learned the way to "KNOW his business." And in the learning he has built his sales from \$37,000 a year to \$140,000. Darrell threw out the guess-work methods. Now he manipulates his business as he would a machine.

Knows the lines that pay a profit and those that don't. Knows how much it costs to get that profit and where there are leaks, if any. Knows the clerks who earn more than their salary and those who don't. Knows the earnings of each department and the entire store. And this knowledge is gained without additional expense by the use of the

BURROUGHS

Bookkeeping Machine

"By its use," he writes, "I have turned losses into gains. Every dollar I've spent for it has saved at least ten. The Burroughs is not a luxury but a necessity for every firm."

Mr. Darrell uses two Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines for all his figures, and customers are given practically all the time of himself and his clerks. This man stands forth as a brilliant example to every business man—to you.

TO YOU—Write today for information regarding the Burroughs and Burroughs System.

Ask us to show you how Darrell makes more money by knowing the vital facts of his busi-

Business System

ness. Let us show you the Burroughs machine which does so much for him, or one of 86 models adapted to your line. Burroughs men are fitted by training and experience to give helpful advice to you. A half-hour talk with a Burroughs man has brought big returns to many a money-maker. Yet the advice is free, the interview creates absolutely no obligation. It pays us to give such service because a great many firms learn in this way that it pays them to install a Burroughs System and a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine to operate it.

Drop us a line today, tell us the Burroughs man may call!

Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 232 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
Toronto: 146 Bay St. Montreal: 392 St. James St.

Form 1341 A

Roster 2294

ELLIOTT-FISHER

THE Book - keeping Machine

Does it all, from entering the order to posting the ledger.

It records every incident of a business transaction and provides a legible narrative, mechanically proved, and the chronicle of business events made by Elliott-Fisher, The Book-keeping Machine, is a complete, concise, accurate history of the whole transaction.

Elliott-Fisher, The Book-keeping Machine, with its (and the only) flat platen writing surface, writes anywhere the pen will write—in a sewed bound book, in loose leaf binders, on card ledgers or on loose sheets.

Elliott-Fisher, The Book-keeping Machine, is complete in itself. There is no writing "over here" and adding "over there." It writes and adds wherever it writes at one operation. It condenses efforts and time and expands the results. Its purchase is an investment that pays dividends in economy.

Elliott-Fisher Company will not knowingly accept an order unless the equipment ordered will do the work better or more economically than it can be done any other way.

You can't lose by asking for free information,

Elliott-Fisher, Limited
106 Cedar Street, :: Harrisburg, Pa.

CANADIAN ADDRESSES:

513 Power Building,
83 Craig Street West, Montreal.

123 Bay Street,
Toronto.